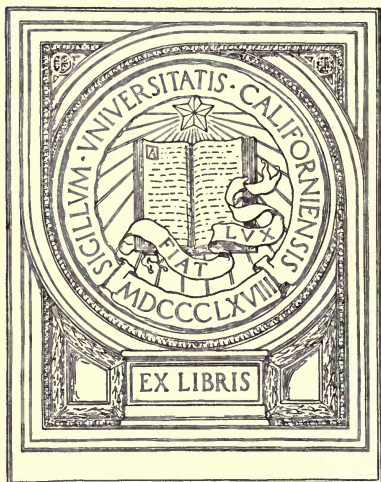


nia



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS



GUSTAVUS VASA,

T H E

Deliverer of his COUNTRY.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it was to have been Acted

At the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

By HENRY BROOKE, *Esq;*



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. Doddsley, at *Tully's Head* Pall-Mall.

M D C C X X X I X .

59601

GUSTAVUS VASA

THE

DISTRICT OF THE COUNTRY

DEDICATION
TRAGEDY

As it was to have been Acted

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane

By HENRY BROOKS, Esq.

LONDON

Printed by J. BARNES, in Pall-mall



LONDON
Printed by J. BARNES, in Pall-mall
MDCCLXXIX



A PREFATORY
DEDICATION
TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS.



SI esteem'd it my Happiness to live under a Government, where *National Liberty* was establish'd by *Law*; and the *Rights* of Subjects interwove with their *Alliance*: So I ever thought it my Safety to act with such allowable Freedom, as did not contradict any of our written and known Regulations:

THO' inconsiderable in myself, I am yet a Subject of *Great-Britain*; and the Privileges of her meanest Member are dear to the whole Constitution.

AMONG those Privileges, I claim that of justifying my Conduct, I claim that of defending my Property, and wish I could do both, without giving Disgust ev'n to Those by whose Censures I am a Sufferer.

WHEN I wrote the following Sheets I had studied the ancient Laws of my Country, but was not conversant with her present political State. I did not consider Things minutely; in the general View I liked our Constitution, and zealously wish'd that the Religion, the Laws, and Liberties of *England* might ever be sacred and safe. I had nothing to fear or hope from Party or Preferment. My Attachments were only to Truth, I was conscious of no other Principles, and was far from apprehending that Such could be offensive.

I TOOK my Subject from the History of *Sweden*, one of those *Gothic* and *glorious* Nations, from whom our Form of Government is derived, from whom *Britain* has inherited those unextinguishable *Sparks* of Liberty and Patriotism, that were Her *Light* thro' the Ages of Ignorance and Superstition, Her *flaming* Sword turn'd ev'ry Way against Invasion, and that *vital Heat* which has so often preserved Her, so often restored Her from intestine Malignities. Those are the *Sparks*, the *Gems*, that alone give true Ornament and Brightness to the Crown of a *British* Monarch; that give Him freely to reign over the Free; and shall ever set Him above the Princes of the Earth; till Corruption grow universal; till Subjects wish to be Slaves, and Kings know not how to be Happy.

I WAS pleased with this Similitude between the Principles, and, as I may say, between the
natural

A Prefatory Dedication, &c. v

natural Constitutions of *Sweden* and *Britain*. I look'd no further for Sentiments, than as they arose from Facts, and for the Facts I am indebted to History: Nay, I ingenuously confess, I was so far from a View of Merit with the Disaffected, that I look'd on this Performance as the highest Compliment I could pay the present Establishment---Such was my Ignorance, or such is my Misfortune.

MANY are the Difficulties a new Author has to encounter in introducing his Play on the Stage. I had the good Fortune to surmount them; this Piece was about five Weeks in Rehearsal, the Day was appointed for Acting, I had disposed of many hundred Tickets, and imagined I had nothing to fear but from the Weakness of the Performance.

BUT then it was, that where I look'd for Approbation, I met with Repulse. I was condemn'd and punish'd in my Works without being accus'd of any Crime, and made obnoxious to the Government under which I live, without having it in my Power to alter my Conduct, or knowing in what Instance I had given Offence.

HOWEVER singular and unprecedented this Treatment may appear: Had I conceived it to be the Intention of the Legislature, I should have submitted without complaining. Or had any, among Hundreds who have perused the Manuscript, observed but a single Line that
might

vi *A Prefatory Dedication, &c.*

might inadvertently tend to Sedition or Immorality, I wou'd then have been the first to strike it out, I wou'd now be the last to publish it.

HAD the Dignity of the Ld. C----n's Office condescended, as some wou'd insinuate, to a *Theatrical Examination of the Drama*; to a *critical Inquisition of the Conduct*; the *Unities*; and *Tricks of Scenery*, even so I might have hoped for equal Indulgence with Farces, Pantomimes, and other Performances of like Taste and Genius.

BUT this is not the Case; the Ld. C----n's Office is alone concerned in those Reasons which gave Birth to the Statute, it is to guard against such Representations as He may conceive to be of pernicious Influence in the Commonwealth; this is the only Point to which his Prohibitions are understood to extend, and his Prohibition lays me under the Necessity of publishing this Piece, to convince the Public, that (tho' of no valuable Consequence) I am at least inoffensive.

Patriotism, or the Love of Country, is the great and single *Moral* which I had in View thro' this Play. This *Love* (so superior in its Nature to all other Interests and Affections) is personated in the Character of *Gustavus*. It is the *Love of National Welfare*; *National Welfare* is *National Liberty*; and He alone can be con-

scious

A Prefatory Dedication, &c. vii

scious of *it*, He alone can contribute to the Support of *it*, who is *personally free*.

By *Personal Freedom* I mean that State resulting from *Virtue*; or *Reason* ruling in the Breast superior to Appetite and Passion; and by *National Freedom* I mean a Security (arising from the Nature of a well-order'd Constitution) for those Advantages and Privileges that each Man has a Right to, by contributing as a Member to the Weal of that Community.

THE Monarch or Head of such a Constitution, is as the Father of a large and well regulated Family, his Subjects are not Servants, but Sons; their Care, their Affections, their Attachments are reciprocal, and their Interest is one, is not to be divided.

THIS is truly to Reign; this, only, is to Reign. How glorious, how extensive is the Prerogative of such a Monarch! He is superior to Subjects, each of whom is equal to any Monarch, who is only superior to Slaves. He is scepter'd in the Hearts of his People, from whence He directs their Hands with double Force and Energy. His Office partakes of the DIVINE INCLINATION, by being exerted to no other End, but the Happiness of a People.

O, never may any Subtleties, any Insinuations raise groundless Jealousies in a People so govern'd! never may they be influenced to imagine

viii *A Prefatory Dedication, &c.*

gine that such a Prince is invading their Rights, while He is only solicitous to confirm and preserve them!

AND never may any Ministry, any Adulation, seduce such a Prince from that his true Interest and Honour!

I shou'd not have had the Assurance to solicit a Subscription in Favour of Sentiments that any Circumstance could ever make me retract. These, and these only, are the Principles of which you are Patrons; and the honourable Names prefix'd to this Performance lay me under such a future Obligation of Conduct, as shall ever make me cautious of forfeiting the Advantages I receive from them. They are also to me a lasting Memorial of that Gratitude with which I am,

Your most Oblig'd, most Faithful,

and most Humble Servant,

Henry Brooke.



P R O L O G U E.

B Ritons! *this Night presents a State distress'd,
Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd; and tho' great,
oppress'd;
Vice, rav'ning Vulture, on her Vitals prey'd,
Her Peers, her Prelates, fell Corruption sway'd;
Their Rights, for Pow'r, th' Ambitious weakly sold,
The Wealthy, poorly, for superfluous Gold;
Hence wasting Ills, hence sev'ring Factions rose,
And gave large Entrance to invading Foes;
Truth, Justice, Honour fled th' infected Shore,
For Freedom, sacred Freedom was no more.*

*Then, greatly rising in his Country's Right,
Her Hero, her Deliverer sprung to Light;
A Race of hardy, northern Sons he led,
Guiltless of Courts, untainted, and unread,
Whose inborn Spirit spurn'd th' ignoble Fee,
Whose Hands scorn'd Bondage, for their Hearts were
free.*

*Ask ye what Law their conqu'ring Cause confess'd?
Great Nature's Law, the Law within the Breast,
Form'd by no Art, and to no Sect confin'd,
But stamp'd by Heav'n upon th' unletter'd Mind.*

*Such, such, of old, the first born Natives were,
Who breath'd the Vertues of Britannia's Air,
Their Realm, when mighty Cæsar vainly sought;
For mightier Freedom against Cæsar fought,
And rudely drove the fam'd Invader Home,
To tyrannize o'er polish'd—venal Rome.*

*Our Bard, exalted in a freeborn Flame,
To ev'ry Nation wou'd transfer this Claim.
He to no State, no Climate bounds his Page,
He bids the Moral beam thro' ev'ry Age;
Then be your Judgment gen'rous as his Plan,
Ye Sons of Freedom!—save the Friend of Man.*

The Persons represented.

M E N.

CRISTIERN, King of <i>Denmark</i> and <i>Norway</i> , and Usurper of <i>Sweden</i> ,	}	Mr. Wright.
TROLLIO, A <i>Swede</i> , Archbishop of <i>Upsal</i> , and Vicegerent to <i>Cristiern</i> ,		
PETERSON, A <i>Swedish</i> Nobleman, secretly of the <i>Danish</i> Party, and Friend to <i>Trollio</i> ,	}	Mr. Gibber.
LAERTES, A young <i>Danish</i> Nobleman, Attendant to <i>Cristina</i> ,		
GUSTAVUS, Formerly General of the <i>Swedes</i> , and first Cousin to the deceased King,	}	Mr. Turbutt.
ARVIDA, Of the Royal Blood of <i>Sweden</i> , Friend and Cousin to <i>Gustavus</i> ,		
ANDERSON, Chief Lord of <i>Dalecarlia</i> ,	}	Mr. Woodward.
ARNOLDUS, A <i>Swedish</i> Priest, and Chaplain in the Copper-Mines of <i>Dalecarlia</i> ,		
SIVARD, Captain of the <i>Dalecarlians</i> ,	}	Mr. Quin.
	}	Mr. Mills.
	}	Mr. Havard.
	}	Mr. Ridout.

W O M E N.

CRISTINA, Daughter to <i>Cristiern</i> ,	}	Mrs. Giffard.
AUGUSTA, Mother to } Prisoners in		
GUSTAVA, Sister to } <i>Cristiern's</i>	}	Mrs Butler.
Gustavus, a Child, } Camp,		
MARIANA, Attendant and Confident to <i>Cristina</i> ,	}	Miss Cole.
	}	Mrs. Chetwood.

Soldiers, Peasants, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE *Dalecarlia*; a Northern Province in *Sweden*;

LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

A

LORD Andover.
Dutchess of Ancaſter.
 Tho. Aprice, *Eſq;* 6 *Books.*
 Solomon Aſhley, *Eſq;*
 Miſs Betty Acton.
 Mr. Benjamin Adamſon.
 George Arbuthnot.
 John Alford.
 John Anſel, *Jun.*
 William Adair, *Eſq;*
 Nicholas Amhurſt, *Eſq;*
 Charles Aſgil, *Eſq;*
 Mr. William Adair.
 Auſtin Aſhby, *Eſq;*
 John Atwood, *Eſq;*
 Mrs. Adams.
 Miſs Margaret Anne Adams.
 Elizabeth Adams, 2 *Books.*
 Thomas Aſby, *Eſq;*
 John Atleck, *Eſq;*
 William Archer, *Eſq;*
 Edward Allen, *Eſq;*
 Mr. James Apperley, *M. D.*
 Mrs. Anne Aſhley.
 Elizabeth Aſhley.
 Charles Anneſley, *Eſq;*
 Mr. George Abbot.
 James Anderton.
 George Andrews, *Eſq;*
 John Averel, *Eſq;*
 Henry Armſtrong, *Eſq;*

B

Duke of Bedford, a Guinea.
Dutchess of Bedford, half a Guinea.
Dutchess of Buckingham, 4 Books.

Duke of Beaufort, 4 Books.
Dutchess of Beaufort, 2 Books.
Duke of Bridgwater.
Dutchess of Bridgwater.
Marchioness of Blandford, Guinea.
Lord Bolingbrooke, a Guinea.
Lady Baltimore, 2 Books.
Lord Bellew.
Lord Bathurſt, a Guinea.
Lady Bathurſt, a Guinea.
Lord Barrimore, 2 Books.
Lord Barrington, 4 Books.
Lady Barrington.
Lord Bellew.
Lady Bellew.
Lady Viſcounteſs Binning.
Lady Barker.
Sir Jacob Bouverie, Bart. 4 Books.
Lady Bouverie.
Hon. Hen. Bathurſt, Eſq; Guinea.
Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart.
Sir William Boyer, Bart.
Sir Walter Bagot, Bart.
Sir John Bland, Bart.
Lady Frances Bland.
Hon. Mr. Barrington.
Peter Bathurſt, Eſq; half a Guinea.
John Barnard, Eſq;
John Butgoine, Eſq;
Mr. Brindley, Bookſeller, 6 Books.
Robert Burd, M. D.
Thomas Barrel, Eſq;
Mr. Richard Barlow.
 Byerley.
 John Blackſtone.
 Joſeph Bower.
 John Burges.
 John Blackall, *Merchant.*

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

- Henry Thurlow Brace, *Esq;*
 — Barrington, *Esq;*
 James Bateman, *Esq;*
 Edmund Brampton, *Esq;*
 Thomas Bloodworth, *Esq;*
 George Bridges, *Esq;*
 Walter Blackett, *Esq;* 2 Books.
 Daniel Boone, *Esq;* 2 Books.
Mr. Tenton Boate.
 Richard Bridges.
 Michael Bridges.
 William Branson.
 Samuel Bonner.
 James Brace.
 John Browne.
 Barnaby Blackwell.
 James Bonnel.
 Bedingfield.
 George Breton.
 John Buckley.
Miss Bacon.
Mrs. Byde.
Miss Buxton.
Mr. Tyringham Blackwell, *Jun.*
 John Banks.
 George Bell.
 Papillon Ball.
 Lewis Beaufort.
 James Burnet.
 John Blackford, *Esq;*
Mr. Francis Brownsmith.
 Samuel Bround.
Mrs. Bendysh.
Miss Bendysh.
 Henry Bendysh, *Jun.* *Esq;*
 William Berners, *Esq;*
Mrs. Berners.
 Barham.
 Thomas Barret, *Esq;*
 William Brooke, *Esq;* a Guinea.
Mrs. De Boiville.
Mr. Robert Burchall.
 Barrowby, *Jun.* *M. B.*
 William Busby, *Esq;* 2 Books.
- Mr.* Blake.
Hon. *Mr.* Berkely.
 James Brackman, *Esq;*
Mr. Birch.
Mrs. Baldwin.
Hon. John Butler, *Esq;*
 John Bacon, *Esq;*
Mr. Edward Bullock.
 Levet Blackborne, *Esq;*
 William Bowles, *Esq;*
 Richard Berenger, *Esq;*
Mr. Boswell.
Hon. — Barker, *Esq;*
 — Bond, *Esq;*
Mr. Stafford Briscoe.
 George Bayer.
 John Blondel.
 Claude Bofauquet.
 John Brome.
 John Beck.
 John Browne.
 Bannee.
 William Belch.
 Thomas Busfield, *Esq;*
 Blany Walcot Browne, *Esq;*
 Edward Blakeney, *Esq;*
Mr. George Bochem.
Dr. Humphry Bartholmew.
 James Burroughs, *Esq;*
Mr. John Baker.
Rev. *Mr.* Henry Brooke.
 Richard Bagnal, *Esq;*
Mrs. Barber.
Hon. George Baily, *Esq;*
Mr. William Browne.
 Simon Brereton, *Esq;*
Mr. James Barret.
 James Bernard.
 — Baynham.
 Wastel Briscoe.
 — Berkley, *Esq;* half a Guinea.
 John Bassett, *Esq;* half a Guinea.
 William Binford, *Esq;*
Mr. Beard, 2 Books.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

C

Dutchess of Cleveland.
Lord Chesterfield, Ten Guineas.
Lady Chesterfield, a Guinea.
Lord Cornbury, a Guinea.
Lord Cobham, a Guinea.
Lord Coventry.
Lady Curson.
Lady Anne Conolly.
Sir William Courtney, a Guinea.
Sir John Hinde Cotton, Bart.
Lady Chapman.
Mrs. Crowley, 2 Books.
Hon. Mrs. Jane Conway.
Mrs. Cray.
Richard Cliffe, Esq;
Mr. Chappelle, Bookseller, 6 Books.
 Edward Cave.
 Clerkson, 2 Books.
 Henry Crossgrove.
 Clarke, Merchant.
 Henry Combe, Merchant.
 Samuel Crisp.
 Bouchier Cleve.
 Ralph Cooke.
 Kellon Courtney.
Mrs. Anne Courtney.
Mr. Robert Coxe.
Mrs. Crowley, 2 Books.
 Peregrine Courtney.
 Samuel Craghead.
 John Clarke, Esq; half a Guinea.
 Thomas Carew, Esq; ditto.
 John Hippsley Cox, Esq; ditto.
 John Cotton, Esq; ditto.
 Henry Courtney, Esq; ditto
 Arthur Champernowne, Esq; dit.
Mr. Arthur Colley.
 John Crew, Esq; 2 Books.
 John Crawley, Esq;
 Thomas Chaplin, Esq;
Mrs. Har. Crawley.

Mr. Henry Clifford.
 John Cox.
Mrs. Cornwallis.
 Campbel.
 Cooke
 Samuel Clarke, Esq;
 Thomas Chester. Esq; half Guinea
Sir John Chichester, Bart. ditto.
Mr. Thomas Churchman.
Mrs. Clarke.
 Francis Colson, Esq;
 Charles Cholmondeley, Esq;
 George Clarges, Esq;
 Robert Calderwood.
 Samuel Card, Esq;
 Robert Cooke, Esq; a Guinea.
Miss Chauncey.
 Charles Cutts, Esq; 2 Books.
Mr. James Coleman.
 Charles Child.
 William Chapman.
 James Collifon.
 William Cottingham, Esq;
Mrs. Courtney.
Mr. Coleman.
 Adam Calamy.
 John Culme.
 John Cotton, Esq;
 John Cheyne, A. M.
 John Charleton, Esq;
 William Clarke, Esq;
 Samuel Clarke, Esq;
 Michael Chamberlain, Esq;
 Rev. William Cosby.
 Philip Coleman, Esq;
 John Crew, Esq; half a Guinea.
 Rev. Mr. Thomas Coxe.
 John Costellow, Esq;
Mr. Esquire Cary, a Guinea.

D

Lord Darnley, a Guinea.
Sir J. Dashwood, Bart. a Guinea.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Lady Dyke.
 Lady Dudley.
 Lady Dimsdale.
 Sir James Dashwood, *Bart.*
 Lady Dashwood.
 James Douglas, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Dashwood.
 Miss Dashwood, 3 *Books.*
 Dives.
 Cornelia Drake.
 Sir Edward Dering, *Bart.*
 Henry Drax, *Esq;*
 William Duncombe, *Esq;*
 Rev. Mr. John Doughty.
 Mr. Deyman, a *Guinea.*
 Francis Duncalfe.
 Arthur Danby, *Merchant.*
 Charles Dunbar.
 George Dealtry.
 Benjamin Dealtry.
 George Dunel.
 William Dillingham.
 Henry Dugneroy.
 Robert Dillon.
 Henry Dunster, *Esq;*
 Thomas Darnley, *Esq;*
 Mr. Deare.
 Edward Duncombe, *Esq;*
 James Dunne, *Esq;*
 Rev. Mr. Dixon.
 James Dawkins, *Esq;*
 Mr. John Darell.
 James Donegan, *M. D.*
 Mrs. Drew.
 Peter Delme, *Esq;*
 Miss Maria Duncombe.
 Mr. John Dawson.
 Arlander Dobson, *Esq;*
 John Delafout, *Esq;*
 Hon. Mr. Devreux, *half a Guinea.*
 Mr. Woodroff Drinkwater, *Mer.*
 Thomas Davis, *Bookseller.*

E

Earl of Exeter.
 Countess of Exeter.
 Sir Robert Echlin, *Bart.*
 Lady Charlotte Edwin.
 Mrs. Mac Eune.
 Richard Elliot, *Esq;*
 Mr. Elton.
 John Echlin, *Esq;*
 Charles Eyre, *Esq;* half a *Guinea.*
 George Edgecombe, *Esq;*
 Charles Echlin, *Esq;* 2 *Books.*
 Mr. Easton, *Bookseller.*
 John Edwards, *Jun. Esq;*
 Mr. Evans.
 James Ereskine, *Esq;* 2 *Books.*
 Mr. John Ellis.
 Michael Ennis.
 Mrs. Elliston.
 Elliot.

F

Lord Falkland.
 Hon. John Finch, *Esq;* 4 *Books.*
 Hon. Mrs. Finch.
 Lady Ann Finch.
 Hon. William Finch.
 Sir Cordel Firebrace, *Bart.*
 Mr. William Flecton.
 Abel Fonnereau *Merchant.*
 Mr. Thomas Fletcher.
 Thomas Frewin.
 Jeffrey Fettiplace.
 Forster, 2 *Books.*
 William Freeman, *Esq;*
 Mr. Brice Fisher.
 Rowland Frye, *Esq;*
 Mr. Samuel Frye.
 Mr. Fortrye, 2 *Books.*
 Richard Fuller, *Esq;*
 George Fox, *Esq;*
 Mr. John Fawkes.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Robert Fitzgerald, *Esq;*
 Gauntlet Fey, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Grace Foxlow.
 Mr. William Ferrian.
 John Forbes.
 Joseph Fisher.
 Hatley Foot, *Esq;*
 Mr. James French.
 James Fortrey *Esq;*
 Rev. Mr. Andrew Fitzherbert.
 Nicholas Fenwick, *Esq;*
 Robert Fitzgerald, *Esq;*

G

Marquis of Graham.
 Lord G. Graham, *half a Guinea.*
 Lord Guernsey.
 Lord Gower, *a Guinea.*
 Lord Gage, *4 Books.*
 Lady Dowager of Gainsborough,
a Guinea.
 Sir Robert Godschal.
 Lady Godschal.
 Hon. Bap. Levison Gower, *Esq;*
 Hon. Mr. Levison Gower.
 William Levison Gower, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Frances Levison Gower.
 Mrs. Mary Levison Gower.
 Rich. Greenville, *Esq. a Guinea.*
 Mrs. Greenville, *a Guinea.*
 Patrick Guthrie, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Sarah Godschal.
 Richard Graham, *Esq;*
 Mr. Green.
 John Godfrey, *Esq;*
 Henry Grenville, *Merchant.*
 James Grenville, *Esq;*
 Richard Glover, *Merchant.*
 Mrs. Mary Glover.
 Hannah Glover.
 Thomas Godfrey *Esq;*
 Mrs. Sarah Garth.
 Mr. Samuel Green.

Pierce Galliard, *Esq;*
 James Gastline, *Esq;*
 Charles Gore, *Esq; half a Guinea*
 Mrs. Elizabeth Gee.
 Edward Gibson, *Esq;*
 Joseph Gascoyne, *Esq;*
 Edward Green, *Esq;*
 Philip Glover, *Esq;*
 Steven Gardiner, *Esq;*
 George Gorden *Esq;*
 Thomas Gore, *Esq;*
 John Gascoyne, *Esq;*
 James Garland, *Esq;*
 Richard Godfrey, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Gower.
 Robert Grove, *Esq;*
 Mr. William Gore.
 Samuel Greathead.
 Thomas Gilbert.
 Richard Green.
 Richard Glynn.
 George Green.
 John Gibson.
 Miss Fanny Glanville.
 — Grevil, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Grevil.

H

Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.
 Dutchess of Hamilton, *2 Books.*
 Earl of Haddington.
 Lady Archibald Hamilton, *Guin.*
 Lord Huntington.
 Lady Huntington.
 Lady Caroline Harpur.
 Hon. Miss Grizel Hamilton.
 Sir Harry Hookeate, *Bart.*
 Sir James Harrington, *Bart.*
 Dr. John Hollings, *Jun. 2 Books.*
 Mr. Charles Highmore.
 George Hawkins, *Bookseller,*
6 Books.
 John Hillier, *Esq;*

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Hon. Mr. Hill.
 Mr. Thomas Hill.
 Thomas Halsted, *Merchant*.
 Thomas Hart, *Esq*;
 William Hammond, *Esq*;
 Francis Herm, *Esq*;
 Mr. Hitch, *Bookseller*, 6 *Books*.
 Samuel Horne.
 John Hanbury.
 Hamond.
 John Hitchcock.
 Nicholas Hyet.
 Horton.
 Samuel Harwood.
 Hoar.
 John Haud.
 James Henckell.
 Richard Harcourt.
 Charles Herriot.
 Lane Harrison, *Esq*; *half a Guinea*.
 James Herbert, *Esq*; *half a Guinea*.
 George Heathcote, *Esq*;
 Reverend Mr. Hotchkifs.
 Edward Hobson, *Esq*;
 Henry Hay, *Merchant*.
 John Hayes, *Esq*;
 John Harvey, *Esq*;
 John Hilton, *Esq*;
 Mr. Harpur.
 Hamilton, 2 *Books*.
 Mrs. Henshaw.
 Miss Hamilton.
 Hardy.
 Richard Hennens, *Esq*;
 Michael Hervey, *Esq*;
 Charles Halhed, *Esq*;
 Leslie Hamilton, *Esq*;
 Mr. Thomas Hall.
 John Barnard Hoffesleger.
 Samuel Holland.
 William Hollier.
 Hugh Hughes.
 Richard Hennand.
 Thomas Hall.

Henry Lenoy Hunter, *Esq*;
 Mrs. Hutton.
 Jones.
 Mr. John Hickey.
 Walter Harte, A. M.
 Richard Horne, *Esq*;
 Mr. Charles Higgins.
 Hingeston.
 John Hardham.

J

Lord Inchiquin.
 Sir William Irby, *Bart*.
 Charles Jennings, *Esq*; 2 *Books*.
 Hon. Mrs Jermy.
 Christian Jacobs, *Merchant*.
 Mrs. Jennings.
 Lewis Jones, *Esq*;
 Benjamin James, *Jun. Esq*;
 William Jermy, *Esq*;
 William Jones, *Esq*;
 Mr. Jacobson.
 William Ilbert.
 Samuel Johnson.
 Samuel Jones, *Esq*;
 Mr. Charles Johnson.
 Simon Jackson.
 Gerrard Johnson.
 Charles Jones.
 Israel Jalabert.
 Robert Jackson.
 Charles Jackson, *Esq*;
 William Impey, *Esq*;
 Ben. Jollen, *Esq*; *half a Guinea*.
 ——— Johnston, *Esq*;

K

Sir John Lister Kaye, *Bart*.
 Henry Kelsey, *Esq*;
 Dr. King.
 John Abraham Korham, *Merch*.
 Mr. Alexander Kellet.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Edward Kynaston.
 Corbet Kynaston.
 Ralph Knox, 4 *Books.*
Mrs. King.
Mr. William Knight.
 Jeremiah King.
 Thomas Kinsey.
 Henry Keddington.
 Joseph Kirkman.
Mrs. Elizabeth Kilby.
 Francis Kennoy, *Esq;*
 Richard Kearny, *Esq;*

L

Lord Limerick.
Sir Robert Lawley, *Bart.*
Sir R. Long, *Bart. half a Guinea.*
Lady Barbara Leigh.
Hon. G. Lyttleton, *Esq; a Guinea.*
Hon. Thomas Leslie, *Esq;*
Hon. Colonel Lowther.
Mrs. Hannah Lowther.
 Erasmus Lewis, *Esq;*
 John Lethieullier, *Esq;*
 John Luyth, *Esq;*
 Charles Long, *Esq;*
Mr. Breston Long.
 Simon Lutterel, *Esq;*
 William Levinz, *Esq; half Guinea.*
Mr. Nicholas Linwood.
Rev. *Mr.* Loveling.
Mr. Leigh.
Mrs. Levintz.
Mr. John Lewis.
 Simon Lutterel, *Esq;*
Mrs. Littlejohn.
 William Lethieullier, *Esq;*
 Henry Lyons, *Esq;*
Mr. Thomas Ludgater,
 Christopher Lycett, *Guinea.*
 Leigh.
 Thomas Lister.
 Edward Lewis.

Hugh Lumley, *Esq;*
Mr. Lascall, 2 *Books.*
 Edward Lisle, *Esq;*
 Philip Ludwell, *Esq;*
 Richard Lockwood, *Esq;*
Rev. *Mr.* Robert Lord, *A. M.*
Mr. Edward Lambert.
 Temple Laws.
 Henry Lisle.
 Richard Lothrop.
 Lascelles.
 Thomas Littler, *Mercht.*
 Charles Lowth.
 Thomas Lascum, *Esq;*
 William Lutwyche, *Esq;*
Mr. James Langton.
Mrs. Langton.

M

Duke of Montrose, *a Guinea.*
Dutch. of Montrose, *half Guinea.*
Earl of Middlesex, *half a Guinea.*
Earl of Marchmont, 4 *Books.*
Lord Masham.
Lord Molyneux.
Lord Sherrard Manners.
Lady Lucy Manners.
Lord Montrath.
Lady Barbara Mansil.
Hon. William Montague, *Esq;*
Sir Humphry Monoux, *Bart.*
Sir John Morgan, *half a Guinea.*
Sir Wm. Morice, *Bt. half Guin.*
Sir J. Moleworth, *Bt. 6 Books.*
The Hon. and Rev. Dr. H. Moore.
 Solomon Mendes, *Esq; 2 Books.*
 T. Master, *Esq; half a Guinea.*
 T. Master, *Esq; Junior, ditto.*
Mr. Mallet, 2 *Books, a Guinea.*
 Daniel Midford.
 John Mylet, *Esq;*
 John Milner, *Esq;*
Mr. Richard Morgan.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

John Murray of Broughton, *Esq;*
 John Michel, *Esq;*
 William Moore, *Esq;*
 John Merrill, *Esq;*
 Mr. Millechamp.
 Morgan.
 Edward Meares.
 Edward Metcalfe.
 Benjamin Mayo.
 Millan, *Bookseller*, 24 *Books*.
 James Morton, *Esq;*
 Miss Elizabeth Mutel.
 Mr. Morris.
 Richard Mead, *Esq;*
 Mr. Millar, *Bookseller*.
 James Metcalfe.
 Henry Maxted.
 John Mears, *Esq;*
 Rev. Mr. Nathaniel Mathew.
 Sanderfon Miller, *Esq;*
 John Morris, *Esq;*
 Arthur Murvan, *Esq;*
 David Mellefont, *Esq;*
 Thomas Mansil, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Modena.
 Edward Montague, *Esq;*
 Mrs. Mary Musgrave.
 Henry Moore, *Esq;*
 William Burrel Maffingberd, *Esq;*
 Mr. Robert Macket.
 James Monk.
 Legh Master, *Esq;*
 Mr. Solomon Merret, *Merchant*.
 Mr. Alexander Macrabby.
 Mills.
 William Monk.
 Rudolph Myer, *Esq;*
 Mr. Edward Masters, *Merchant*.
 John Morton, *Esq;*
 Charles Molloy, *Esq;*
 Mr. Robert Moxon.
 Henry March, *Esq;* 2 *Books*.
 William Morton, *Esq;*
 Richard Millan, *Esq;*

N

Hon. Ro. Nugent, *Esq;* 10 *Guineas*.
 Rt. Hon. L. C. Noel, *half Guinea*.
 Hon. Mrs. Susan Noel.
 Hon. James Noel, *Esq;* 6 *Books*.
 Thomas Noel, *Esq;*
 Sir. H. Northcote, *half a Guinea*.
 Cosmas Nevil, *Esq;*
 Mr. William Norwood.
 William Neale, 2 *Books*.
 George Nichols, *Esq;* *half Guinea*.
 John Nourse, *Esq;* *half a Guinea*.
 Philip Nedswit, *Esq;* 6 *Books*.
 Miss Alice Noel.
 Mr. New.
 John Noyes.
 Thomas Nelton, *Esq;*
 Mr. Thomas Newman.
 Fettiplace Not, *Esq;*
 Mr. Henry St. Nicholas.
 William Norris.
 Parnel Nevill.
 Rev. Brockill Newbourgh;
 Miss Nicholson.
 Thomas Newbourgh, *Esq;*
 William Nisbet, *Esq;*
 George Newland, *Esq;*

O

Earl of Oxford, *a Guinea*.
 Sir John Osborne. *Bart.* 2 *Books*.
 Robert Ord, *Esq;*
 Mr. William Ockenden.
 Leake Oakover.
 John Oyam, *Esq;*
 Mr. Edward Oates.
 John Onge, *Esq;*

P

Lady Caroline Pierrepont.
 Lady Anne Pierrepont.
 Lord Percival, 2 *Books*.
 Lord Polworth, *a Guinea*.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir John Peachy, *Bart.*
Hon. Mrs. Pulteney.
 Henry Pye, *Esq;* half a Guinea.
 William Pit, *Esq;* a Guinea.
 Walter Plumer, *Esq;*
 Henry Palmer, *Merchant.*
Mr. John Payne, 2 Books.
 Edward Payne.
 John Pemberton.
 Robert Purfe.
 Lewis Pryfe.
 Henry Packer.
 Joceline Pickard.
 Walter Pryfe.
 John Piddock.
 Thomas Pyrke.
 John Prichen
 Peniston Powney.
 John Penant.
 John Peyton.
 Thomas Preston.
 Parry.
 Charles Price.
 David Poole.
 Peter Pullyn.
 Robert Pakey, *Esq;*
Mrs. Pakey.
Mr. William Partridge.
 Samuel Phillips, *Esq;*
 Henry Pye, *Esq;* half a Guinea.
 Richard Powis, *Esq;* 2 Books.
 Francis Perkins, *Esq;*
 John Pollen, *Esq;*
 William Pescod, *Esq;*
 Edward Popham, *Esq;* half Guinea.
Mr. Edward Clarke Parish.
 Eliakim Palmer.
 Pendleberry.
 Samuel Parish.
 John Pierce, *Esq;*
Mr. Moses Pratt.
 John Pollexfen, *Esq;*
 George Pitt, *Esq;*
Mr. Potts.

George Putland, *Esq;*
 Marcus Patterfon, *Esq;*
 Christopher Pet nfoy, *Esq;*
 Pullen, *Esq;*

Q

Duke of Queensborough, 2 Books.

R

Lord Raymond, a Guinea.
 Lord Rockingham, 2 Books, 2
 Guineas.
 Matthew Ridley, *Esq;*
Mrs. Ridley.
Mr. William Ruffel.
Rev. Mr. John Reddington.
Mr. James Rivington.
 Benjamin Robins.
 Humphry Ram.
 Richard Richardson.
 Daniel Rich.
 R. Risley.

James Ruck, *Esq;*
 William Richardson, *Esq;*
Mr. Revit.
Mrs. Jane Rickards.
Mr. Hugh Rofs.
 Langfield Rowley, *Esq;*
Mrs. Rowley.
 Edward Rudge, *Esq;*
 William Ruck, *Esq;* 2 Books.
Mr. William Randal.
 John Robins, *Esq;*

S

Earl of Shaftsbury, a Guinea.
 Countess of Shaftsbury, a Guinea.
 Countess Dowager of Shaftsbury,
 half a Guinea.
 Countess of Suffolk.
 Earl of Stanhope, a Guinea.
 Lady Lucy Stanhope, 4 Books.
 Lady Jane Stanhope, 2 Books.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Lord John Sackville.
 Lord Strange.
 Sir Henry Slingsby, <i>Bart.</i>
 Sir Thomas Saunderson, <i>Bart.</i>
 <i>a Guinea.</i>
 Lady Frances Saunderson, <i>a</i>
 <i>Guinea.</i>
 Sir Hugh Smithson, <i>Bart.</i> 2 <i>Books</i>
 Sir William Stapleton, <i>Bart.</i>
 Lady Seabright.
 Hon. Mrs. Mary Steuart.
 Hon. W. Stanhope, <i>a Guinea.</i>
 Hon. Mr. Stowel, <i>Esq;</i>
 The very Rev. Dr. Jonathan
 Swift, <i>Dean of St. Patrick's</i>
 <i>Dublin, 10 Books.</i>
 Francis Scobel, <i>Esq;</i> <i>a Guinea.</i>
 Stephen Soame, <i>Esq;</i>
 Edward Stevenson, <i>Esq;</i> 5 <i>Guineas</i>
 Paulet St. John, <i>Esq;</i>
 Theodore Smith, <i>Esq;</i>
 Samuel Sandys, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mrs. Strafford.
 Anne Studden.
 Sandys.
 S. Sambrooke.
 Miss Rebecca Steuart.
 Selwin.
 Mr. Robert Simfon.
 John Springet.
 Serman.
 Schreve, <i>Merchant.</i>
 Lilly Smith.
 Smith.
 Seare.
 Simons.
 Isaac Sprat.
 Charles Smith, <i>of Bologne.</i>
 Henry Smart.
 Thomas Smith.
 Edmund Sanxay.
 Charles Smith, <i>Esq;</i> <i>half a Guinea.</i>
 Edward Smith, <i>Esq;</i>
 Francis Seymour, <i>Esq;</i></p> | <p>Miss Smyth.
 Mrs. Smith.
 Mr. William Soone.
 Lewis Scawen, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mrs. Stanhope.
 Mr. Sloper.
 John Sawbridge, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mrs. Rebecca Stevenson, 2 <i>Books.</i>
 Thomas Staley, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mrs Stonehouse.
 Denzill Suckling, <i>Esq;</i>
 Henry Snoke, <i>Esq;</i>
 William Serjeanston, <i>Esq;</i>
 Shipman, <i>Gent.</i>
 Richard Shuttleworth, <i>Esq;</i>
 Arthur Stafford, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mr. Sambrooke.
 Dean Swift, <i>Esq;</i>
 Robert Seel, <i>Esq.</i>
 Francis Stratford, <i>Esq;</i>
 Alexander Strahan, <i>Esq;</i>
 James Smith, <i>Esq;</i> <i>half a Guinea.</i>
 Edward Seymour, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mr. Thomas Swayne.
 William Steuart, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mr. D. Stewart.
 Zachary Swan, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mr. George Stead.
 Scot.
 Thomas Sergison, <i>Esq;</i>
 William Smith, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mr. George Stanniforth, 4 <i>Books.</i>
 Mrs. Stopford.
 Mr. Thomas Storer.
 William Smith, <i>Esq;</i>
 Sidney Stafford Smyth, <i>Esq;</i>
 Miss Sharpe,
 Mr. Thomas Scrymore.
 John Stevenson, <i>Esq;</i>
 Mr. Christopher Severs.</p> |
|---|--|

T

Sir Edmund Thomas.
 Thomas Thornbury, *Esq;*

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS.

Richard Tydell, *Esq;*
 Robert Trefusis, *Esq;* half a Guinea.
Mr. Thomas Thompson.
 Richard Turbutt, *Esq;*
Rev. *Mr.* Francis Turner.
 John Harvey Thursby, *Esq;*
 Sigismond Traford, *Esq;*
Mrs. Tempest.
 Elifabeth Turner.
Mr. George Turnbull.
 Miles Townson, 2 Books.
 George Tanner, 2 Books.
 William Trye.
 Samuel Thayer.
 Richard Turbutt.
 William Threlkeld, 4 Books.
 Tryon.
 Turner.
 John Trott, *Esq;*
 Coel Thornhil, *Esq;*
 William Tate, *Esq;*
Miss Thomasina.
Sir Edward Turner, *Bart.*
Mr. Charles Thomas, 6 Books.
 Robert Thorpe.
Mrs. Mary Tryon.
Alderman John Twigg.
Mr. Henry Thorpe.
 Jonathan Harris Turner, *Esq;*
 half a Guinea.
 Thomas Townes, *Esq;*

V

Hon. *Mrs.* Vernon.
 William Vaughan, *Esq;* 4 Books.
 Hen. Vernon, *Esq;* half a Guinea.
Mr. Victor.
 George Virgoe, *Merchant.*
 Mathew Vernon.
Mrs. Vernon.
Miss Upton.
 Henry Vane, *Esq;*

W

Lady Winchelsea.
Lord Windsor, 4 Books.
Sir William Wyndham, *Bart.* a
 Guinea.
Sir George Warburton, *Bart.*
The Hon. *Mr.* Walters.
 Watkins William Wynn, *Esq;*
 half a Guinea.
Mr. Paul Whitehead, 5 Guineas.
 John Wilkins, 2 Books.
 Warner.
 Ed. Withers, (*Bookseller*)
 John Willmot.
 Bouchier Walton, *Merch.*
 Armine Wodehouse, *Esq;*
 — Windham, *Esq;*
Mr. Webb.
Mrs. Wright, 2 Books.
 Wall.
 Watts.
 Warner.
Miss Warde.
 Charlotte Williamson.
 Timothy Waldo, *Esq;*
 John Wowen, *Esq;*
 Richard West, *Esq;*
Mr. John Westbrooke.
 William Wall, *Esq;* 4 Books.
Mr. Henry Wilmot.
 Samuel White, *Merch.*
Mrs. Wingfield.
 Richard Whitshed, *Esq;* half a
 Guinea.
 James Whitshed, *Esq;* ditto.
Mr. Wright.
 Webb.
 John Wenham.
 John Wright.
Mr. Hugh Watson.
Mrs. Jane Willmot.
 James Winstanley, *Esq;*
Mr. William Whitehead.

A LIST of the SUBSCRIBERS,

Mrs. Martha Whiteaway.
Mr. Samuel Wrexham.
 Thomas Whitmore, *Esq;*
Mr. Valerius Walker.
 Robert Wills, *Esq;*
 Robert Wingfield, *Esq;*
Mrs. Wingfield.
 John Warde, *Esq;*
Miss Wisdom.
 Taylor White, *Esq;*
Miss Whetstone.
 John Warde, *Esq;*
Sir Thomas Webster.
Mr. Ellis Wynne.
 Thomas Wildey.
 William Willey.
Miss Whithers.
Mr. Osborn Warde.
 Nathaniel Wood.
 Thomas Woodhouse.
 James Walton.

James Whallay, *Esq;*
Mr. James Willson.
Mrs. Elizabeth Warner.
 John Wilkinshew, *Esq;*
 William Whitechurch, *Esq;*
 Richard Wainhouse, *Esq;*
 Edmund Wilcox, *Esq;*
 Mountford Westrop, *Esq;*
 Henry Wemys, *Esq;*
 Edward Webber, *Esq;*
 John Wood, *Esq;*
Mr. Samuel Walsh.
 Peter Whitfield.
 Thomas Whitehorn.
 Waring.

Y

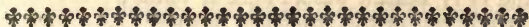
Shute Shrimpton Yeamans, *Esq;*
 John Yeamans, *Esq;*
Miss Young.



PRO.



GUSTAVUS VASA,
THE
Deliverer of his COUNTRY.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Inside of the Copper-Mines in Dalecarlia.

Enter Anderson, Arnoldus, and Servants, with Torches.

And.
Arn.



O U tell me Wonders.
Soft, behold, my Lord,
[*Points behind the Scenes.*]
Behold him stretch'd, where reigns
eternal Night,

The Flint his Pillow, and cold Damps his Cov'ring ;
Yet bold of Spirit, and robust of Limb,
He throws Inclemency aside, nor feels
The Lot of human Frailty.

A

And.

And. What Horrors hang around! the savage Race
Ne'er hold their Den but where some glimm'ring Ray
May bring the Chear of Morn—What then is he?
His Dwelling marks a Secret in his Soul,
And whispers somewhat more than Man about him.

Arn. Draw but the Veil of his apparent Wretched-
ness,

And you shall find, his Form is but assumed
To hoard some wond'rous Treasure, lodg'd within.

And. Let him bear up to what thy Praises speak him,
And I will win him spite of his Reserve,
Bind him with sacred Friendship to my Soul,
And make him half myself.

Arn. 'Tis nobly promis'd ;

For Worth is rare, and wants a Friend in *Sweden* ;
And yet I tell thee, in her Age of Heroes,
When nurs'd by Freedom, all her Sons grew great,
And ev'ry Peasant was a Prince in Virtue ;
I greatly err, or this abandon'd Stranger
Had stepp'd the first for Fame— tho' now he seeks
To veil his Name, and cloud his Shine of Virtues ;
For there is Danger in them.

And. True, *Arnoldus*,

Were there a Prince throughout the scepter'd Globe,
Who search'd out Merit for its due Preferment,
With half that Care our Tyrant seeks it out
For Ruin ; happy, happy were that State,
Beyond the golden Fable of those pure
And earliest Ages— Wherefore this, good Heav'n ?
Is it of Fate, that who assumes a Crown
Throws off Humanity ?

Arn. So *Cristiern* holds.

He claims our Country as by Right of Conquest,
A Right to ev'ry Wrong. Ev'n now 'tis said,
The Tyrant envies what our Mountains yield
Of Health or Aliment, he comes upon us,

Attended

Attended by a num'rous Host, to seize
These last Retreats of our expiring Liberty.

And. Say'st thou ?

Arn. This rising Day, this instant Hour,
Thus chaced, we stand upon the utmost Brink
Of steep Perdition, and must leap the Precipice,
Or turn upon our Hunters,

And. Now, *Gustavus* !

Thou Prop and Glory of inglorious *Sweden*,
Where art thou mightiest Man?—Were he but here!—
I'll tell thee, my *Arnoldus*, I beheld him,
Then when he first drew Sword, serene and dreadful,
As the brow'd Evening 'ere the Thunder break ;
For soon he made it toilsom to our Eyes
To mark his Speed, and trace the Paths of Conquest ;
In vain we follow'd, where he swept the Field ;
'Twas Death alone could wait upon *Gustavus*.

Arn. He was indeed whate'er our Wish could form
him.

And. Array'd and beauteous in the Blood of *Danes*,
Th' Invaders of his Country, thrice he chaced
This *Cristiern*, this fell Conq'rer, this Usurper,
With Rout and foul Dishonour at his Heels,
To plunge his Head in *Denmark*.

Arn. Nor ever had the Tyrant known Return,
To tread our Necks, and blend us with the Dust ;
Had he not dar'd to break thro' ev'ry Law
That sanctifies the Nations, seiz'd our Hero,
The Pledge of specious Treaty, tore him from us,
And led him chain'd to *Denmark*.

And. Then we fell.

If still he lives, we yet may learn to rise,
But never can I dare to rest a Hope
On any Arm but his.

Arn. And yet I trust,
This Stranger that delights to dwell with Darkness

4 G U S T A V U S V A S A,

Unknown, unfriended, compass'd round with Wretchedness,

Conceals some mighty Purpose in his Breast,
Now lab'ring into Birth.

And. When came he hither?

Arn. Six Moons have chang'd upon the Face of
Night,

Since here he first arriv'd, in servile Weeds,
But yet of Mein majestic. I observ'd him,
And ever as I gaz'd, some nameless Charm,
A wond'rous Greatness not to be conceal'd,
Broke thro' his Form, and aw'd my Soul before him.
Amid these Mines he earns the Hireling's Portion ;
His Hands out-toil the Hind, while on his Brow
Sits Patience, bathed in the laborious Drop
Of painful Industry— I oft have sought,
With friendly Tender of some worthier Service,
To win him from his Temper ; but he shuns
All Offers, yet declined with graceful Act,
Engaging beyond Utt'rance ; and at Eve,
When all retire to some domestic Solace,
He only stays, and, as you see, the Earth
Receives him to her dark and cheerless Bosom.

And. Has no unwary Moment e'er betray'd
The Labours of his Soul, some fav'rite Grief,
Whereon to raise Conjecture ?

Arn. I saw, as some bold Peasants late deplor'd
Their Country's Bondage, sudden Passion seiz'd
And bore him from his Seeming ; strait his Form
Was turn'd to Terror, Ruin fill'd his Eye,
And his proud Step appear'd to awe the World :
When check'd as thro' an Impotence of Rage,
Damp Sadness soon usurp'd upon his Brow,
And the big Tear roll'd graceful down his Visage.

And. Your Words imply a Man of much Importance.

Arn. So I suspected, and at dead of Night
Stole on his Slumbers ; his full Heart was busy,

And

And oft his Tongue pronounc'd the hated Name
Of— Bloody *Cristiern*—— there he seem'd to pause:
And recollected to one Voice, he cry'd,
O *Sweden* ! O my Country ! Yet I'll save thee.

And. Forbear— he rises— Heav'ns, what Majesty !

S C E N E II.

Enter Gustavus.

And. Your Pardon, Stranger, if the Voice of Virtue,
If cordial Amity from Man to Man,
And somewhat that should whisper to the Soul,
To seek and cheer the Suff'rer, led me hither
Impatient to salute thee. Be it thine
Alone to point the Path of Friendship out ;
And my best Pow'r shall wait upon thy Fortunes.

Gust. Yes, gen'rous Man ! there is a wond'rous Test,
The truest, worthiest, noblest Cause for Friendship ;
Dearer than Life, than Int'rest, or Alliance,
And equal to your Virtues.

And. Say—— unfold.

Gust. Art thou a Soldier, a chief Lord in *Sweden* ?
And yet a Stranger to thy Country's Voice
That loudly calls the hidden Patriot forth ;
But what's a Soldier ? What's a Lord in *Sweden* ?
All Worth is fled, or fall'n—— nor has a Life
Been spar'd, but for Dishonour ; spar'd to breed
More Slaves for *Denmark*, to beget a Race
Of new-born Virgins for th' unfated Lust
Of our new Masters. *Sweden* ! thou'rt no more !
Queen of the North ! thy Land of Liberty,
Thy House of Heroes, and thy Seat of Virtues
Is now the Tomb, where thy brave Sons lie speechless ;
And foreign Snakes engender.

And.

And. O 'tis true.

But wherefore? To what Purpose?

Gust. Think of *Stockholm!*

When *Cristiern* seized upon the Hour of Peace,
 And drench'd the hospitable Floor with Blood;
 Then fell the Flow'r of *Sweden*, mighty Names!
 Her hoary Senators, and gasping Patriots.
 The Tyrant spoke, and his licentious Band
 Of Blood-train'd Ministry were loosed to Ruin.
 Invention wanton'd in the Toil of Infants
 Stabb'd on the Breast, or reeking on the Points
 Of sportive Javelins. Husbands, Sons, and Sires
 With dying Ears drank in the loud Despair
 Of shrieking Chastity. The Waste of War
 Was Peace and Friendship to this civil Massacre.
 O Heav'n and Earth! Is there a Cause for this?
 For Sin without Temptation, calm, cool Villany,
 Delib'rate Mischief, unimpassion'd Lust,
 And smiling Murder? Lie thou there, my Soul,
 Sleep, sleep upon it, image not the Form
 Of any Dream but this, 'till Time grows pregnant,
 And thou canst wake to Vengeance.

And. Thou'st greatly mov'd me. Ha! thy Tears
 start forth.

Yes, let them flow, our Country's Fate demands them;
 I too will mingle mine, while yet 'tis left us
 To weep in secret, and to sigh with Safety.
 But wherefore talk of Vengeance? 'Tis a Word
 Should be engraven on the new-fall'n Snow,
 Where the first Beam may melt it from Observance.
 Vengeance on *Cristiern!* *Norway* and the *Dane*,
 The Sons of *Sweden*, all the peopled North
 Bends at his Nod: my humbler Boast of Pow'r
 Meant not to cope with Crowns.

Gust. Then what remains
 Is briefly this; your Friendship has my Thanks,
 But must not my Acceptance: never—no—

First sink thou baleful Mansion to the Centre!
And be thy Darkness doubled round my Head;
'Ere I forsake thee for the Bliss of Paradise,
To be enjoy'd beneath a Tyrant's Sceptre;
No, that were willful Slav'ry—— Freedom is
The brilliant Gift of Heav'n, 'tis Reason's Self,
The Kin of Deity—— I will not part it.

And. Nor I, while I can hold it, but alas!
That is not in our Choice.

Gust. Why? where's that Pow'r whose Engines
are of Force

To bend the brave and virtuous Man to Slav'ry?
Base Fear, the Laziness of Lust, gross Appetites,
These are the Ladders, and the groveling Footstool,
From whence the Tyrant rises on our Wrongs,
Secure and scepter'd in the Soul's Servility.
He has debauch'd the Genius of our Country,
And rides triumphant, while her captive Sons
Await his Nod, the silken Slaves of Pleasure,
Or fetter'd in their Fears.

And. I apprehend you.

No doubt, a base Submission to our Wrongs,
May well be term'd a voluntary Bondage;
But think the heavy Hand of Pow'r is on us;
Of Pow'r, from whose Imprisonment and Chains
Not all our free-born Virtue can protect us.

Gust. 'Tis there you err, for I have felt their Force;
And had I yielded to enlarge these Limbs,
Or share the Tyrant's Empire, on the Terms
Which he propos'd—— I were a Slave indeed.
No—— in the deep and deadly Damp of Dungeons
The Soul can rear her Sceptre, smile in Anguish,
And triumph o'er Oppression.

And. O glorious Spirit! think not I am slack
To relish what thy noble Scope intends,
But then the Means! the Peril! and the Consequence!
Great are the Odds, and who shall dare the Trial?

Gust.

Gust. I dare.

O wer't thou still that gallant Chief
Whom once I knew! I cou'd unfold a Purpose
Would make the Greatness of thy Heart to swell,
And burst in the Conception.

And. Give it Ut'trance.

Perhaps there lie some Embers yet in *Sweden*,
Which, waken'd by thy Breath, might rise in Flames,
And spread vindictive round— You say you know me;
But give a Tongue to such a Cause as this,
And if you hold me tardy in the Call,
You know me not— But Thee I've surely known;
For there is somewhat in that Voice and Form,
Which has alarm'd my Soul to Recollection;
But 'tis as in a Dream, and mocks my Reach.

Gust. Then name the Man whom it is Death to
know,
Or knowing to conceal—— and I am he.

And. *Gustavus!* Heav'n's! 'Tis he! 'tis he himself!

S C E N E III.

Enter Arvida, Speaking to a Servant.

Arv. I thank you, Friend, he's here, you may retire.

And. Good Morning to my noble Guest, you're
early! [*Gustavus walks apart.*]

Arv. I come to take a short and hasty Leave:
'Tis said, that from the Mountain's neighb'ring Brow,
The Canvas of a thousand Tents appears,
Whitening the Vale—— Suppose the Tyrant there;
You know my Safety lies not in the Interview——
Ha! What is he, who in the Shreds of Slavery
Supports a Step, superior to the State,
And Insolence of Ermine?

Gust.

Gust. Sure that Voice,
Was once the Voice of Friendship and *Arvida*!

Arv. Ha! Yes — 'tis he! — ye Pow'rs! it is
Gustavus.

Gust. Thou Brother of Adoption! In the Bond
Of ev'ry Virtue wedded to my Soul,
Enter my Heart, it is thy Property.

Arv. I'm lost in Joy and wond'rous Circum-
stance.

Gust. Yes; wherefore, my *Arvida*; wherefore
is it,

That in a Place, and at a Time like this,
We should thus meet? Can *Cristiern* cease from
Cruelty?

Say, whence is this, my Brother? How escap'd you?
Did I not leave thee in the *Danish* Dungeon?

Arv. Of that hereafter. Let me view thee first.
How graceful is the Garb of Wretchedness!
When worn by Virtue? Fashions turn to Folly;
Their Colours tarnish, and their Poms grow poor
To her Magnificence.

Gust. Yes, my *Arvida*.
Beyond the sweeping of the proudest Train
That shades a Monarch's Heel, I prize these Weeds,
For they are sacred to my Country's Freedom.
A mighty Enterprize has been conceiv'd,
And thou art come auspicious to the Birth,
As sent to fix the Seal of Heav'n upon it.

Arv. Point but thy Purpose — let it be to
bleed —

Gust. Your Hands my Friends!

All. Our Hearts.

Gust. I know they're brave.
Of such the Time has need, of Hearts like yours;
Faithful and firm, of Hands inured and strong,
For we must ride upon the Neck of Danger,
And plunge into a Purpose big with Death.

And. Here let us kneel and bind us to thy Side.
By all———

Gust. No, hold—— if we want Oaths to join us,
Swift let us part, from Pole to Pole asunder.

A Cause like ours is its own Sacrament;
Truth, Justice, Reason, Love, and Liberty,
Th' eternal Links that clasp the World are in it,
And he, who breaks their Sanction, breaks all Law,
And infinite Connection.

Arn. True, my Lord.

And. And such the Force I feel.

Arv. And I.

Arn. And all.

Gust. Know then, that 'ere our royal *Stenon* fell,
While this my valiant Cousin and myself,
By Chains and Treach'ry, lay detain'd in *Denmark*,
Upon a dark and unsuspected Hour
The bloody *Cristiern* fought to take my Head.
Thanks to the ruling Pow'r! within whose Eye
Imbosom'd Ills and mighty Treasons roll,
Prevented of their Blackness—— I escap'd,
Led by a gen'rous Arm, and some time lay
Conceal'd in *Denmark*. For my forfeit Head
Became the Price of Crowns, each Port and Path
Was shut against my Passage, 'till I heard
That *Stenon*, valiant *Stenon* fell in Battle,
And Freedom was no more. O then what Bounds
Had Pow'r to hem the Desp'rate? I o'erpass'd
them,

Travers'd all *Sweden*, thro' Ten thousand Foes,
Impending Perils, and surrounding Tongues,
That from himself enquir'd *Gustavus* out.
Witness my Country, how I toil'd to wake
Thy Sons to Liberty! In vain—— for Fear,
Cold Fear had seiz'd on all—— Here last I came,
And 'shut me from the Sun, whose hateful Beams

Serv'd

Serv'd but to shew the Ruins of my Country.
When here, my Friends, 'twas here at length I
found

What I had left to look for, gallant Spirits,
In the rough Form of untaught Peasantry.

And. Indeed they once were brave, our *Dale-*
carlians

Have oft been known to give a Law to Kings ;
And as their only Wealth has been their Liberty,
From all th' unmeasur'd Graspings of Ambition
Have held that Gem untouch'd — tho' now 'tis
fear'd —

Gust. It is not fear'd — I say they still shall
hold it.

I've search'd these Men, and find them like the Soil,
Barren without, and to the Eye unlovely,
But they've their Mines within; and this the Day
In which I mean to prove them.

Arn. O *Gustavus!*

Most aptly hast thou caught the passing Hour,
Upon whose critical and fated Hinge
The State of *Sweden* turns.

Gust. And to this Hour

I've therefore held me in this darksome Womb,
That sends me forth as to a second Birth
Of Freedom, or thro' Death to reach Eternity.
This Day return'd with ev'ry circling Year,
In Thousands pours the Mountain Peasants forth,
Each with his batter'd Arms and rusty Helm,
In sportive Discipline well train'd, and prompt
Against the Day of Peril — thus disguis'd,
Already have I stirr'd their latent Sparks
Of slumb'ring Virtue, apt as I cou'd wish
To warm before the lightest Breath of Liberty.

Arn. How will they kindle when confes'd to
View

Once more their lov'd *Gustavus* stands before them,
And pours his Blaze of Virtues on their Souls.

Arv. It cannot fail.

And. It has a glorious Aspect.

Arv. Now *Sweden* ! rise and re-assert thy Rights,
Or be for ever fall'n.

And. Then be it so.

Arn. Lead on, thou Arm of War,
To Death or Victory.

Gust. Let us embrace.

Why thus, my Friends, thus join'd in such a Cause,
Are we not equal to a Host of Slaves !

You say the Foe's at Hand—— Why let them come,
Steep are our Hills nor easy of Access,

And few the Hours we ask for their Reception.

For I will take these rustic Sons of Liberty

In the first Warmth and Hurry of their Souls ;

And shou'd the Tyrant then attempt our Heights,

He comes upon his Fate—— Arise thou Sun !

Haste, haste to rouse thee to the Call of Liberty,

That shall once more salute thy Morning Beam,

And hail thee to thy Setting.

Arn. O blest'd Voice !

Prolong that Note but one short Day thro' *Sweden*,

And tho' the Sun and Life should set together,

It matters not—— we shall have liv'd that Day.

Arv. Were it not worth the Hazard of a Life

To know if *Cristiern* leads his Pow'rs in Person,

And what his Scope intends ? Be mine that Task,

Ev'n to the Tyrant's Tent I'll win my Way,

And mingle with his Councils.

Gust. Go, my Friend.

Dear as thou art, whene'er our Country calls,

Friends, Sons, and Sires should yield their Treasure up,

Nor own a Sense beyond the publick Safety.

But tell me, my *Arvida*, 'ere thou goest,

Tell

Tell me what Hand has made thy Friend its Debtor,
And giv'n thee up to Freedom and *Gustavus*?

Arv. Ha! let me think of that, 'tis sure she loves
him. [Aside.]

Away thou skance and jaundice Eye of Jealousy,
That tempts my Soul to sicken at Perfection;
Away! I will unfold it—— To thyself

Arvida owes his Freedom.

Gust. How, my Friend?

Arv. Some Months are pass'd since in the *Danish*
Dungeon

With Care emaciate, and unwholsome Damps
Sick'ning I lay, chain'd to my flinty Bed,
And call'd on Death to ease me—— strait a Light
Shone round, as when the Ministry of Heav'n
Descends to kneeling Saints. But O! the Form
That pour'd upon my Sight—— Ye Angels speak!
For ye alone are like her; or present
Such Visions pictur'd to the nightly Eye
Of Fancy trans'd in Bliss. She then approach'd,
The softest Pattern of embodied Meekness,
For Pity had divinely touch'd her Eye,
And harmoniz'd her Motions—— Ah, she cry'd,
Unhappy Stranger, art not thou the Man
Whose Virtues have endear'd thee to *Gustavus*?

Gust. *Gustavus* did she say?

Arv. Yes, yes, her Lips
Breath'd forth that Name with a peculiar Sweetness.
Loos'd from my Bonds, I rose, at her Command,
When, scarce recov'ring Speech, I would have kneel'd,
But haste thee, haste thee for thy Life, she cry'd;
And O, if e'er thy envied Eyes behold
Thy lov'd *Gustavus*; say, a gentle Foe
Has giv'n thee to his Friendship.

Gust. You've much amaz'd me! Is her Name a
Secret?

Arv.

Arv. To me it is—— but you perhaps may guess.
Gust. No, on my Word.

Arv. You too had your Deliv'rer.

Gust. A kind, but not a fair one—— Well, my
 Friends!

Our Cause is ripe, and calls us forth to Action.
 Tread ye not lighter? Swells not ev'ry Breast
 With ampler Scope to take your Country in,
 And breathe the Cause of Virtue? Rise, ye *Swedes*!
 Rise greatly equal to this Hour's Importance.
 On us the Eyes of future Ages wait,
 And this Day's Arm strikes forth decisive Fate;
 This Day, that shall for ever sink—— or save;
 And make each *Swede* a Monarch—— or a Slave.

End of the First ACT.




A C T



ACT II.

SCENE The Camp.

Enter Cristiern, Attendants, &c. Trollio meets him.

Troll.  L L hail most mighty of the Thrones
of Europe!

The Morn salutes thee with auspicious
Brightness,

No Vapour frowns prophetic on her Brow,
But the clear Sun who travels with thy Arms
Still smiles, attendant on thy growing Greatness:
His Evening Eye shall see thee peaceful Lord
Of all the North, of utmost *Scandinavia*;
Whence thou may'st pour thy Conquests o'er the
Earth,

'Till farthest *India* glows beneath thy Empire,
And *Lybia* knows no regal Name but yours.

Crist. Yes, *Trollio*, I confess the Godlike Thirst,
Ambition, that wou'd drink a Sea of Glory.
But what from *Dalecarlia*?

Troll. Late last Night,
I sent a trusty Slave to *Peterfon*,
And hourly wait some Tidings.

Crist. Think you?— Sure
The Wretches will not dare such quick Perdition.

Troll. I think they will not— Tho' of old I know
them

All

All born to Broils, the very Sons of Tumult ;
 Waste is their Wealth, and Mutiny their Birthright,
 And this the yearly Fever of their Blood,
 Their Holiday of War ; a Day apart,
 Torn out from Peace, and sacred to Rebellion.
 Oft has their Battle hung upon the Brow
 Of yon wild Steep, a living Cloud of Michiefs,
 Pregnant with Plagues, and empty'd on the Heads
 Of many a Monarch.

Crist. Monarchs they were not,
 Pageants of Wax, the Mouldings of the Populace,
 Tame paulty Idols, scepter'd up for Shew,
 And garnish'd into Royalty— No *Trollio*
 Kings should be felt if they wou'd find Obedience ;
 The Beast has Sense enough to know his Rider,
 When the Knee trembles, and the Hand grows slack,
 He casts for Liberty : but bends and turns
 For him that leaps with Boldness on his Back,
 And spurs him to the Bit.

S C E N E II.

*Enter a Gentleman Usher, and several Peasants,
 who kneel and bow at a Distance.*

Crist. What Slaves are those ?

Gent. My gracious Liege, your Subjects.

Crist. Whence ?

Gent. Of Sweden.

From *Angermannia*, from *Helsingia* some,
 Some from *Gemtian*, and *Nerician* Provinces.

Crist. Their Business.

Gent. They come to speak their Grievs.

Crist. Their Grievs ! their Insolence !

Is not the Camel mute beneath his Burden ?

Were

Were they not born to bear? Away! — hold!
come,

What wou'd these Murmurers?

Gent. Most royal *Cristiern*.

They say they have but one — one gracious King,
And yet are bow'd beneath a Host of Tyrants,
Task-Masters, Soldiers, Gatherers of Subsidies,
All Officers of Rapine, Rape, and Murder;
Will-doing Potentates, the Lords of Licence,
Who weigh their Sweat and Blood, and heavier Shame,
Ev'n as a Feather puff'd away in Sport,
The Pastime of a Gale.

Crist. I'll hear no more.

I know ye, well I know ye, ye base Supplicants,
Fear is the only Worship of your Souls;
And ever where ye hate, ye yield Obeysance.
Wretches! Shall I go poring on the Earth,
Lest my imperial Foot should tread on Emmets?
Is it for you I must controul my Soldier,
And coop my Eagles from their Carrion? No —
Are ye not Commoners, vile Things in Nature,
Poor priceless Peasants? Slaves can know no Property:
Out of my Sight! [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Arvida guarded, and a Gentleman.

Arv. Now Fate I'm caught, and what remains is
obvious.

Gent. A Prisoner, good my Lord.

Crist. When taken?

Gent. Now, ev'n here, before your Tent;
I mark'd his careless Action, but his Eye
Of studied Observation — then his Port

And base Attire ill suiting—— I enquir'd,
But found he was a Stranger.

Crist. Ha! observe.

(Damn'd Affectation) what a fullen Scorn
Knits up his Brow, and frowns upon our Presence.
What—— ay—— thou wou'dst be thought a Myſtery,
Some Greatneſs in Eclipse—— Whence art thou, Slave?
Silent! Nay, then—— Bring forth the Torture there——
A Smile! Damnation!—— How the Wretch aſſumes
The Wreck of State, the ſuff'ring Soul of Maſteſty.
What have we no Pre-eminence, no Claim?
Doſt thou not know thy Life is in our Pow'r?

Arv. 'Tis therefore I deſpiſe it.

Criſt. Matchleſs Inſolence!

What art thou? Speak!

Arv. Be ſure no Friend to thee;
For I'm a Foe to Tyrants.

Criſt. Fiends and Fire!——

A Whirlwind tear thee moſt audacious Traitor.

Arv. Do, rage and chafe, thy Wrath's beneath
me, *Criſtiern.*

How poor thy Pow'r, how empty is thy Happineſs,
When ſuch a Wretch, as I appear to be,
Can ride thy Temper, harrow up thy Form,
And ſtretch thy Soul upon the Rack of Paſſion.

Criſt. I'll know thee—— I will know thee! Bear
him hence!

Why, what are Kings, if Slaves can brave us thus?
Go, *Trollio*, hold him to the Rack—— Tear, ſearch
him,

Prove him thro' ev'ry Poignance, ſting him deep.

[*Exit Trollio with Arvida guarded.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Messenger as in Haste.

Crist. What wou'd'st thou, Fellow?

Mess. O my sovereign Lord,
I am come fast and far, from Ev'n 'till Morn,
Five times I've cross'd the Shade of sleepless Night
Impatient of thy Presence.

Crist. Whence?

Mess. From *Denmark*.

Commended from the Confort of thy Throne
To Speed and Privacy.

Crist. Your Words wou'd taste of Terror—Wretch,
speak out,

Nor dare to tremble here—— For didst thou bear
Thy Tidings from a thousand Leagues around,
Unmov'd, I move the Whole, the cent'ring Nave,
Where turns that mighty Circle—Speak thy Message.

Mess. A secret Malady, my gracious Liege,
Some factious Vapour, risen from off the Skirts
Of Southmost *Norway*, has diffus'd its Bane,
And rages now within the Heart of *Denmark*.

Crist. It must not, cannot, 'tis impossible!
What, my own *Danes*? Nay, then the World wants
Weeding.

I will not bear it—— Hell! I'd rather see,
This Earth a Desert, desolate and wild,
And like the Lion stalk my lonely Round,
Famish'd and roaring for my Prey—— Call *Trollio*,
I'll have Men studied, deeply read in Mischiefs.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Servant, who kneels and delivers a Letter.

Crist. From whom?

Serv. From *Peterfon*.

Crist. To *Trollio*—— Right.

[*Reads.*

How's this?—— Be gone——

Go all—— without there—— wait my Pleasure.

O Curse! How Hell has tim'd its Plagues!

S C E N E VI.

Enter Trollio.

Crist. Come near, my *Trollio*.

We've heard ill News from *Denmark*—— that's a Trifle——

But here's to blast thy Eyes —— Read——

Troll. Ha! *Gustavus*!

So near us, and in Arms!

Crist. What's to be done? Now, *Trollio*, now's the Time

To subtilize thy Soul, found every Depth,

And waken all the wond'rous Statesman in thee.

For I must tell thee (spite of Pride and Royalty,

Of guarding Armies, and of circling Nations

That bend beneath my Nod) this curs'd *Gustavus*

Invades my shrinking Spirits, awes my Heart,

And sits upon my Slumbers—— All in vain

Has he been daring, and have I been vigilant;

Spite of himself he still evades the Hunter,

And if there's Pow'r in Heav'n or Hell it guards him.

When was I vanquish'd, but when he oppos'd me?

When have I conquer'd, but when he was absent?

His

His Name's a Host, a Terror to my Legions.
And by my tripled Crown, I swear, *Gustavus*,
I'd rather meet all *Europe* for my Foe,
Than see thy Face in Arms!

Troll. Be calm, my Liege;
And listen to a Secret big with Consequence,
That gives thee back the second Man on Earth
Whose Valour cou'd plant Fears around thy Throne:
Thy Pris'ner——

Crist. What of him?

Troll. The Prince *Arvida*,

Crist. How!

Troll. The same.

Crist. My royal Fugitive?

Troll. Most certain.

Crist. Now then 'tis plain who sent him hither.

Troll. Yes.

Pray give me Leave, my Lord—— a Thought comes
cross me——

If so he must be ours—— [Pauses.

Your Pardon for a Question—— Has *Arvida*
E'er seen your beauteous Daughter, your *Cristina*?

Crist. Never— yes— possibly he might, that Day
When the proud Pair, *Gustavus* and *Arvida*,
Thro' *Copenhagen* drew a Length of Chain,
And grac'd my Chariot Wheels—— but why the
Question?

Troll. I'll tell you —— while e'en now he stood
before us

I mark'd his high Demeanour, and my Eye
Claim'd some Remembrance of him, tho' in Clouds
Doubtful and distant, but a nearer View
Renew'd the Characters effac'd by Absence.
Yet, lest he might presume upon a Friendship
Of ancient League between us, I dissembled,
Nor seem'd to know him—— On he proudly strode,

As

As who should say, back Fortune, know thy Distance!
 Thus steddily he pass'd, and mock'd his Fate.
 When, lo! the Princess to her Morning Walk
 Came forth attended—— quick Amazement seiz'd
Arvida at the Sight; his Steps took Root,
 A Tremor shook him; and his alt'ring Cheek
 Now sudden flush'd, then fled its wonted Colour;
 While with an eager and intemp'rate Look
 He bent his Form, and hung upon her Beauties.

Crist. Ha! Did our Daughter note him?

Troll. No, my Lord;

She pass'd regardless—— Strait his Pride fell from him,
 And at her Name he started.

Then heav'd a Sigh, and cast a Look to Heav'n,
 Of such a mute, yet eloquent Emotion,
 As seem'd to say, now Fate thou hast prevail'd,
 And found one Way to triumph o'er *Arvida*!

Crist. But whither wou'd this lead?

Troll. Lift, lift, my Lord!

While thus his Soul's unseated, shook by Passion,
 Cou'd we engage him to betray *Gustavus*——

Crist. O empty Hope! Impossible, my *Trollio*,
 Do I not know him, and the curs'd *Gustavus*?
 Both fix'd in Resolution deep as Hell,
 And proud as high *Olympus*!

Troll. Ah, my Liege,

No mortal Footing treads so firm in Virtue,
 As always to abide the slipp'ry Path,
 Nor deviate with the Bias—— Some have few,
 But each Man has his Failing, some Defect
 Wherein to slide Temptation—— Leave him to me.

Crist. I know thou hast a serpentizing Genius,
 Can't wind the subtlest Mazes of the Soul,
 And trace her Wand'rings to the Source of Action.
 If thou canst bend this proud one to our Purpose,
 And make the Lion crouch, 'tis well—— if not,
 Away at once, and sweep him from Remembrance.

Troll.

Troll. Then I must promise deep.

Crist. Ay, any thing ; out-bid Ambition.

Troll. Love ?

Crist. Ha ! Yes—— our Daughter too—— if she
can bribe him :

But then to win him to betray his Friend ?

Troll. O doubt it not, my Lord—— for if he loves,
As sure he greatly does, I have a Stratagem
That holds the Certainty of Fate within it.
Love is a Passion whose Effects are various,
It ever brings some Change upon the Soul,
Some Virtue, or some Vice, 'till then unknown,
Degrades the Hero, and makes Cowards valiant.

Crist. True, when it pours upon a youthful Temper,
Open and apt to take the Torrent in ;
It owns no Limits, no Restraint it knows,
But sweeps all down tho' Heav'n and Hell oppose ;
Ev'n Virtue rears in vain her sacred Mound,
Raz'd in its Rage, or in its Swellings drown'd.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

*Opens and discovers Arvida in Chains, Guards
preparing Instruments of Death and Torture.
He advances in Confusion.*

Arv. Off, off, vain Cumbrance, ye conflicting
Thoughts !

Leave me to Heav'n. O Peace !— It will not be—
Just when I rose above Mortality,
To pour her wond'rous Weight of Charms upon me !
At such a Time, it was, it was too much !
To pluck the soaring Pinion of my Soul,
While Eagle-ey'd she held her Flight to Heav'n,
O'er Pain and Death triumphant ! Help ye Saints,
Angelic

Angelic Ministers descend, descend!
 And lift me to myself; hold, bind my Heart
 Firm and unshaken in th' approaching Ruin,
 The Wreck of Earth-born Frailty! and O Heav'n!
 For ev'ry Pang these tortur'd Limbs shall feel,
 Descend in ten-fold Blessings on *Gustavus*!
 Yes, bless him, bless him! Crown his Hours with Joy,
 His Head with Glory, and his Arms with Conquest;
 Set his firm Foot upon the Neck of Tyrants,
 And be his Name the Balm of every Lip
 That breathes thro' *Sweden*! Worthiest to be stil'd
 Their Friend, their Chief, their Father, and their King!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Trollio.

Troll. Unbind your Prisoner.

Arv. How?

Troll. You have your Liberty,
 And may depart unquestion'd.

Arv. Do not mock me.

It is not to be thought, while Pow'r remains,
 That *Cristiern* wants a Reason to be cruel.
 But let him know I wou'd not be oblig'd.
 He who accepts the Favours of a Tyrant
 Shares in his Guilt; they leave a Stain behind them.

Troll. You wrong the native Temper of his Soul;
 Cruel of Force, but never of Election:
 Prudence compell'd him to a Shew of Tyranny;
 Howe'er those Politicks are now no more,
 And Mercy in her Turn shall shine on *Sweden*.

Arv. Indeed! It were a strange, a bless'd Reverse,
 Devoutly to be wish'd, but then the Cause,
 The Cause, my Lord, must surely be uncommon.

May

May I presume?
Perhaps a Secret.

Troll. No—— or if it were,
The Boldness of thy Spirit claims Respect,
And shou'd be answer'd. Know, the only Man,
In whom our Monarch ever knew Repulse,
Is now our Friend; that Terror of the Field,
Th' invincible *Gustavus*.

Arv. Ha! Friend to *Cristiern*? Guard thyself my
Heart!

[*Aside*.
Nor seem to take Alarm—— Why, good my Lord,
What Terror is there in a Wretch proscib'd,
Naked of Means, and distant as *Gustavus*?

Troll. There you mistake —— Nor knew we till
this Hour

The Danger was so near—— From yonder Hill
He sends Proposals, back'd with all the Pow'rs
Of *Dalecarlia*, those licentious Resolutes,
Who, having nought to hazard in the Wreck,
Are ever foremost to foment a Storm.

Arv. I were too bold to question on the Terms.

Troll. No—— trust me valiant Man, whoe'er thou art;
I wou'd do much to win a Worth like thine,
By any Act of Service, or of Confidence.

The Terms *Gustavus* claims, indeed, are haughty;
The Freedom of his Mother and his Sister,
His forfeit Province, *Gotbland*, and the Isles
Submitted to his Sceptre—— But the League,
The Bond of Amity, and lasting Friendship,
Is, that he claims *Cristina* for his Bride.

You start, and seem surpriz'd.

Arv. A sudden Pain

Just struck athwart my Breast—— But say, my Lord,
I thought you nam'd *Cristina*.

Troll. Yes.

Arv. O Torture!

[*Aside*.]

What of her, my good Lord?

D

Troll.

Troll. I said, *Gustavus* claim'd her for his Bride.

Arv. His Bride! his Wife!

You did not mean his Wife! Do Fiends feel this?

[*Aside.*

Down, Heart, nor tell thy Anguish! Pray excuse me,
Did you not say, the Princess was his Wife?

Whose Wife, my Lord?

Troll. I did not say what was, but what must be.

Arv. Touching *Gustavus*, was it not?

Troll. The same.

Arv. His Bride!

Troll. I say his Bride, his Wife; his lov'd *Cristina!*
Cristina, fancied in the very Prime

And youthful Smile of Nature; form'd for Joys
Unknown to Mortals. You seem indispos'd.

Arv. The Crime of Constitution— Oh *Gustavus!*

[*Aside.*

This is too much!— And think you then, my Lord—
What, will the royal *Cristiern* e'er consent
To match his Daughter with his deadliest Foe?

Troll. What shou'd he do? War else must be eternal.
Besides, some Rumours from his *Danish* Realms
Make Peace essential here.

Arv. Yes, Peace has Sweets,
That *Hybla* never knew; it sleeps on Down,
Cull'd gently from beneath the Cherub's Wing;
No Bed for Mortals— Man is Warfare— All
A Hurricane within; yet Friendship stoops,
And gilds the Gloom with Falshood— Smiles and
Varnish!

For still the Storm grows high, and then no Shore!
No Rock to split on! 'Twere a kind Perdition
To sink ten thousand Fathom at a Plunge,
And fasten on Oblivion— there we hold
And all is—

[*Faints.*

Troll. Help, bear him up. O Potency of Love!
That plucks this noble Fabrick from his Base.

Bend,

Bend, bend him forward—— He revives—— How fare you?

Arv. I know not— yet a Dagger were most friendly.
Return me, *Trollio*, O return me back
To Death, to Racks! Undone, undone *Arvida*!

Troll. Is't possible, my Lord! the Prince *Arvida*!
My Friend! [Embraces him.

Arv. Confusion to the Name! [Turns.

Troll. Why this, good Heav'n? And wherefore
thus disguis'd?

Arv. Yes, that accomplish'd Traitor, that *Gustavus*;
While he sat planning private Scenes of Happiness,
O well dissembled! He, he sent me hither;
My friendly, unsuspecting Heart a Sacrifice,
To make Death sure, and rid him of a Rival.

Troll. A Rival! Do you then love *Cristiern's*
Daughter?

Arv. Name her not, *Trollio*; since she can't be
mine:

Gustavus! how, ah! how hast thou deceiv'd me!
Who could have look'd for Falshood from thy Brow?
Whose heav'nly Arch was as the Throne of Virtue,
Thy Eye appear'd a Sun to chear the World,
Thy Bosom Truth's fair Palace, and thy Arms,
Benevolent, the Harbour for Mankind.

Troll. What's to be done? Believe me, valiant
Prince,

I know not which most sways me to thy Int'rests,
My Love to thee, or Hatred to *Gustavus*.

Arv. Wou'd you then save me? Think, contrive
it quickly!

Lend me your Troops—— by all the Pow'rs of
Vengeance,

Myself will face this Terror of the North,
This Son of Fame— this— O *Gustavus*— What?

Where had I wander'd?— Stab my bleeding Country!
Save, shield me from that Thought.

Troll. Retire, my Lord;
For see, the Princess comes.

Arv. Where, *Trollio*, where?

Ha! Yes, she comes indeed! her Beauties drive
Time, Place, and Truth, and Circumstance before
them!

Perdition pleases there—pull—tear me from her!

Yet must I gaze—but one—but one Look more,

And I were lost for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Cristina, Mariana, and Attendants.

Cristina. Forbid it Shame! Forbid it Virgin Modesty!
No, no, my Friend, *Gustavus* ne'er shall know it.
O I am over-paid with conscious Pleasure;
The Sense but to have sav'd that wond'rous Man,
Is still a smiling Cherub in my Breast,
And whispers Peace within.

Mar. 'Tis strange a Man, of his high Note and
Consequence,
Shou'd so evade the busy Search of Thousands;
That six long Months have shut him from Enquiry,
And not an Eye can trace him to his Covert.

Cristina. Once 'twas not so, each Infant lisp'd,
Gustavus!

It was the fav'rite Name of ev'ry Language,
His slightest Motions fill'd the World with Tidings;
Wak'd he, or slept, Fame watch'd th' important Hour,
And Nations told it round.

Mar. I've heard, my Princess,
What Time *Gustavus* lay detain'd in *Denmark*;
Your royal Father sought the Hero's Friendship,
And offer'd ample Terms of Peace and Amity.

Cristina. He did; he offer'd that, my *Mariana*,
For which contending Monarchs su'd in vain,

He

He offer'd me, his Darling, his *Cristina* ;
But I was slighted, slighted by a Captive,
Tho' Kingdoms swell'd my Dower.

Mar. Amazement fix me,
Rejected by *Gustavus* !

Cristina. Yes, *Mariana* ; — but rejected nobly.
Not Worlds cou'd win him to betray his Country !
Had he consented, I had then despis'd him.
What's all the gaudy Glitter of a Crown ?
What, but the glaring Meteor of Ambition,
That leads a Wretch benighted in his Errors,
Points to the Gulph, and shines upon Destruction.

Mar. You wrong your Charms, whose Pow'r
might reconcile
Things opposite in Nature — Had he seen you ! —

Cristina. He has, my *Mariana*, he has seen me.
I'll tell thee — yet while inexpert of Years,
I heard of bloody Spoils, the Waste of War,
And dire conflicting Man ; *Gustavus*' Name
Superior rose, still dreadful in the Tale :
Then first he seiz'd my Infancy of Soul,
As somewhat fabl'd of gigantic Fierceness,
Too huge for any Form ; he scar'd my Sleep,
And fill'd my young Idea. Not the Boast
Of all his Virtues, Graces only known
To him, and heav'nly Natures ! cou'd erase
The strong Impression ; 'till that wond'rous Day
In which he met my Eyes. But O, O Heav'n !
O Love, and all ye cordial Pow'rs of Passion !
What then was my Amazement ! he was chain'd,
Was chain'd, my *Mariana* ! Like the Robes
Of Coronation, worn by youthful Kings,
He drew his Shackles. The *Herculean* Nerve
Braced his young Arm ; and soften'd in his Cheek
Liv'd more than Woman's Sweetness ! Then his Eye !
His Mein ! his native Dignity ! He look'd,

As tho' he led Captivity in Chains,
And all were Slaves around.

Mar. Did he observe you?

Cristina. He did: for as I trembl'd, look'd and sigh'd ;
His Eyes met mine ; he fix'd their Glories on me.
Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret Joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its Treasures from my Heart,
And mantling upward, turn'd my Face to Crimson.
I wish'd—— but did not dare to look —— he gaz'd ;
When sudden, as by Force, he turn'd away,
And would no more behold me.

S C E N E X.

Enter Laertes.

Laer. Ah, bright imperial Maid! my royal Mistress!

Cristina. What wou'dst thou say? Thy Looks
speak Terror to me.

Laer. O you are ruin'd, sacrific'd, undone!
I heard it all; your cruel, cruel Father
Has sold you, giv'n you up a Spoil to Treason,
The Purchase of the noblest Blood on Earth——
Gustavus!——

Cristina. Eh! What of him? Where, where is he?

Laer. In *Dalecarlia*, on some great Design,
Doom'd in an Hour to fall by faithless Hands:
His Friend, the brave, the false, deceiv'd *Arvida*,
Ev'n now prepares to lead a Band of Ruffians
Beneath the winding Covert of the Hill,
And seize *Gustavus*, obvious to the Snares
Of Friendship's fair Dissemblance. And your Father
Has vow'd your Beauties to *Arvida's* Arms,
The Purchase of his Falsehood.

Cristina. Shield me Heav'n!
First Duty, break thy filial Bands in sunder,

And

And blot the Name of Parent from the World!
Is there no Lett, no Means of quick Prevention?

Laer. Behold my Life still chain'd to thy Direction,
My Will shall have a Wing for ev'ry Word,
That breathes thy Mandate.

Cristina. Will you, good *Laertes*?
Alas, I fear to overtask thy Friendship,
Say, will you save me then—— O go, haste, fly!
Acquaint *Gustavus*—— if, if he must fall,
Let Hosts that hem this single Lion in,
Let Nations hunt him down—— let him fall nobly.

Laer. I go, my Princess—— Heav'n direct me to
him! [Exit.

Cristina. I wou'd pray too, to save me from Pol-
lution;

Detested Stain, the Touch of the Betrayer!
But mighty Love the partial Pray'r arrests,
And leaves me only anxious for *Gustavus*.
For him cold Fears my fainting Bosom chill,
His Cares distract me, and his Dangers kill;
Ye Pow'rs! if deaf to all the Vows I make,
Yet shield *Gustavus*, for *Gustavus*' Sake;
Protect his Virtues from a faithless Foe,
And save your only Image, left below.

End of the Second Act.


A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E *Mountains of Dalecarlia.*

Enter Gustavus as a Peasant— Dalecarlians following.

Gust.  E Men of *Sweden*, wherefore are ye
come?
See ye not yonder, how the Locusts
swarm,

To drink the Fountains of your Honour up,
And leave your Hills a Desert— Wretched Men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a Time for Sport?
Or are ye met with Song and jovial Feast,
To welcome your new Guests, your *Danish* Visitants?
To stretch your supple Necks beneath their Feet,
And fawning lick the Dust?— Go, go, my Country-
men,

Each to your several Mansions, trim them out,
Cull all the tedious Earnings of your Toil
To purchase Bondage— Bid your blooming Daughters,
And your chaste Wives to spread their Beds with Soft-
ness;

Then go ye forth, and with your proper Hands
Conduct your Masters in; conduct the Sons
Of Lust and Violation— O *Swedes, Swedes!*
Heav'ns! are ye Men, and will ye suffer this?

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Arnoldus, who talks apart with Gustavus.

1st Dale. How my Blood boils !

2d Dale. Who is this honest Spokesman ?

3d Dale. What, know ye not *Rodolphus* of the
Mines ?

A better Lab'rer ne'er struck Steel to Stone.

Gust. There was a Time, my Friends ! a glorious
Time ;

When, had a single Man of your Forefathers
Upon the Frontier met a Host in Arms,
His Courage scarce had turn'd ; himself had stood,
Alone had stood the Bulwark of his Country.
Your Sires were known but by their manly Fronts,
On their black Brows, enthron'd, sat Liberty,
The Awe of Honour, and Contempt of Death.

1st Dale. We are not Bastards.

2d Dale. No.

3d Dale. We're *Dalecarlians*.

Gust. Come, come ye on then : Here I take my
Stand !

Here on the Brink, the very Verge of Liberty ;
Altho' Contention rise upon the Clouds,
Mix Heav'n with Earth, and roll the Ruin onward ;
Here will I fix, and breast me to the Shock,
'Till I, or *Denmark* fall.

Siv. And who art thou ?

That thus wou'dst swallow all the Glory up
That shou'd redeem the Times ? Behold this Breast,
The Sword has till'd it ; and the Stripes of Slaves
Shall ne'er trace Honour here ; shall never blot
The fair Inscription— Never shall the Cords

Of *Danish* Insolence bind down these Arms
That bore my royal Master from the Field.

Gust. Ha! Say you, Brother? Were you there——
O Grief!

Where Liberty and *Stenon* fell together?

Siv. Yes, I was there—— A bloody Field it was,
Where Conquest gasp'd, and wanted Breath to tell,
Its o'er-toil'd Triumph. There, our bleeding King,
There *Stenon* on this Bosom made his Bed,
And rolling back his dying Eyes upon me;
Soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy Lot
To see my valiant Cousin, great *Gustavus*,
Tell him—— for once, that I have fought like him,
And wou'd like him have——
Conquer'd—he shou'd have said—but there, O there,
Death sto——pt him short.

Gust. Come to my Arms, and let me hide thy Tears,
For I have caught their Softness——O *Danes, Danes!*
You shall weep Blood for this. Shall they not, Brother?
Yes, we will deal our Might with thrifty Vengeance,
A Life for ev'ry Blow, and when we fall,
There shall be Weight in't; like the tott'ring Tow'rs
That draw contiguous Ruin.

Siv. Brave, brave Man!

My Soul admires thee—— By my Father's Spirit,
I wou'd not barter such a Death as this
For Immortality! Nor we alone——
Here be the trusty Gleanings of that Field
Where last we fought for Freedom; here's rich
Poverty,
Tho' wrapp'd in Rags, my fifty brave Companions;
Who thro' the Force of fifteen thousand Foes
Bore off their King, and sav'd his great Remains.

Gust. Give me your Hands, those valiant Hands——
Why, Captain,
We could but die alone, with these we'll conquer.

My

My fellow Lab'ers too — What say ye, Friends?
Shall we not strike for't ?

All. Death ; Victory or Death !

No Bonds, no Bonds !

Arn. Spoke like yourselves — Ye Men of *Dalecarlia*,
Brave Men and bold ! Whom ev'ry future Age,
Tongues, Nations, Languages, and Rolls of Fame
Shall mark for wond'rous Deeds, Atchievements won
From Honour's dang'rous Summit, Warriors all !
Say, might ye chuse a Chief, for high Exploits,
From the first Annal, to the latest Praise
That breathes a Hero's Name — Speak, name the Man
Who then should meet your Wish ?

Siv. Forbear the Theme.

Why wou'dst thou seek to sink us with the Weight
Of grievous Recollection ? O *Gustavus* !
Cou'd the dead wake, thou wert that Man of Men,
First of the Foremost.

Gust. Didst thou know *Gustavus* ?

Siv. Know him ! O Heav'n ! what else, who else
was worth

The Knowledge of a Soldier ? That great Day,
When *Cristiern*, in his third Attempt on *Sweden*,
Had sum'd his Pow'rs and weigh'd the Scale of Fight:
On the bold Brink, the very Push of Conquest,
Gustavus rush'd, and bore the Battle down ;
In his full Sway of Prowess, like *Leviathan*
That scoops his foaming Progress on the Main,
And drives the Shoals along — forward I sprung,
All emulous, and lab'ring to attend him ;
Fear fled before, behind him Rout grew loud,
And distant Wonder gaz'd — At length he turn'd,
And having ey'd me with a wond'rous Look
Of Sweetness mix'd with Glory — Grace inestimable !
He pluck'd this Bracelet from his conq'ring Arm
And bound it here — My Wrist seem'd treble nerv'd ;
My Heart spoke to him, and I did such Deeds

As best might thank him— But from that blest'd Day
 I never saw him more— yet still to this,
 I bow, as to the Relicks of my Saint :
 Each Morn I drop a Tear on ev'ry Bead,
 Count all the Glories of *Gustavus* o'er,
 And think I still behold him.

Gust. Rightly thought ;
 For so thou dost, my Soldier.
 Give me my Arms— Off, off ye dark Disguises !
 For I will be myself. Behold your General,
Gustavus ! Come once more to lead ye on
 To laurel'd Victory, to Fame, to Freedom !

1st *Dale.* Is it ?

2d *Dale.* Yes,

3d *Dale.* No.

4th *Dale.* 'Tis he !

5th *Dale.* 'Tis he !

6th *Dale.* 'Tis he !

[*A Shout.*

Siv. Strike me, ye Pow'rs !—— It is Illusion all !
 It cannot.

Gust. What, no nearer ?

Siv. 'Tis, it is !—— [*Falls and embraces his Knees.*

Gust. O speechless Eloquence !

Rise to my Arms, my Friend.

Siv. Friend ! said you Friend ?

O my Heart's Lord ! My Conq'rer ! my !——

Gust. Approach, my fellow Soldiers, your *Gustavus*
 Claims no Precedence here : Friendship like mine
 Throws all Respects behind it—— 'tis enough——
 I read your Joys, your Transports in your Eyes ;
 And wou'd, O, wou'd I had a Life to spend,
 For ev'ry Soldier here ! whose ev'ry Life's
 Far dearer than my own ; dearer than aught,
 Except your Liberty, except your Honour.
 Perish *Gustavus*, 'ere this sacred Sun,
 That lights the rest of *Sweden* to their Shame,
 Should blush upon your Chains ! why said I Chains !

To

To Souls like yours, I should have talk'd of Triumphs,
Empire, and Fame, and Hazards imminent,
Occasions wish'd, for Glory— haste, brave Men!
Collect your Friends to join us on the Instant;
Summon our Brethren to their Share of Conquest,
And let loud Eccho, from her circling Hills,
Sound Freedom, 'till the Undulation shake
The Bounds of utmost Sweden.

[*Exeunt Dalecarlians, crying Gustavus,
Gustavus, Liberty.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Anderson.

And. There was a glorious Sound!

Gust. Yes, *Anderson,*

The long wish'd Hour is come—the Storm is up,
And Wrecks will follow— Where they are to light
Let Heav'n determine— Well, my noble Friend,
Has *Peterfon* set out?

And. He has, this Instant:

And bears your Pacquet to the Tyrant's Camp.

Gust. What think you of his Zeal?

And. In truth, my Lord,

It wears a gallant Show.

Gust. 'Tis specious all,

Flash without Fire, the Light'ning of a Cloud
That carries Darknes in the Rear— For *Peterfon,*
To spread my Letters thro' the Camp of *Cristiern,*
And seek for Succours in the Jaws of Death,
It show'd too bold, too much the flaming Patriot.
Beside, I know him for the Friend of *Trollio.*

And. Why wou'd you then employ him?

Gust. There's the Mystery.

'Tis not his Faith, but Treachery I trust to.

My

My Letters are directed to the Chiefs
 Of those inglorious Mercenary *Swedes*,
 Whom *Cristiern* has seduced to join his Host,
 And turn the Sword of Conquest on their Country
 To each of those I have address'd in Terms
 Of special Correspondence, meant to rouse
 The Jealousy of *Cristiern*; as I think
 My Pacquet can't escape him——What ensues?
 The Tyrant hence concludes himself betray'd,
 Sifts all his Legions, thins the Ranks of Fight,
 And leaves them open to our bold Invasion.
 But grant that *Peterfon* deceive my Aim,
 And hold the Rank of Virtue; then the *Swedes*
 May waken to the glorious Call of Honour.
 So——ev'ry Way it saves us from the Guilt
 Of *Swedes* encount'ring *Swedes*, and spares the Blood
 Of Brethren, tho' revolted.

And. On my Soul,
 This is a Stratagem that saps the Miner,
 Makes Treason turn a Traitor to itself;
 And mock its own Designs.

Gust. O noble Friend, fast winds the great Machine
 That strikes the Fate of *Sweden*—Go, my *Anderson*,
 Assemble all thy brave Adherents round thee,
 With warlike Inspiration warm their Souls,
 And haste to join me here.

And. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Laertes.

Laer. Thy Presence nobly speaks the Man I wish,
Gustavus.

Gust. Yes. Thou hast a hostile Garb,
 Ha! say—Art thou *Laertes*? If I err not,

There

There is a friendly Semblance in that Face,
Which answers to a fond Impression here,
And tells me I'm thy Debtor—— my Deliv'rer!

Laer. No, valiant Prince, you over-rate my Service,
There is a worthier Object of your Gratitude
Whom yet you know not— O, I have to tell——
But then to gain your Credit, must unfold
What haply should be secret—— Be it so;
You are all Honour.

Gust. Let me to thy Mind,
For thou hast wak'd my Soul into a Thought
That holds me, all Attention.

Laer. Mightiest Man!
To me alone you held yourself oblig'd
For Life and Liberty — Had it been so,
I were most blest'd, with Retribution just
To pay thee for my own—— For on the Day
When by your Arm the mighty *Thraces* fell,
Fate threw me to your Sword— You spar'd my Youth,
And in the very Whirl and Rage of Fight
Your Eye was taught Compassion— from that Hour
I vow'd my Life the Slave of your Rememb'rance;
And often, as *Cristina*, heav'nly Maid!
The Mistress of my Service; question'd me
Of Wars and vent'rous Deeds, my Tidings came
Still freighted with thy Name, until the Day
In which yourself appear'd, to make Praise speechless.
Cristina saw you then, and on your Fate
Dropp'd a kind Tear; and when your noble Scorn
Of profer'd Terms provok'd her Father's Rage
To take the deadly Forfeit; she, she only,
Whose Virtues watch'd the precious Hour of Mercy,
All trembling, sent my secret Hand to save you;
Where, thro' a Pass unknown to all your Keepers,
I led you forth, and gave you to your Liberty.

Gust. O I am sunk, o'erwhelm'd with wond'rous
Goodness,

But

But were I rich and free as opening Mines
That teem their golden Wealth upon the World;
Still I were poor, unequal to her Bounty.
Nor can I longer doubt whose gen'rous Arm
In my *Arvida*, in my Friend's Deliverance,
Gave double Life, and Freedom to *Gustavus*.

Laer. A fatal Present! Ah, you know him not;
Arvida is misled, undone by Passion;
False to your Friendship, to your Trust unfaithful.

Gust. Ha! hold!

Laer. I must unfold it.

Gust. Yet forbear:

This Way— I hear some footing— pray you soft—
If thou hast aught to urge against *Arvida*,
The Man of Virtue, tell it not the Wind;
Lest Slander catch the Sound, and Guilt should
triumph. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Arvida entering speaks to a Soldier.

Arv. He's here — bear back my Orders to your
Fellows

That not a Man, on Peril of his Life,
Advance in Sight 'till call'd.

Sold. My Lord, I will —

Arv. Have I not vow'd it, faithless as he is,
Have I not vow'd his Fall? Yet, good Heav'n!
Why start these sudden Tears? On, on I must,
For I am half way down the dizzy Steep,
Where my Brain turns— A Draught of *Lethe* now—
O that the World wou'd sleep— to wake no more!
Or that the Name of Friendship bore no Charm
To make my Nerve unsteady, and this Steel
Flee backward from its Task! — It shall be done.—
Empire f

Empire! *Cristina!* tho' th' affrighted Sun
Start back with Horror of the direful Stroke,
It shall be done. Calm, calm the Hell within,
Thy Looks may else turn Traitors— Ha, he comes!
How steadily he looks. as Heav'n's own Book,
The Leaf of Truth, were open'd on his Aspect.
Up, up, dark Minister— his Fate call out

[Puts up the Dagger.

To nobler Execution; for he comes
In Opposition, singly, Man to Man,
As tho' he brav'd my Wish.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gustavus.

*[They look for some time on each other— Arvida
lays his Hand on his Sword, and withdraws
it by Turns— then advances irresolutely.*

Gust. Is it then so?

Arv. Defend thyself.

Gust. No— strike—

I would unfold my Bosom to thy Sword;
But that I know the Wound you give this Breast
Would doubly pierce thy own.

Arv. I know thee not—

It is the Time's Eclipse, and what should be
In Nature, now is nameless.

Gust. Ah, my Brother!

Arv. What wouldst thou?

Gust. Is it thus we two should meet?

Arv. Art thou not false? Deep else, O deep indeed
Were my Damnation.

Gust. Dear, unhappy Man!
My Heart bleeds for thee. False I'd surely been,
Had I like thee been tempted.

Arv. Ha! Speak, speak,
Didst thou not send to treat with *Cristiern*?

Gust. Never.

I know thy Error, but I know the Arts,
The Frauds, the Wiles that practis'd on thy Virtue;
Firm how you stood, and tow'r'd above Mortality;
'Till in the fond unguarded Hour of Love,
The wily undermining *Trollio* came,
And won thee from thyself— a Moment won thee—
For still thou art *Arvida*, still the Man
On whom thy Country calls for her Deliv'rance.
Already are her bravest Sons in Arms,
Mark how they shout, impatient of our Presence,
To lead them on to a new Life of Liberty,
To Fame, to Conquest— Ha, Heav'n guard my Brother,
Thy Cheek turns pale, thy Eye is wild upon me,
Wilt thou not answer me?

Arv. *Gustavus!*

Gust. Speak.

Arv. Have I not dream'd?

Gust. No other I esteem it.

Where lives the Man whose Reason slumbers not?
Still pure, still blameless, if at wonted Dawn
Again he wakes to Virtue.

Arv. O, my Dawn

Must soon be dark. Confusion dissipates,
To leave me worse confounded.

Gust. Think no more on't.

Come to my Arms, thou dearest of Mankind!

Arv. Stand off! Pollution dwells within my Touch,
And Horror hangs around me— Cruel Man!
O, thou hast doubly damn'd me with this Goodness;
For Resolution held the Deed as done;
That now must sink me—Hark! I'm summon'd hence,
My Audit opens! Poise me! for I stand
Upon a Spire, against whose sightless Base
Hell breaks his Wave beneath. Down, down I dare not,
And

And up I cannot look, for Justice fronts me.—
Thou shalt have Vengeance, tho' my purpling Blood
Were Nectar for Heav'n's Bowl, as warm and rich,
As now 'tis base, it thus should pour for Pardon.)

[*Gustavus catches his Arm, and in the Struggle
the Dagger falls.*

Gust. Ha! Hold, *Arvida* — No, I will not lose
thee.—

Forbid it Heav'n! thou shalt not rob me so,
No, I will struggle with thee to the last,
And save thee from thyself. Oh, answer me!
Wilt thou forsake me? Answer me, my Brother,
My best *Arvida*.

Arv. I wou'd speak to thee——

But let it be by Silence—— Oh *Gustavus*!

Gust. Say but you'll live.

Arv. Oh!

Gust. For my Sake.

Arv. Yes, take me;

Expose me, cage me, brand me for the Tool
Of crafted Villains, for the veriest Slave,
On whom the Bend of each contemptuous Brow
Shall look with Loathing. Ah, my Turpitude
Shall be the vile Comparative for Knaves
To boast and whiten by!

Gust. Not so, not so.

Who knows no Fault, my Friend, knows no Perfection.
The Rectitude that Heav'n appoints to Man
Leads on thro' Error; and the kindly Sense
Of having stray'd, endears the Road to Bliss;
It makes Heav'n's Way more pleasing! O my Brother,
'Tis hence a Thousand cordial Charities
Derive their Growth, their Vigour, and their
Sweetness.

This short Lapse
Shall to thy future Foot give cautious Treading,
Erect and firm in Virtue.

Arv. Give me Leave. [Offers to pass.

Gust. You shall not pass.

Arv. I must.

Gust. Whither?

Arv. I know not—— O *Gustavus!*

Gust. Speak.

Arv. You can't forgive me.

Gust. Not forgive thee!

Arv. No.

Look there. [Points to the Dagger.

And yet when I resolv'd to kill thee
I cou'd have died—— indeed I cou'd—— for thee,
I cou'd have died, *Gustavus!*

Gust. O I know it.

A gen'rous Mind, tho' sway'd a-while by Passion,
Is like the steely Vigour of the Bow,
Still holds its native Rectitude, and bends
But to recoil more forceful. Come forget it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter a Dalecarlian.

Dale. My Lord, as now I pass'd the Mountain's
Brow,
I spy'd some Men, whose Arms, and strange Attire,
Give Cause for Circumspection.

Gust. Danes, perhaps;
Haste, intercept their Passage to the Camp. [Ex. Dal.

Arv. Those are the *Danes* that witness to my
Shame.

Gust. Perish th' opprobrious Term! not so, *Arvida*;
Myself will be the Guardian of thy Fame;
Trust me, I will—— Our Friends approach—— O clear
While I attend them, clear that Cloud, my Brother,
That sits upon the Morning of thy Youth;
It hangs too near the Heart of thy *Gustavus*. [Exit.
Arv.

Arv. Of thy *Gustavus*! O Wretch, Wretch,
curs'd Wretch!

What is this Time and Place, and Toys of Circum-
stance;

That wind our Actions, so, as Heav'n's own Hand
What's done may not unravel?— Pardon may!—

There's the *Letbean* Sweet, the Snow of Heav'n,
New blanching-o'er the *Negro* Front of Guilt,

That to the Eye of Mercy all appears

Fair as th' unwritten Page— yet self-convict,

Tho' Heav'n's free Pow'r shou'd pardon, where's my
Peace?

Thus, thus to be driven out from my own Breast!

To have no Shed, no shelt'ring Nook at Home

To take Reflection in! How looks the Wretch

Whose Heart cries Villain to itself? I'll not

Endure its Batt'ry— Somewhat must be done

Of high Import 'ere Night, that I may sleep,

Or wake for ever.

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Gustavus follow'd by the Dalecarlians,
Anderson, Arnoldus, Sivard, Officers, &c.*

1st *Dale*. Let us all see him!

2d *Dale*. Yes, and hear him too.

3d *Dale*. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th *Dale*. Our General.

5th *Dale*. And we will fight while Weapons can
be found.

6th *Dale*. Or Hands to wield them.

7th *Dale*. Get on the Bank, *Gustavus*.

And. Do, my Lord.

Gust. My Countrymen!—

1st *Dale*. Ho! hear him.

2d *Dale*.

2d Dale. Peace!

3d Dale. Peace!

4th Dale. Peace!

Gust. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your
Hearts,

And Joy for that your lost *Gustavus*, 'scap'd
Thro' Wounds, Imprisonments, and Chains, and Deaths,
Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for stands before ye.

As one escap'd from cruel Hands I come,
From Hearts that ne'er knew Pity; dark and vengeful:
Who quaff the Tears of Orphans, bathe in Blood,
And know no Musick but the Groans of *Sweden*.

Yet, not for that my Sister's early Innocence,
And Mother's Age now grind beneath Captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless Hour
Swept my great Sire, and Kindred from my Side;
For them *Gustavus* weeps not, tho' my Eyes
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.

But, O great Parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful Infamies,
My widow'd Country! *Sweden*! when I think
Upon thy Desolation, Spite of Rage——
And Vengeance that would choak them— Tears will
flow.

And. O, they are Villains, ev'ry *Dane* of them,
Practis'd to stab and smile; to stab the Babe
That smiles upon them.

Arn. What accursed Hours
Roll o'er those Wretches who to Fiends like these
In their dear Liberty have barter'd more
Than Worlds will rate for?

Gust. O Liberty, Heav'n's choice Prerogative!
True Bond of Law, thou social Soul of Property,
Thou Breath of Reason, Life of Life itself!
For thee the Valiant bleed. O sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the Summer's Snare, from flatt'ring Ruin,
Like the bold Stork you seek the wint'ry Shore,

Leave

Leave Courts, and Poms, and Palaces to Slaves,
Cleave to the Cold, and rest upon the Storm.
Upborn by thee, my Soul disdain'd the Terms
Of Empire— offer'd at the Hands of Tyrants.
With thee, I fought this fav'rite Soil ; with thee,
These fav'rite Sons I fought ; thy Sons, O Liberty.
For ev'n amid the Wilds of Life you lead them,
Lift their low rafted Cottage to the Clouds,
Smile o'er their Heaths, and from their Mountain
Tops

Beam Glory to the Nations.

All. Liberty ! Liberty !

Gust. Are ye not mark'd, ye Men of *Dalecarlia*,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling World
As the great Stake, the last Effort for Liberty ?
Say, is it not your Wealth, the Thirst, the Food,
The Scope and bright Ambition of your Souls ?
Why else have you, and your renown'd Forefathers,
From the proud Summit of their glitt'ring Thrones,
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful Kings
That dar'd the bold Infringement ? What, but Liberty,
Thro' the fam'd Course of thirteen hundred Years,
Aloof hath held Invasion from your Hills,
And sanctify'd their Shade ?— And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the Hopes of the expecting World ;
Bid your high Honours stoop to foreign Insult,
And in one Hour give up to Infamy
The Harvest of a thousand Years of Glory ?

1st *Dale.* No.

2d *Dale.* Never, never.

3d *Dale.* Perish all first !

4th *Dale.* Die all !

Gust. Yes, die by Piecemeal !

Leave not a Limb o'er which a *Dane* may triumph !
Now from my Soul I joy, I joy, my Friends,
To see ye fear'd ; to see that ev'n your Foes
Do Justice to your Valours !— There they be,

The Pow'rs of Kingdoms, fumm'd in yonder Host,
 Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
 And O, when I look round and see you here,
 Of Number short, but prevalent in Virtue,
 My Heart swells high and burns for the Encounter
 True Courage but from Opposition grows ;
 And what are fifty, what a thousand Slaves,
 Match'd to the Sinew of a single Arm
 That strikes for Liberty? That strikes to save
 His Fields from Fire, his Infants from the Sword,
 His Couch from Lust, his Daughters from Pollution ;
 And his large Honours from eternal Infamy ?
 What, doubt we then ? Shall we, shall we stand here
 'Till Motives that might warm an Ague's Frost,
 And nerve the Coward's Arm, shall poorly serve
 To wake us to Resistance?— Let us on !
 O, yes, I read your lovely fierce Impatience ;
 You shall not be withheld ; we will rush on them—
 This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
 Three Kingdoms in our Toil ! Is it not glorious, —
 Thus to appal the Bold, meet Force with Fury,
 And push yon Torrent back, 'till ev'ry Wave
 Flee to its Fountain ?

3d Dale. On, lead us on, *Gustavus* ; one Word
 more
 Is but Delay of Conquest.

Gust. Take your Wish.

He, who wants Arms, may grapple with the Foe
 And so be furnish'd. You, most noble *Anderson*,
 Divide our Pow'rs, and with the fam'd *Olaus*
 Take the left Rout— You, *Eric*, great in Arms !
 With the renown'd *Nederbi*, hold the Right,
 And skirt the Forest down ; then wheel at once,
 Confess'd to view, and close upon the Vale :
 Myself, and my most valiant Cousin here
 Th' invincible *Arvida*, gallant *Sivard*,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy Vet'rans

Will

Will pour directly on, and lead the Onset.
Joy, Joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry Eye,
Your Limbs tread vigorous, and your Breasts beat
high!

Thin tho' our Ranks, tho' scanty be our Bands,
Bold are our Hearts, and nervous are our Hands.
With us, Truth, Justice, Fame, and Freedom close,
Each, singly equal to an Host of Foes,
I feel, I feel them fill me out for Fight,
They lift my Limbs as feather'd *Hermes* light!
Or like the Bird of Glory, tow'ring high,
Thunder within his Grasp, and Light'ning in his Eye!

End of the Third Act.




G A C T



ACT IV.

SCENE *before the Camp.*

Enter Cristiern, Trollio, and Attendants.

Crist.  OUR Observation's just, I see it,
Trollio :

Men are Machines, with all their
boasted Freedom,

Their Movements turn upon some fav'rite Passion ;
Let Art but find the latent Foible out,
We touch the Spring, and wind them at our Pleasure.

Troll. Let Heav'n spy out for Virtue, and then
starve it :

But Vice and Frailty are the Statesman's Quarry,
The Objects of our Search, and of our Science ;
Mark'd by our Smiles, and cherish'd by our Bounty.
'Tis hence, you lord it o'er your servile Senates ;
How low the Slaves will stoop to gorge their Lusts
When aptly baited : Ev'n the Tongues of Patriots,
(Those Sons of Clamour) oft relax the Nerve
Within the Warmth of Favour.

Crist. How else should Kings subsist ? For what is
Pow'r,

But the nice Conduct of another's Weakness ?
That Thing call'd Virtue is the Bane of Government,
A Libel on the State, that asks Suppression ;
It has a hateful and unbending Quality ;
It serves no End, still restive to the Rein,

And

And to the Spur unspeedy : They who boast it
Are Traitors, Rivals of their King, my *Trollio*,
And, wanting other Subjects, greatly dare
To lord it o'er themselves. Such is *Gustavus*,
If yet he be——

And such *Arvida* was ; tho' now, I trust,
He is too far advanc'd in our Designs
To think of a Retreat.

Troll. Impossible !
Already has he leap'd the guilty Mound
That might appal his Virtue ; for the World
He dare not now look back ; where Shame pursues,
And cuts off all Retreat.

S C E N E II.

Enter Gentleman Usher and Peterson, who kneels.

Gent. My Liege, Lord *Peterson*.

Crist. Rise to our Trust, most worthy *Peterson* ;
Rise to our Friendship : By my Head, I swear,
Bar but our *Trollio* here, there's not a *Swede*,
Who holds thy valued Level in our Heart !
For thou'rt unshaken, tho' thy Nation swerve ;
Faithful among the faithless.

Peter. What I am
Let this inform your Majesty. [Gives a Pacquet.

Troll. A Pacquet !
Whence had you that, my Friend ?

Peter. Even from the Hands
Of the once great *Gustavus*.

Crist. Then you have seen him. Tell me, tell
me, *Peterson*,
What said he ? Eh ! How look'd the mighty Rebel ?
His Means, his Scope, the Pride of his Presumption,
Give me the whole !

Peter. Last Night, my gracious Lord,
 While yet I held your Messenger in Conference;
 Arriv'd, who brought a Letter from *Gustavus*,
 Wherein, digesting many flagrant Terms
 Of mutinous Import against the State
 Of your high Dignity; by Morning Light
 He pray'd me to attend him; boasting much
 Of plenteous Hopes, and Means of boldest Enterprize.
 Of this I gave you Notice; and 'ere Dawn
 Set out for fresh Intelligence—— I came;
 I saw him shrunk, that Glory of the North,
 Soil'd with the Vileness of a Slave's Attire;
 Where in the Depth and Darkness of the Mines,
 For six long Months he hath not seen the Sun;
 Collegu'd with circling Horrors; hourly Toil
 Hath been his Watch, and Penury his Earning;
 But like the Lion, newly broke from Bonds,
 The mingling Passions from his Eyes dart Glory;
 Pride lifts his Stature, and his opening Front
 Still looks Dominion.

Crist. Who were his Adherents?

Peter. The Traitor *Anderson*, and a few Friends,
 To whom, 'ere I set out, he stood reveal'd.
 And when I seem'd to question on his Pow'rs
 Of Rivalship, the Props whereon he meant
 To lift Contention to the princely Front
 Of such high Opposition; he reply'd,
 His Powers were near your Person.

Crist. How! what's here? [*Looks on the Pacquet.*
 To *Laurens*, *Aland*, *Haquin*, and *Roderic*,
 Confusion! Treason's in our Camp! Who's there?

Gent. My Liege!

Crist. Bear this to *Norbi*—— Bid him seize
 [*Gives a Signet.*

The *Swedish* Captains.

Troll. Might I but presume——

Crist.

Crist. I will not be controul'd— bid him seize all,
Soldiers and Chiefs! By Hell, there's not a *Swede*,
But lurks an Instrument to prompt Rebellion,
And Plots upon my Life! Look there, 'tis evident:

[*Gives Trollio a Letter.*]

They are all leagu'd, confed'rate with *Gustavus*,
Th' Abettors of his Treason.

Troll. It shou'd seem so:

And yet it shou'd not— Tell me, *Peterfon*,
Art thou assur'd thy Credit with *Gustavus*
Will answer to a Trust like this? — Ha! Say.

Peter. Yes, well 'assur'd: My Zeal appear'd too
warm

To give the least cold Colour for Suspicion.

Troll. I fear, my Friend, I fear he has o'er-reach'd
you.

Divide and conquer, is the Sum of Politics.

Beyond the dreaded Circle of his Sword,

Gustavus triumphs in an ample Genius;

He walks at large, fees clear and wide around him;

Calm in the Storm and Turbulence of Action;

He ponders on the last Event of Things,

And makes each Cause subservient to the Consequence.

Crist. You over-rate his Craft; they're false, my
Trollio,

False ev'ry *Swede* of them; I read their Souls.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cristina and Mariana.

Cristina. I heard it was your royal Pleasure, Sir,
I shou'd attend your Highness.

Crist. Yes, *Cristina*,
But Business interferes.

S C E N E IV.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My fovereign Liege!
 Wide o'er the Western Shelving of yon Hill,
 We think, tho' indistinctly, we can spy,
 Like Men in Motion must'ring on the Heath;
 And there is one who saith he can discern,
 A few of martial Gesture, and bright Arms,
 Who this Way bend their Action.

Crist. Friends, perhaps,
 For Foes it were too daring— Haste thee, *Trollio*,
 Detach a Thousand of our *Danish* Horse
 To rule their Motions— We will out ourself,
 And hold our Pow'rs in Readiness— Lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Cristina and Mariana.

Mar. Ha! did you mark, my Princess, did you
 mark?
 Shou'd some Reverse, some wond'rous Whirl of Fate
 Once more return *Gustavus* to the Battle,
 New nerve his Arm, and wreathe his Brow with
 Conquest;
 Say, wou'd you not repent that e'er you sav'd
 This dreadful Man, the Foe of your great Race;
 Who pours impetuous in his Country's Cause
 To spoil you of a Kingdom?

Cristina. No, my Friend.
 Had I to Death, or Bondage, sold my Sire,

Or

Or had *Gustavus* on our native Realms
Made hostile Inroad ; then, my *Mariana* !
Had I then sav'd him from the Stroke of Justice,
I shou'd not cease my Suit to Heav'n for Pardon.
But if, tho' in a Foe, to reverence Virtue,
Withstand Oppression, rescue injur'd Innocence,
Step boldly in betwixt my Sire and Guilt,
And save my King, my Father from Dishonour ;
If this be Sin, I have shook Hands with Penitence.
First, perish Crowns, Dominion, all the Shine
And Transience of this World, 'ere Guilt shall serve
To buy the vain Incumbrance.

Mar. Do not think
I meant, my Princess, to arraign your Virtues,
Howe'er I seem'd to question on the Consequence.

Cristina. The Consequence of Virtue must be good :
It must. Tho' it shou'd prove my Father's Lot,
In being rescu'd from one Act of Guilt,
To lose the whole of all his wide Dominions,
He were a Gainer—— Blasted be that Royalty,
Which Murder must make sure, and Crimes inglorious !
The Bulk of Kingdoms, nay, the World is light,
When Guilt weighs opposite— O wou'd to Heav'n,
The Loss of Empire wou'd restore his Innocence,
Restore the Fortunes, and the precious Lives
Of Thousands fal'n the Victims of Ambition !

S C E N E VI.

Enter Laertes.

Ha ! *Laertes* ! most welcome ! well—and have you ?
Say, *Laertes*.

Laer. O Royal Maid !——

Cristina. Thy Looks are doubtful—— Speak,—
Why art thou silent—— Does he live ?

Laer.

Laer. He does.

But Death 'ere Night must fill a long Account ;
The Camp, the Country's in Confusion : War,
And Changes ride upon the Hour that hastes
To intercept my Tongue—— I else cou'd tell
Of Virtues hitherto beyond my Ken ;
Courage, to which the Lion stoops his Crest,
Yet grafted upon Qualities as soft
As a rock'd Infant's Meekness ; such as tempts
Against my Faith, my Country, and Allegiance,
To wish thee Speed, *Gustavus.*

Cristina. Then you found him.

Laer. I did : and warn'd him, but in vain ; for
Death

To him appear'd more grateful than to find
His Friend's Dishonour.

Cristina. Give me the Manner—— quick—— soft,
good *Laertes !*

S C E N E VII.

Enter *Cristiern, Trollio, Peterson, Danes, &c.*

Crist. Damn'd ! double Traitor ! O curs'd, false
Arvida !

Guard well the *Swedish* Pris'ners, bind them hard—
Stand to your Arms—Bring forth the Captives there !

S C E N E VIII.

Enter *Agusta and Gustava guarded.*

Troll. My Liege——

Crist. Away ! I'll hear no more of Politics ;
Fortune ! we will not trust the Changeling more ;

But

But wear her girt upon our armed Loins,
Or pointed in our Grasp.

S C E N E IX.

Enter an Officer.

Off. The Foe's at hand.

With gallant Shew your thousand *Danes* rode forth,
But shall return no more!— I mark'd the Action,
A Band of desp'rate Resolutes rush'd on 'em,
Scarce numb'ring to a Tenth, and in mid Way
They clos'd; the Shock was dreadful, nor your *Danes*
Cou'd bear the madding Charge; a while they stood,
Then shrunk, and broke, and turn'd— When, lo,
behind,

Fast wheeling from the Right and Left there pour'd,
Who intercepted their Return, and caught
Within the Toil they perish'd.

Crist. 'Tis *Gustavus*!

No Mortal else, not *Annon's* boasted Son,
Not *Cæsar* wou'd have dar'd it. Tell me, say,
What Numbers in the Whole may they amount to?

Off. About Five Thousand.

Crist. And no more?

Off. No more,
That yet appear.

Crist. We count six times their Sum.—

Haste, Soldier, take a Trumpet, tell *Gustavus*
We have of Terms to offer, and wou'd treat
Touching his Mother's Ransom; say, her Death,
Suspended by our Grace, but waits his Answer.

[Exit Officer.

Madam, It shou'd well suit with your Authority,

[To *Agusta.*

To check this Frenzy in your Son— look to it,
Or by the Saints this Hour's your last of Life!

Agü. Come, my *Gustava*, come, my little Captive,
We shall be free; our Tyrant is grown kind;
And for these Chains that bind thy pretty Arms,
The golden Cherubim shall lend thee Wings,
And thou shalt mount amid the smiling Choir
Of little Heav'nly Songsters, like thyself,
All robed in Innocence.

Gustava. Will you go, Mother?

Agü. So help me, Mercy! Yes, I'll go, my Child;
And I will give thee to thy Father's Fondness,
And to the Arms of all thy royal Race
In Heav'n; who sit on Thrones, with Loves, and Joys,
And Pleasures smiling round.

Crist. Is this my Answer?
Come forth, ye Ministers of Death, come forth,

S C E N E IX.

Enter Ruffians, who seize Augusta and Gustava.

Pluck them asunder! We shall prove you, Lady!
'Tis my damn'd Lot, thus ever to be cross'd
With rank blown Pride, and Insolence eternal.

Gustava. O Mother, take me, take me from these
Men,

They fright me with their Looks.

Agüsta. Alas, my Child, I cannot take thee from
them.

Gustava. O, they will hurt me: can't you take
me, Mother?

Agüsta. They can't, they cannot hurt you, my
Gustava.

Fear not, my little one, your Name shou'd be
A Charm o'er Cowardice; for you are call'd

After

After your valiant Brother ; he'll disown you,
He will not love you, if you fear, *Gustava.*

Cristina. Ah ! I can hold no longer. Royal Sir,
Thus on my Knees, and lower, lower still——

Crist. My Child ! What mean you ?

Cristina. O my gracious Father !
Kill, kill me rather— let me perish first ;
But do not stain the Sanctity of Kings
With the sweet Blood of helpless Innocence ;
Do not, my Father ! Spare the little Orphans,
And let the Lambs go free !

Agusta. Ha ! who art thou ?
That look'st so like the 'Habitants of Heav'n,
Like Mercy sent upon the Morning's Blush,
To glad the Heart, and cheer a gloomy World
With Light 'till now unknown ?

Crist. Away, they come.
I'll hear no more of your ill-tim'd Petitions.

Cristina. O yet for Pity !

Crist. I will none on't, leave me.
Pity ! it is the infant Fool of Nature :
Tear off her Hold, and bear her to her Tent.

[*Ex. Cristina, Mar. Laer. and Attendants.*]

S C E N E X.

Enter an Officer.

Off. My Liege, *Gustavus*, tho' with much Reluctance,
Consents to one Hour's Truce. His Soldiers rest
Upon their Arms, and follow'd by a few,
He comes to know your Terms.

Crist. I see, fall back —
Stand firm— Be ready Slaves, and on the Word
Plunge deep your Daggers in their Bosoms.

[*Points to Agusta.*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Gust. Arv. Ander. Arn. Siv. &c.

Hold!

Gust. Ha! 'tis, it is my Mother!

Crist. Tell me, *Gustavus*, tell me why is this?
That, as a Stream diverted from the Banks
Of smooth Obedience, thou hast drawn those Men
Upon a dry unchannel'd Enterprize,
To turn their Inundation?— Are the Lives
Of my misguided People held so light,
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen Rebuke
Of guarded Majesty; where Justice waits,
All awful, and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious Rights, the Sanctitude of Kings,
And blast Rebellion?

Gust. Justice! Sanctitude!
And Rights! O Patience! Rights! What Rights,
thou Tyrant?
Yes, if Perdition be the Rule of Power;
If Wrongs give Right; O then, Supreme in Mischief!
Thou wert the Lord, the Monarch of the World!
Too narrow for thy Claim. But if thou think'st
That Crowns are vilely propertied, like Coin,
To be the Means, the Specialty of Lust,
And sensual Attribution—— If thou think'st,
That Empire is of titled Birth, or Blood;
That Nature in the proud Behalf of one
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly Race,
And bow her gen'ral Issue to the Yoke
Of private Domination— then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy King— Howe'er be told,
Not Claim Hereditary, not the Trust
Of frank Election;
Not ev'n the high anointing Hand of Heav'n

Can authorize Oppression ; give a Law
For lawless Pow'r ; wed Faith to Violation ;
On Reason build Misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to Injustice—— Tyranny
Absolves all Faith ; and who invades our Rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an Usurper—— But for thee, for thee
There is no Name!— thou hast abjur'd Mankind ;
Dash'd Safety from thy bleak unsocial Side,
And wag'd wild War with universal Nature !

Crist. Licentious Traitor ! thou canst talk it largely ;
Who made thee Umpire of the Rights of Kings,
And Pow'r, prime Attribute ? As on thy Tongue
The Poise of Battle lay, and Arms, of Force,
To throw Defiance in the Front of Duty.
Look round, unruly Boy, thy Battle comes
Like raw, disjointed Mustring ; feeble Wrath !
A War of Waters borne against the Rock
Of our firm Continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the Toil.

Gust. Mistaken Man !
I come impower'd, and strengthen'd in thy Weakness.
For tho' the Structure of a Tyrant's Throne
Rise on the Necks of half the suff'ring World ;
Fear trembles in the Cement : Prayers and Tears,
And secret Curses sap its mould'ring Base,
And steal the Pillars of Allegiance from it ;
Then, let a single Arm but dare the Sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon Destruction.

Troll. Profane, and alien to the Love of Heav'n !
Art thou still harden'd to the Wrath divine
That hangs o'er thy Rebellion ?— Know'st thou not
Thou art at Enmity with Grace ? Cast out,
Made an Anathema, a Curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy Adherents
Shorn from our holy Church, and offer'd up
As sacred to Damnation ?

Gust. Yes, I know,

When such as thou with sacrilegious Hand
Seize on the Apostolic Key of Heav'n,
It then becomes a Tool for crafty Knaves
To shut out Virtue, and unfold those Gates,
That Heav'n itself had barr'd against the Lusts
Of Avarice and Ambition—— soft, and sweet,
As Looks of Charity, or Voice of Lambs
That bleat upon the Morning, are the Words
Of Christian Meekness! Mission all divine!
The Law of Love sole Mandate—— but your Gall,
Ye *Swedish* Prelacy! Your Gall hath turn'd
The Words of sweet, but indigested Peace,
To Wrath and Bitterness—— Ye hallowed Men!
In whom Vice sanctifies, whose Precepts teach
Zeal without Truth, Religion without Virtue,
Who ne'er preach Heav'n but with a downward Eye
That turns your Souls to Dross; who shouting loose
The Dogs of Hell upon us. Thefts, and Rapes,
Sack'd Towns, and midnight Howlings thro' the Realm
Receive your Sanction—— O 'tis glorious Mischief!
When Vice turns holy, puts Religion on,
Assumes the Robe pontifical, the Eye
Of faintly Elevation, bleffeth Sin,
And makes the Seal of sweet offended Heav'n
A Sign of Blood, a Label for Decrees,
That Hell wou'd shrink to own.——

Crist. No more of this.

Gustavus, wou'd'st thou yet return to Grace,
And hold thy Motions in the Sphere of Duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gust. Imperial Spoiler!

Give me my Father, give me back my Kindred,
Give me the Fathers of ten thousand Orphans,
Give me the Sons in whom thy ruthless Sword
Has left our Widows childless: Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry *Swede's*, whose Patriot Breast
Bleeds

Bleeds in his Country's Woundings! O thou can'st not,
Thou hast out-sinn'd all Reck'ning! Give me then
My all that's left, my gentle Mother there,
And spare yon little Trembler!

Crist. Yes, on Terms
Of Compact, and Submission.

Gust. Ha! with thee?
Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my Country?
For *Sweden*! No— so hold my Heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't; tho' Blood drop for Tears,
And at the Sight my straining Eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

Crist. Slaves, do your Office.

Gust. Hold yet,—Thou can'st not be so damn'd?
My Mother!
I dare not ask thy Blessing— Where's *Arvida*?
Where art thou? Come, my Friend, thou'st known
Temptation—

And therefore best can'st pity, or support me.

Arv. Alas! I shall but serve to weigh thee down-
ward,
To pull thee from the dazzling, fightless Height,
At which thy Virtue soars. For, O *Gustavus*,
My Soul is dark, disconsolate and dark;
Sick to the World, and hateful to myself,
I have no Country now; I've nought but thee,
And shou'd yield up the Int'rest of Mankind,
Where thine's in Question.

Agusta. See, my Son relents;
Behold, O King! yet spare us but a Moment;
His little Sister shall embrace his Knees,
And these fond Arms, around his duteous Neck,
Shall join to bend him to us.

Crist. Cou'd I trust ye——

Arv. I'll be your Hostage.

Crist. Granted.

Gust. Hold, my Friend.

[*Here Arvida breaks from Gustavus, and passes to Cristiern's Party, while Augusta and Gustava go over to Gustavus.*

Agusta. Is it then giv'n, yet giv'n me, 'ere I die
To see thy Face, *Gustavus*? thus to gaze,
To touch, to fold thee thus!—My Son, my Son!
And have I liv'd to this? It is enough.

All arm'd, and in thy Country's precious Cause
Terribly beauteous, to behold thee thus!

Why, 'twas my only, hourly Suit to Heav'n,
And now 'tis granted. O my glorious Child,
Bless'd were the Throes I felt for thee, *Gustavus*!
For from the Breast, from out your swathing Bands
You stepp'd the Child of Honour.

Gust. O my Mother!

Agusta. Why stands that Water trembling in thy
Eye,

Why heaves thy Bosom? Turn not thus away,
'Tis the last Time that we must meet, my Child,
And I will have thee whole. Why, why, *Gustavus*,
Why is this Form of Heaviness? For me
I trust it is not meant; you cannot think
So poorly of me: I grow old, my Son,
And to the utmost Period of Mortality,
I ne'er shou'd find a Death's Hour like to this,
Whereby to do thee Honour.

Gust. Roman Patriots!

Ye *Decii* self-devoted to your Country!
You gave no Mothers up! Will Annals yield
No Precedent for this, no elder Boast
Whereby to match my Trial?

Agusta. No, *Gustavus*;

For Heav'n still squares our Trial to our Strength,
And thine is of the foremost—Noble Youth!
Ev'n I, thy Parent, with a conscious Pride,
Have often bow'd to thy superior Virtues.

O,

O, there is but one Bitterness in Death,
One only Sting——

Gust. Speak, speak!

Agusta. 'Tis felt for thee.

Too well I know thy Gentleness of Soul,
Melting as Babes; ev'n now the Pressure's on thee;
And bends thy Loveliness to Earth— O, Child!
The dear but sad Foretaste of thy Affliction
Already kills thy Mother— But behold;
Behold thy valiant Followers, who to thee,
And to the Faith of thy protecting Arm
Have giv'n ten thousand Mothers, Daughters too;
Who in thy Virtue yet may learn to bear
Millions of free-born Sons to bless thy Name;
And pray for their Deliverer— O farewell!
This, and but this, the very last, Adieu!
Heav'n fit victorious on thy Arm, my Son!
And give thee to thy Merits!

Crist. Ah, thou Trait'ers!

Gustava. O Brother, a'n't you stronger than that
Man?

Don't let him take my Mother.

Agusta. See, *Gustavus*,
My little Captive waits for one Embrace.

Gust. Come to my Arms, thou Lamb-like Sacrifice;
O that they were of Force to fold thee ever,
To let thee to my Heart! there lock thee close;
And circle thee with Life! But 'twill not be!

Gustava. I'll stay with you, my Brother.

Gust. Killing Innocence!
That I was born to see this Hour!

The Pains of Hell are on me!—Take her Mother!

Gustava. I will not part with you, indeed, I will not!

Gust. Take her— Distraction! Haste, my dearest
Mother:

Oh— else I shall run mad— quite mad and save ye.

Arv. Hold, Madam ;— Hear me, thou most dear
Gustavus !

Thus low I bend my Pray'r, reject me not :
If once, if ever thou didst love *Arvida*,
O leave me here to answer to the Wrath
Of this fell Tyrant. Save thy honour'd Mother,
And that sweet Lamb from Slaughter !

Gust. Cruel Friendship !

Crist. And by my Life I'd take thee at thy Word,
Thou doubly damn'd ! but that I know 'twou'd please
thee.

Agusta. No, gen'rous Prince, thy Blood shall
never be

The Price of our Dishonour. Come, my Child ;
Weep not, sweet Babe, there shall no Harm come
nigh thee.

Crist. 'Tis well, proud Dame ; you are return'd I
see—

Each to his Charge— Here break we off, *Gustavus* ;
For to the very Teeth of thy Rebellion
We dash Defiance back.

Gust. Alas, my Mother !

Grief choaks up Utt'rance, else I have to say
What never Tongue unfolded— Yet return,
Come back, and I will give up all to save thee ;
For on the Cov'ring of thy sacred Head
My Heart drops Blood. Thou Fountain of my
Life !

Dearer than Mercy is to kneeling Penitence,
My early Blessing, first and latest Joy ;
Return, return, and save thy lost *Gustavus* !

Crist. No more, thou Trifler !

Agusta. O farewell for ever !

[*Exeunt Cristiern and his Party.* *Gustavus*
and his Party remain.

Gust.

Gust. Then she is gone— *Arvida! Anderson!*
For ever gone— *Arnoldus*, Friends, where are ye?
Help here, heave, heave this Mountain from me—
O—

Heav'n keep my Senses!— So— We will to Battle;
But let no Banners wave— Be still thou Trump!
And ev'ry martial Sound that gives the War
To Pomp or Levity; for Vengeance now
Is clad with heavy Arms, sedately stern,
Resolv'd, but silent as the slaughter'd Heaps
O'er which my Soul is brooding.

Arn. O *Gustavus!*

Is there a *Swede* of us, whose Sword and Soul
Grapples not to thee, as to all they hold
Of earthly Estimation? Said I more,
It were but half my Thought.

And. On thee we gaze,
As one unknown 'till this important Hour;
Pre-eminent of Men!

Siv. Accurs'd be he,
Who, in thy Leading, will not fight, and strive,
And bleed, and gasp with Pleasure!

And. We are thine;
All, all, both we and ours; whom thou this Day
Hast dearly purchas'd.

Arn. Tho', to yield us up,
Had scarce been less than Virtue.

Gust. O my Friends!
I see, 'tis not for Man to boast his Strength
Before the Trial comes— This very Hour,
Had I a thousand Parents, all seem'd light
When weigh'd against my Country; and but now,
One Mother seem'd of Weight to poize the World;
Tho' conscions Truth and Reason were against her.
For, O, howe'er the partial Passions sway,
High Heav'n assigns but one unbiass'd Way;

Direct thro' ev'ry Opposition leads,
 Where Shelves decline, and many a Steep impedes.
 Here hold we on— tho' thwarting Fiends alarm,
 Here hold we on— tho' devious *Syrens* charm;
 In Heav'n's disposing Pow'r Events unite,
 Nor aught can happen Wrong to him who acts
 aright.

End of the Fourth Act.




TACT



ACT V.

SCENE the Royal Tent.

Enter Cristina and Mariana.

Cristina. ARK! Mariana, list! — No —
All is silent —
It was not Fancy sure—didst thou
hear aught?

Mar. Too plain, the Voice of Terror seiz'd my
Ear,
And my Heart sinks within me.

Cristina. O, I fear
The War is now at Work—As Winds, methought,
Long borne thro' hollow Vaults, the Sound ap-
proach'd;

One Sound, yet laden with a thousand Notes
Of fearful Variation; then it swell'd
To distant Shouts, now coming on the Gale;
Again borne backward with a parting Groan,
All sunk to horrid Stillness.

Mar. Look, my Princess,
Ah, no! withhold thy Eyes! the Place grows dark,
A sudden Cloud of Sorrow stains the Day,
And throws its Gloom around.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter four Slaves as bearing the Bodies of Augusta and Gustava on a Bier cover'd — four Women in Chains follow weeping.

Cristina. Whence are ye, say, you Daughters of Affliction?

Their Speech is in their Tears— Avert, ye Saints ! Avert that Thought ! Soft ! hold ye ! I've a Tear For ev'ry Mourner---Ah ! [*Looks under the Covering.*

Mar. What mean you, Madam ?

Cristina. Reflection come not there ! See it not Eyes !

How art thou spilt, thou Blood of Royalty !
Close at the Paleness of its Parent Breast
The Babe lies slaughter'd. Tell me, who did this ?
No, hold ye ! Say not that my Father did it ;
For Duty then turns Rebel — Cruel Father !
O, that some Villager, whose early Toil
Lifts the penurious Morsel to his Mouth,
Had claim'd my Birth ! Ambition had not then
Thus step'd 'twixt me and Heav'n.

Mar. Go, bear it hence ———

Turn, turn, my royal Mistress !

Cristina. Ah, *Augusta* !

Among thy Foes thou'rt fal'n, thou'rt fal'n in
Virtue !

Exalt thyself, O Guilt ? For here the Good
Have none who may lament them. Sit we down ;
For I grow weary of the World ; let Death
Within his vaulty Durance, dark and still,
Receive me too ; and where th' Afflicted rest,
There fold me in for ever. ———

S C E N E III.

Enter Laertes.

Laer. Arise, *Cristina* ; fly ! thou royal Virgin !
This Morn beheld thee Mistress of the North,
Bright Heir of *Scandinavia* ; and this Hour
Has left thee not, throughout thy wide Dominions,
Whereon to rest thy Foot.

Cristina. Now, Praise to Heav'n !
Say but my Father lives !

Laer. At your Command
I went ; and, from a neighb'ring Summit, view'd
Where either Host stood adverse, sternly wedg'd ;
Reflecting on each other's gloomy Front,
Fell Hate and fix'd Defiance—When at once
The Foe mov'd on, attendant to the Steps
Of their *Gustavus*—He with mournful Pace
Came slow and silent ; 'till two hapless *Danes*
Prick'd forth, and on his Helm discharg'd their
Fury :

Then rous'd the Lion ! To my wond'ring Sight
His Stature grew twofold, before his Eye
All Force seem'd wither'd, and his horrid Plume
Shook wild Dismay around ; as Heav'n's dread Bolt,
He shot, he pierc'd our Legions ; in his Strength
His shouting Squadron gloried, rushing on
Where e'er he led their Battle—full five Times,
Hem'd by our mightier Host, the Foe seem'd lost,
And swallow'd from my Sight ; five Times again
Like Flame they issued to the Light—And thrice,
These Eyes beheld him, they beheld *Gustavus*
Unhors'd, and by a Host girt singly in ;
And thrice he broke thro' all.

Cristina. My Blood runs chill.

Laer. With such a strenuous, such a labour'd
Conflict,
Sure never Field was fought! until *Gustavus*
Aloud cry'd, Victory! and on his Spear
High rear'd th' imperial Diadem of *Denmark*.
Then slack'd the Battle; then recoil'd our Host;
His, echo'd, Victory! And now would know
No Bounds; Rout follow'd, and the Face of Fight—
—She heeds me not.

Cristina. O, ill starr'd Royalty!
My Father! Cruel, dear, unhappy Father!
Summon'd so sudden! fearful, fearful Thought!
Step in, sweet Mercy! For thy Time was—Ha!

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cristiern flying without his Helmet, in Disorder, his Sword broke, and his Garments bloody; he throws away his Sword, and speaks.

Crist. Give us new Arms of Proof—fresh Horses
—quick!

A Watch without there—Set a Standard up
To guide our scatter'd Powers! Haste, my Friends,
haste!

We must be gone—O for some cooling Stream
To flake a Monarch's Thirst!

Laer. A Post, my Liege,
A second Post from *Denmark* says—

Crist. All's lost.

Is it not so? Be gone! Perdition choak thee—
Give me a Moment's Solitude—Thought, Thought,
Where wou'dst thou lead?

Cristina. He sees me not — Alas, alas, my
Father!

O, what a War there lives within his Eye!
Where Greatness struggles to survive itself.

I tremble to approach him; yet I fain
Wou'd bring Peace to him-- Don't you know me, Sir?
My Father, look upon me, look, my Father!
Why strains your Lip, and why that doubtful Eye
Thro' Fury melting o'er me? Turn, ah, turn!
I cannot bear its Softness—How? nay, then,
There is a falling Dagger in that Tear,
To kill thy Child, to murder thy *Cristina*.

Crist. Then thou'rt *Cristina*?

Cristina. Yes.

Crist. My Child!

Cristina. I am.

Crist. Curse me! then, curse me! Join with Heav'n
and Earth

And Hell to curse!

Cristina. Alas! on me, my Father,
Thy Curses be on me, but on thy Head
Fall Blessings from that Heav'n which has this Day
Preserv'd thy Life in Battle.

Crist. What have I
To do with Heav'n? Damnation! What am I?
All frail and transient as my laps'd Dominions!
E'en now the solid Earth prepares to slide
From underneath me. Nature's Pow'r cries out,
Leave him thou Universe!—No—Hold me Heav'n!
Hold me thou Heav'n! whom I've forsaken—hold
Thy Creature, tho' accurs'd!

Cristina. Patience and Peace
Possess thy Mind! Not all thy Pride of Empire
E'er gave such bless'd Sensation, as one Hour
Of Penitence, tho' painful—Let us hence—
Far from the Blood and Bustle of Ambition.
Be it my Task to watch thy rising Wish,
To smoothe thy Brow, find Comfort for thy Cares,
And for thy Will, Obedience; still to cheer
The Day with Smiles, and lay the nightly Down
Beneath thy Slumbers.

Crist. O thou all that's left me!
 Ev'n in the Riot, in the Rage of Fight,
 Thy guardian Virtues watch'd around my Head,
 When else no Arm could aid——for thro' my Ranks,
 My circling Troops, the fell *Gustavus* rush'd ;
 Vengeance! He cry'd, and with one eager Hand
 Grip'd fast my Diadem——his other Arm,
 High rear'd the deathful Steel——suspended yet ;
 For in his Eye, and thro' his varying Face,
 Conflicting Passions fought——he look'd——he stood
 In Wrath reluctant——Then, with gentler Voice ;
Cristina thou hast conquer'd ! Go, he cry'd,
 I yield thee to her Virtues.

S C E N E V.

Enter Trollio and Guards, Swords drawn.

Troll. Haste, O King !
 The Foe has hem'd us round ; O haste to save
 Thyself and us !

Crist. Thy Sword. *[Takes a Sword from one of
the Guards.]*

Troll. What means my ——

Crist. Villain !

Well thought, by Hell ! Ha ! Yes,— thou art our
 Minister,

The rev'rend Monitor of Vice—— the Soil,
 Baneful and rank with ev'ry Principle,

Whence grow the Crimes of Kings. First perish
 thou ! *[Stabs him.]*

Who taught the Throne of Pow'r to fix on Fear,
 And raise its Safety, from the publick Ruin ;
 Fall thou into the Gulph thyself hast fix'd
 Between the Prince and People ; cutting off
 Communion from the Ear of Royalty,

And

And Mercy from Complaint—away, away,
Thy Death, old Man, be on thy Monarch's Head ;
On thine, the Blood of all thy Countrymen,
Who fell beneath thy Counfels. [Exeunt.

Trollio attempts to rise and then speaks.

Troll. Thou bloody Tyrant ! late, too late I find,
Nor Faith, nor Gratitude, nor friendly Trust,
No Force of Obligations can subsist
Between the Guilty—O, let none aspire
To be a King's Convenience ! Has he Virtues,
Those are his own ; his Vices are his Minister's.
Who dares to step 'twixt Envy and the Throne,
Alike to feel the Caprice of his Prince,
As publick Detestation.—Ha ! I'm going
But whither ? No one near ! to feel ! to catch !
The World but for an Instant ! for one Ray
To guide my Soul ! Her Way grows wond'rous dark,
And down, down, down ! [Dies.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Gustavus, Anderson, Arnoldus, Sivard,
&c. in Triumph. Gustavus advances, and
the rest range themselves on each side of the
Stage.*

Gust. That we have conquer'd, first we bend to
Heav'n !

And. And next to thee !

All. To thee, to thee, *Gustavus* !

Gust. No matchless Men ! my Brothers of the
War !

Be it my greatest Glory to have mix'd

My Arms with yours, and to have fought for once,
 Like to a *Dalecarlian*; like to you,
 The Sires of Honour, of a new-born Fame,
 To be transmitted, from your great Memorial,
 To Climes unknown, to Age succeeding Age,
 Till Time shall verge upon Eternity,
 And Patriots be no more——

Arn. Behold, my Lord,
 The *Danish* Pris'ners, and the Traytor *Peterfon*,
 Attend their Fate.

Gust. Send home the *Danes* with Honour,
 And let them better learn, from our Example,
 To treat whom next they conquer, with Humanity.

And. But then for *Peterfon*!

Gust. His Crimes are great:
 A single Death were a Reward for Treason:
 Let him still languish— Let him be exil'd.
 No more to see the Land of Liberty,
 The Hills of *Sweden*, nor the native Fields
 Of known, endear'd Idea.

And. Royal Sir,
 This is to pardon, to encourage Villains;
 And hourly to expose that sacred Life,
 Where all our Safety centers.

Gust. Fear them not.
 The Fence of Virtue is a Chief's best Caution;
 And the firm Surety of my People's Hearts
 Is all the Guard that e'er shall wait *Gustavus*.
 I am a Soldier from my Youth; yet *Anderson*,
 These Wars, where Man must wound himself in
 Man,
 Have somewhat shocking in them: trust me, Friend,
 Except in such a Cause as this Day's Quarrel,
 I wou'd not shed a single Wretch's Blood
 For the World's Empire!

Arn.

Arn. O exalted Sweden!

Bless'd People! Heav'n! wherein have we deserv'd
A Man like this to rule us?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Arvida leading in Cristina. He runs to Gustavus.

Gust. My *Arvida*!

Arv. My King! O hail! Thus let me pay my
Homage. [Kneels.]

Gust. Rise, rise, nor shame our Friendship.

Arv. See, *Gustavus*! Behold, nor longer wonder
at my Frailty.

Gust. Be faithful Eyes! Ha! Yes, it must be so.
'Tis she— For Heav'n would chuse no other Form
Wherein to treasure ev'ry mental Virtue.

Cristina. Renown'd *Gustavus*! mightiest among
Men!

If such a Wretch, the Captive of thy Arms,
Trembling and aw'd in thy superior Presence,
May find the Grace that ev'ry other finds,
For thou art said to be of wond'rous Goodness!
Then hear, and O excuse a Foe's Presumption!
While low, thus low you see a suppliant Child,
Now pleading for a Father, for a dear,
Much lov'd; if cruel, yet unhappy Father.
O, let him 'scape; who ne'er can wrong thee more!
If he with circling Nations could not stand
Against thee single; singly, what can he,
When thou art fenc'd with Nations?

Gust. Ha! that Posture!

O rise— surpriz'd, my Eye perceiv'd it not.

Cristina! thou all form'd for Excellence!

I've much to say, but that my Tongue, my Thoughts
Are

Are troubled; warr'd on by unusual Passions.
 'Twas hence thou had'st it in thy Power to ask,
 'Ere I could offer—Come, my Friend, assist,
 Instruct me to be grateful. O *Cristina*!

I fought for Freedom, not for Crowns, thou fair one,
 They shall sit brighter on that beauteous Head,
 Whose Eye might awe the Monarchs of the Earth,
 And light the World to Virtue—My *Arvida*!

Arv. O great and good, and glorious to the last!
 I read thy Soul, I see the gen'rous Conflict,
 And come to fix, not trouble thy Repose.

Cou'd you but know with what an eager Haste
 I sprung to execute thy late Commands;

To shield this lovely Object of thy Cares,
 And give her thus, all beauteous to thy Eyes!

For I've no Blifs but thine, have lost the Form
 Of ev'ry Wish that's foreign to thy Happiness.

But, O, my King! my Conq'rer! my *Gustavus*!

It grieves me much that thou must shortly mourn,
 Ev'n on the Day in which thy Country's freed,
 That crowns thy Arms with Conquest and *Cristina*.

Gust. Alas! your Cheek is pale—You bleed, my
 Brother!

Arv. I do indeed—to Death.

Gust. You have undone me:

Rash, headstrong Man! O was this well, *Arvida*?

[turns from him.]

Arv. Pardon, *Gustavus*! mine's the common Lot,
 The Fate of Thousands fall'n this Day in Battle.

I had resolv'd on Life, to see you blest'd;

To see my King and his *Cristina* happy.

Turn, thou beloved, thou honour'd next to Heav'n!

And to thy Arms receive a Penitent,

Who never more shall wrong thee.

Gust. O *Arvida*!

Friend! Friend!

[turns and embraces him.]

Arv.

Arv. Thy Heart beats Comfort to me! in this
Breast,

Let thy *Arvida*, let thy Friend survive.

O, strip his once lov'd Image of its Frailties,
And strip it too of ev'ry fonder Thought,
That may give thee Affliction——Do, *Gustavus* ;

It is my last Request; for Heav'n and thou
Art all the Care, and Business—of *Arvida*. [*Dies.*

Gust. Friend! Brother! speak—— He's gone——
and here is all

That's left of him who was my Life's best Treasure,
How art thou fall'n, thou greatly valiant Man!

In Ruin graceful, like the Warrior Spear
Tho shiver'd in the Dust——so fall *Gustavus*——

But thou art sped, hast reach'd the Gole before me;
And one light Lapse throughout thy Course in Virtue
Shews only thou wer't Man, ordain'd to strive,
But not attain Perfection.——

Dost thou too weep? transcendent, loveliest Maid!
Pardon a Heart o'ercharg'd with swelling Grief,
That in thy Presence will not be exil'd,
Tho' ev'ry Joy dwells round thee.

Crist. O *Gustavus*!

A Bosom pure like thine must soon regain
The Heart-felt Happiness that dwells with Virtue;
And Heav'n on all exterior Circumstance
Shall pour the Balm of Peace, shall pay thee back
The Blis of Nations, breathing on thy Head
The Sweets that live within the Pray'rs of Foes
Subdued unto thy Merits——fare, farewell!

Gust. Thou shalt not part, *Christina*.

Cristina. O—— I must——

Gust. No, thou art all that's left to sweeten Life,
And reconcile the wearied to the World.

Cristina. It will not be—— I dare not hear——

Gust. You must.

I am thy Suppliant in my Turn——but O

My Suit is more, much more than Life or Empire;
Than Man can merit, or Worlds give without thee.

Cristina. Now aid me, aid me all ye chaster Pow'rs
That guard a Woman's Weakness!—'tis resolv'd—
Thy own Example charms thy Suit to Silence.
Nor think alone to bear the Palm of Virtue,
Thou, who hast taught the World, when Duty calls,
To throw the Bar of ev'ry Wish behind them.
Exalted in that Thought, like thee I rise,
While ev'ry less'ning Passion sinks beneath me.
Adieu, adieu, most honour'd, first of Men,
I go, I part, I fly, but to deserve thee.

Gust. Yet stay—a Moment—till my utt'ring
Heart
Pour forth in Love, in Wonder pour before thee,
Thou cruel Excellence—Woud'st thou too leave me?
Not if the Heart the Arms of thy *Gustavus*
Have Force to hold thee.

Cristina. O delightful Notes!
That I do love thee, yes, tis true, my Lord.
The Bond of Virtue, Friendship's sacred Tie,
The Lover's Pains, and all the Sisters Fondness,
Mine has the Flame of ev'ry Love within it.
But I have a Father, guilty if he be,
Yet is he old; if cruel, yet a Father.
Abandon'd now by ev'ry supple Wretch
That fed his Years with Flattery. I am all
That's left to calm, to sooth his troubled Soul,
To Penitence, to Virtue; and perhaps
Restore the better Empire o'er his Mind,
True Seat of all Dominion—Yet *Gustavus*
Yet there are mightier Reasons—O farewell!
Had I ne'er lov'd I might have stay'd with Ho-
nour. [Exit.

Gustavus

Gustavus looks after Cristina, then turns and looks on Arvida—Anderson; Arnoldus, &c. advance.

And. Behold my Lord, behold the Sons of War,
Of Triumph, turn'd to Tears; while from that Eye
All *Sweden* takes her Fate; and smiles around,
Or weeps with her *Gustavus*.

Arn. Wilt thou not cheer them, say thou great
Deliv'rer?

Siv. O General!

1st *Dale.* King!

2d *Dale.* Brother!

3d *Dale.* Father!

All. Friend!

Gust. Come, come, my Brothers all! Yes, I will
strive

To be the Sum of ev'ry Title to ye,
And you shall be my Sire, my Friend reviv'd,
My Sister, Mother, all that's kind and dear,
For so *Gustavus* holds ye—O I will
Of private Passions all my Soul divest,
And take my dearer Country to my Breast:
To publick Good transfer each fond Desire,
And clasp my *Sweden* with a Lover's Fire.
Well pleas'd, the Weight of all her Burdens bear;
Dispense all Pleasure, but engross all Care.
Still quick to find, to feel my People's Woes,
And wake that Millions may enjoy Repose.



A TRAGI-COMIC
EPILOGUE,

By Way of ENTERTAINMENT.

By Mr. OGLE.

Intended for Mr. *Wright*, Mrs. *Giffard*, and Mrs. *Clive*.

Mr. WRIGHT.



*ELL, Ladies, to the Court, your Plea submit,
Box, Upper-Region, Gallery, and Pit.*

*Our Poet, trembling for his first Essay,
Fear'd to dismiss you, tho' you sav'd his Play.*

Cry'd Nell (in Pity for the bashful Rogue)

"Give 'em a Foke! a Foke was once in Vogue!

"Thus Authors us'd, in less judicious Times,

"When merry Epilogues were thought no Crimes.

"That (said Cristina) wou'd his Ruin crown;

"Nothing, but Virtue, takes this virtuous Town.

"No! let his Epilogue be clean and chaste.

"This, is the Sense, of ev'ry Man of Taste!—

*High rose the Conflict, in our Room of State;
Where Tragic Kings and Queens maintain Debate.*

When, lo! we heard," your Powers began to rise,"

Whose horrid Cat-Call is our worst Excise!

Our inmost Palace felt the loud Dissention;

Where each new Tragedy's a new Convention.

Whence we determin'd without further Pother,

To give you, of the One, and of the Other.

Mrs.

EPILOGUE.

Mrs. GIFFARD.

*Our Author, on the Brave, and Chaste, relies ;
He thinks, the Virtuous are the only Wise.
And, if his Muse, with Voice exalted, sings,
Of Camps, and Courts ; of Ministers, and Kings ;
Yet, be not, to the Great, his Rules confin'd !
His Moral, is, a Lesson to Mankind,
If Virtue, beauteous ; Vice, deform'd, He draws ;
You, that applaud him, sound your own Applause.
Where Vice, Distaste, where Virtue, gives Delight,
Alike, who judge, or paint, are Just, and Right.*

*Virtue, like Vice, escapes the Public Eye,
In Humble Life, yet, blazes in the High.
Hence, Tragedy, that owns no vulgar Flight,
Shines, with the King, in a mild Sphere of Light,
Or vagrant, with the Tyrant, strains to run,
A burning Comet ! Not, a cheering Sun !
That Worth, is Worth ; be, by Gustavus known :
More glorious, in a Mine, than on a Throne !
And, for Cristina, might I hope a Smile,
Less great, was she, in Empire, than Exile !*

*Some Worth, it shows, to aim at worthy Praise.—
Then, wither not, the Plant, that you may raise !
Crush not his Youth ? No !—give him Age to spread !
For, we have heard you, rumbling o'er his Head.
Fell a few Flashes, with portentous Blaze,
To blast th' ambitious Branches of his Bays ;
Yet, if soft Sorrows stream'd from virtuous Eyes,
If rose, from gen'rous Breasts, regaling Sighs :
Refresh'd, by the Attack, the Laurel stands,
And dares the loudest Thunder—of your Hands.*

EPILOGUE.

MRS. CLIVE.

Great, the Design!—I grant—the Moral, good!
 But, 'tis my Weakness, I am Flesh, and Blood.
 What Virgin, here, so tender, and so kind,
 Wou'd not, her Love, with her own Hands, unbind?
 Preliminaries settle in the Dark?
 And, tho' she lost her Father, fix her Spark?
 Or, when she bade th' Attendant, "Save him! Fly!"
 Wou'd She not send, a Billet, By-the-By?
 Not Article? 'Tis Nonsense to say. Not!
 Had She no Feel, no Guess, of What-is-What?

At her Expence, the great Gustavus shines;
 My Lover, He!—Pd send him to his Mines.—
 Arvida falls!—Gustavus wails his End!

And many a Spouse caresses such a Friend.
 Well, let him wail his Death; then, rise to Life:
 Clasp the fond Maid, too strict to be his Wife!
 He held her, in his Camp; might hold, alone:
 Compulsion some Humanity had shown.

Thy Countrymen—will Damn Thee—thy third Day—
 This, is not, sure, the true Hibernian Way?

But, I forgive him. He's a young Beginner!
 Not quite a Prostitute! And yet, a Sinner!
 Forward, to please! Yet awkward, to Delight!
 He wants, a kindly Hand to guide him right!
 A Novice yet—Instruct him—He will mend—
 Full many a Widow wishes such a Friend?
 Ev'n marry'd Dames, may think, a greater Curse
 The slow Performer, that grows Worse-and-Worse!
 This, with a Blush, I say, behind my Fan—
 Cherish the Boy, you'll raise him to a Man!

MR. WRIGHT.

The Cause is heard. Ye Gentle, and ye Brave,
 'Tis yours to Damn him—But, you join to save—

Then,

EPILOGUE.

*Then, hail Gustavus, who, his Country freed!
Ye Sons of Britain, praise, the glorious Swede!
Who, bravely rais'd, and generously releas'd,
From blood-stain'd Tyrant, and perfidious Priest,
The State, and Church; expiring, at a Breath!
Who held, a Life of Slav'ry, worse than Death!
Reform'd Religion! Re-establish'd Law!
—And, that you dare to praise him, hail * Nassau!—*

* The Deliverer of our Country.

F I N I S.



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN SEVEN VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BATES
VOL. I.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

F I N I S

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
BY NATHANIEL BATES

T H E

E A R L of E S S E X.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is now Acting at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Written by

H E N R Y B R O O K E, Esq.

Author of G U S T A V U S V A S A.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, at Shakespear's-Head, in
Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden; and J. COOTE,
in Pater-noster-Row. MDCCLXI.

T. H. O.
EARL of ESSEX.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acting at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Written by

HENRY BROOKS, Esq.

Author of GUSTAVUS VASA.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, at Shakespeare's Head, in
Rue St. Martin, Covent-Garden; and J. COOTE,
in Pall-mall.

P R O L O G U E

To the EARL of ESSEX.

Spoken by Mr. SHERIDAN.

*W*hen'er the brave, the gen'rous, and the just,
When'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,
The tragic muse attends the mournful hearse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.
Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,
In honour's cause, where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.

Nor thus content, she opens death's cold womb,
And bursts the cearments of the awful tomb
To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and pressure give.

Thus once fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.

Nor deem it much, that we retrace to-night,
A tale to which you've list'ned with delight.

How oft of yore, to learned Athens' eyes
Did new Eleētras and new Phædras rise?

In France how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own?

When there new Iphigenias have the sigh,
Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.

On the same theme tho' rival wits appear,

The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.

P R O L O G U E.

*If there soft pity pours her plenteous store,
For fabled kings and empires now no more;
Much more should you—from freedom's glorious plan,
Who still inherit all the rights of man;
Much more should you, with kindred sorrows glow
For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
Much more a British story should impart
The warmest feelings to each British heart.*



ADVER;

Dramatic Performances.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are some few Passages in the following Tragedy different from those which are spoken on the stage ; the reason of which has been, that in dramatic writings, many things may appear well in the closet, which would not have a good effect in the representation.

Dramatis Personæ.

ESSEX,

Mr. SHERIDAN.

SOUTHAMPTON,

Mr. HOLLAND.

CECIL,

Mr. DAVIES.

RALEIGH,

Mr. PACKER.

Lieutenant of the Tower,

Mr. ACKMAN.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Mrs. PRITCHARD.

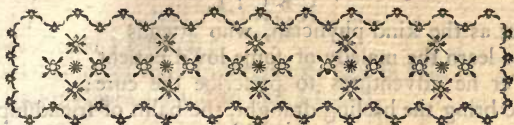
Countess of Rutland,

Miss MOWAT.

Countess of Nottingham,

Mrs. KENNEDY.

Guards, Attendants, &c.



T H E
E A R L of E S S E X.

A.
T R A G E D Y.



A C T I.

Enter NOTTINGHAM *and* CECIL:

NOTTINGHAM.

E A V E me!—Away!

L C E C I L.

I cannot—No, those starts,
Those deep fetch'd sighs, these changes
of complexion
Must have a cause, and I—

N O T T I N G H A M.

How dare you, sir?—

'Tis poor, 'tis little in you, thus to pry,
To lurk, and watch me in the hour of weakness.

B C E C I L.

C E C I L.

But as the kind physician, who attends
To learn the malady of some lov'd patient,
E'er he adventures to prescribe the cure;
To bring the healing draught, the balm of friendship.

N O T T I N G H A M.

Friendship from man! perdition on the sex!
May ev'ry evil, ev'ry pang they bring
To the weak hearts of fond defenceless women,
Return in tenfold mischiefs on their heads!

C E C I L.

Are none exempt? Can charity involve
The harmless with the guilty undistinguished?
Shall he who longs to do, or suffer greatly,
To save the dear lov'd object from affliction,
Be as the cruel wretch, who caus'd her care?

N O T T I N G H A M.

O Cecil, if indeed you have lov'd truly,
If you have felt the stings of slighted passion,
Of heart torn hope, and raging disappointment;
You then will cast a kindred eye of pity
On the most lost, the most undone of women.
Effex——

C E C I L.

——Ha! what of Effex?

N O T T I N G H A M.

Read that letter.

C E C I L.

——From him?

N O T T I N G H A M.

The Traytor—read, and then revenge.
Yet no—the scroll that would reveal my shame,
His triumph—thus I rend to pieces, thus—
As I would tear the heart of the proud writer.

C E C I L.

And could the brave, the gentle, gallant Effex,
Could he be this barbarian?

N O T.

NOTTINGHAM.

—Could I tell you?

Did shame not shut up utterance—but in vain
I send my eyes around to find a friend.

CECIL.

And can you be to seek when Cecil stands
Before you, suing but to be your slave?
Cecil whose strong and self-supported flame
Has brav'd the lasting frost of cold indifference.
O would you condescend to try his service,
What is there he would not attempt?

NOTTINGHAM.

—O Cecil!

If I have seem'd or distant, or averse
To your great merit, and your kind regard,
Think of the cause—He claims your full resentment.
The cruel—The ungrateful—He alone
Engross'd me from the World. When soon to Ireland
His high commission bore him—torn—distracted—
Rack'd by a conflict of opposing Passions,
Strong love at length prevail'd—Hear it not Cecil,
What thought would hide—where memory recoils,
And scarce believes itself—I sent this man—
I sent—O death to modesty!—I did send him—
My vows, myself, my soul a willing slave,
In a fond letter!

CECIL.

—That indeed did merit
A fair return at least.

NOTTINGHAM.

—A fair return!

The proud, inhuman, the insulting villain!
O for a breath, that would at distance blast him!
Fair answer said'st thou? No—by all the powers
Of shame, and rage, that work in slighted woman,
A rude repulse!

C E C I L.

—And yet you love him still?

N O T T I N G H A M.

Love! Cecil, say you, love?

Hate, hate—Within it labours, fell, and deadly.

Know'st thou our sex, and think'st that a woman

Slighted, refus'd, can love? No, no! the milk,

The kindly flow of love is chang'd to gall,

Runs with invenom'd poison thro' my veins,

And like the basilisk's, my baleful eyes

Would shoot swift death, and I could kill with looks.

C E C I L.

Know then, the guardians of your injur'd beauty,

Whisper'd e'er this to my prophetick soul

The vengeance due: and high as Essex sits,

The love and glory of admiring England,

He waits but for your voice to doom his fall,

Then sinks to quick perdition.

N O T T I N G H A M.

—Down with him,

From his proud height, to the unbottom'd deep;

Altho' the gorge of his wide opening gulph

Should swallow thousands. Yes, if Cecil bids,

Fate signs the mandate: Cecil's breath alone

Informs our councils, and arrays our armies;

Fills out the wide expanse of Britain's sails,

And steers the vessel proudly through the world.

C E C I L.

Praise from that mouth is high reward! what more,

What may he hope who vindicates your charms,

And flakes your thirsty soul with noble vengeance?

N O T T I N G H A M.

My hand, my heart are his.

C E C I L.

—With such reward

In view, what shall I not atchieve? Then know

The queen prepares for council ; wait her presence,
And you shall hear of mischief, such as minds
That soar uncommon flights alone can relish.

NOTTINGHAM.

I go, I fly ! O be the moments short,
Till vengeance come to ease my tortur'd soul !

[Exit Nottingham

CECIL *alone.*

The fate of Essex leaves my road smooth pav'd
To love, as to ambition—What altho'
Both objects be enforc'd ? Reluctance gives
Impatient bliss, and heightens the enjoyment.
Southampton here ! The second man on earth
Who stirs my fear, and therefore claims my hatred.
A stately branch he is, ingrafted firm
To the proud stem of our aspiring Essex ;
But hew the hostile trunk, and every bough
Partakes the kindred ruin.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

CECIL.

Fair morning wait upon the brave Southampton.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Not so, my Lord, there hangs a cloud upon it ;
Pregnant with pois'nous vapours, as they say,
Exhal'd from Cecil's breath, to blast the land,
And nip her brightest blossoms.

CECIL.

—Good my lord,

Is mystery the mode ? What means your Lordship ?

SOUTHAMPTON.

No mystery to Cecil's conscious spirit :
'Tis rumour'd that some dark malignant faction
Are leagu'd with hell, in plotting an impeachment
Of the most loyal heart that England holds,
Our great, our glorious Essex.

C E C I L.

—I have heard

Somewhat of this, and as I know the earl
Valiant and noble, wish he may find means
To clear the charge of guilt.

SOUTHAMPTON.

—Guilt! said you guilt?

Come shew this monster of your own creation,
The phantom that state wizzards conjure up
Amid the depth of their nocturnal councils,
To make their power look dreadful o'er the land,
And scare our Britons from the side of virtue.

C E C I L.

My lord your zeal to this unhappy man,
Has clos'd your eyes to what a nation sees
With clear, unsway'd discernment; his ambition,
His late cabal with rebels, and the storm
Brew'd, and concerted with his Irish colleagues
To wreak the peace, and honour of his country.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Rather concerted in the cabinet,
Where spurious treasons are begot, and taught
To call some pre-appointed victim, father;
As statesmen please to bid, where'er they find
Talents to cross, or virtue to offend them,

C E C I L.

Be witness for me that I urge you not
To this rash mood, but rather warn Southampton
To bear himself aloof, sedate, and separate;
Lest he be held a partner of that guilt
Which such attachment warrants.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Patience heaven!

Shall insolence unpunish'd thus presume
To blot the visage of untainted loyalty?
Dare you proclaim a hunting thro' the land,
And point out worth and honour for the quarry?

Base

Base politician!—By the sacred name
That warms a Briton's breast, by liberty!
There's not a peasant in the train of Essex,
But has a fund of golden honesty,
Beyond what Cecil, and his close cabal,
With all their worth can weigh.

C E C I L.

I answer not such railing—Fare you well—
And if you are a friend to bold Southampton
Bid him not cross the way that Cecil walks,
Or look to fall with Essex.

[Exit Cecil.]

S O U T H A M P T O N.

Fall with Essex!
Statesman 'tis false, he sits above your soaring,
Too high for Cecil with his cumbrous load
Of grov'ling guilt to reach—Yet since he dares
To threat thus openly, the danger's near.
I'll in to council straight, and there perhaps
Their secret machinations may break forth.

Scene draws and discovers the QUEEN, NOT-
TINGHAM, CECIL *and Attendants.*

Q U E E N.

From Spain, my lords, have you had tydings lately
By any private letters, that import
Their new designs?

C E C I L.

Not any, royal madam.

Q U E E N.

'Twas rumour'd some time since, that they intended
A second visit, and a new armada;
But the last pacquet from our agent there,
Speaks no such purpose.

C E C I L.

— No, my glorious mistress,
They're sick, war-surfetted, they yet do pant
From the fore memory of their old encounter.

S O U T H A M P T O N.

While time shall travel down from age to age,
Leading white-handed faith, and liberty
To nations yet unborn, oft shall they turn,
And thro' past worlds roll back their grateful eye,
On your distinguish'd day! Wherein the powers
Of darkness were confederate; when Rome
Rose up with all her champions, to impose
Chains on the limbs, and night upon the mind:
Then had the worlds of freedom, and of truth,
Return'd to chaos; but Elizabeth,
Heaven's minister below, sent forth her sons
Of light, and order; her immortal Drake,
Her glorious Essex, and all conquering host
Of freeborn Britons: heaven that day avow'd
His virgin champion, and confirm'd the gift,
Th' eternal gift of liberty to man,

Q U E E N.

Yes, my all dear, my still unconquered people!
You have deriv'd a glory on your queen,
That lifts her sex above the conquering chiefs
Of Egypt, or of Macedon: they fought
Impoling slavery, we conferring freedom.

C E C I L.

You are too gracious; heaven but make us equal
To the least part of all your wondrous bounties!
So should Tyrone, and wild rebellion, soon
Sink underneath the force of loyalty,
And Britain's host still find a faithful leader.

Q U E E N.

Why, Cecil, have you fresh accounts from Ireland?

C E C I L.

C E C I L.

Nothing, my royal mistress, more than usual,
Old ills repeated.

S O U T H A M P T O N.

— Now the snake begins
To wind his venom'd train.

Q U E E N.

— What ills, good Cecil?

C E C I L.

Amazing grace! how willingly your majesty
Forgets the faults committed by a subject.

Q U E E N.

That Essex (you would say) so vers'd in conquest,
For once became remiss, and lost a season —
Is not that all?

C E C I L.

— And holds close amity
With the most dreadful foe of queen, and country,
The fierce Tyrone; confers in secret with him;
Parlies with traitors, and cabals with rebels,
No friend to Britain present, whence ensue
Scandalous truces, shameful to —

Q U E E N.

— Hold, Cecil —
You grow inveterate, 'tis his first offence;
None here can boast perfection: Essex too,
Like us, good statesman, may not want his failings.
I would not be extreme to condemnation,
Nor clear in his excuse. I've therefore sent him
Commands of purpos'd chiding, that enjoin
Quick reparation; never more to bend
His brow unlaurel'd to the coast of Britain. —

Exeunt

*Enter Sir WALTHER RALEIGH, and others
of the Commons.*

C E C I L.

May it please your majesty, your faithful Raleigh,
And others in commission from your Commons,
Attend with their address, and some few bills,
Humbly presented for your people's safety.

Q U E E N.

Ay, that's a theme, to which my charmed ear
Could list for ever — Welcome to your queen,
To your true servant welcome! Give me to know
How I may best attain the glorious end
For which alone I wish to live; to feast
Upon that royal luxury of soul,
The peace, the weal, the bliss of my kind people.

R A L E I G H.

Immortal health, and never ending joys,
To the imperial majesty of England!
Bright star of Christendom! the virgin light
Which guides our steps to truth, our arms to honour!
Queen of true-hearted Britons! who do wish
The sun should be extinguish'd in his orb;
Ere you their better glory should decline,
And leave your realms in more lamented darkness!
Your parliament in care of these your kingdoms,
(Who live but in your life) present three bills
With humblest suit to pass them into acts
For the dear safety for your throne, and person.

Q U E E N.

Let Cecil see what they contain.

C E C I L,

— The first

Is for establishing a train'd militia
Thro' every shire; and for a farther levy
Of certain horse, and foot, as a strong guard

Of

Of safety, to our queen's most sacred person.
 The second — That two hundred thousand pounds
 Be rais'd in part for payment of those troops,
 Farther to be dispos'd of as our sovereign
 In her dear pleasure shall appoint.

Q U E E N.

—How poor
 Were thanks to such a people! but be sure
 For you I'll prove a thrifty usurer;
 And every talent trusted to your queen,
 Shall be return'd with fivefold interest
 Of love, and due beneficence. — Proceed.

C E C I L.

The third consists of several articles
 Expressive of your subjects just abhorrence
 Of plots, and treas'rous practices — concluding
 With a submissive prayer, most humbly offer'd
 For the impeaching Robert earl of Essex.

Q U E E N.

Who dares impeach him? whence this insolence
 Without my privity? Am I awake?
 Say, am I England's queen? do you know me, Not-
 tingham?

N O T T I N G H A M.

You are our queen, our royal mistress?

Q U E E N.

—No!
 'Tis false, a waxen pageant, set aloft
 For statesmen's hands to mould, and move at will.
 How was I call'd! Ha! Rebels! well ye warn
 Of plots, and treasonous practices — Ye smooth ones,
 Who, like hyæna, make your sly approaches,
 By whine, and cringe — then leap with quick surprize,
 And rend your feeder. Come, what would you farther?
 'Tis yours to dictate, my imperial masters!
 At your command I'll drench my innocence
 In the most brave and loyal blood of England;

Tread

Tread out offensive virtue, pluck fidelity
 Even from the heart of Britain. You my masters!
 Shall rule unrival'd then, and your ambition
 Be prop'd by guardians like unto yourselves;
 Fools for your senate, knaves for every office,
 And cowards for commanders.

S O U T H A M P T O N.

— Horrid plot!
 Most wicked combination! what shall guard
 The throne or kingdom, when their fences thus
 Are sapt in secret, or confessedly
 Assail'd in open day? when even your Essex,
 That glorious man, by whose undaunted courage
 The cowards that impeach him live in safety;
 When he must fall to make a public breach,
 Where mask'd ambition may encroach on majesty,
 And treasons gain free entrance.

Q U E E N.

That I have lov'd thee, Britain — O how truly!
 With such a love! too much of that — But had I,
 Had I the spirit of my father Harry,
 I had array'd my majesty in terrors,
 And thence deriv'd respect; held the rein hard,
 And the lash active; then you had known your ruler:
 Yes, ye petitioners for blood! you then
 Should have been glutted, even with the blood
 Of your own crew, untill the gorged stream
 Had choak'd your faction.

C E C I L.

— First, and best of monarchs,
 Vex nor your royal heart; not all our lives
 Are worth the least emotion, that may give
 Your sovereign mind disturbance.

Q U E E N.

— O 'tis plain
 I've reign'd too long; their hunger is variety:
 They've ta'en a jewish surfeit of their sweets,

And

And thence have turn'd to loathing. — 'Tis enough —
 Their pleasures be fulfill'd — Thou pageant sceptre,
 Thou banisher of truth, that do'st invite
 The bow of flattery, and the smile of falshood;
 Thus do I hurl thee to thy worshipers,
 And am myself alone —

[Throws away the sceptre.]

R A L E I G H.

O queen ador'd, rever'd to adoration!
 Lo! to the dust beneath your dread rebuke,
 All aw'd, and humbl'd, your repentant subjects
 Fall prostrate for forgiveness.

Q U E E N.

— Dare not then
 To dictate to me farther; I'm a Briton —
 I was born free as you, and know my privilege.
 Henceforward you shall find that I'm your queen,
 The guardian and protectress of my subjects;
 And not your instrument to crush my people:
 No passive engine for cabals to ply,
 No tool for faction — I shall henceforth seek
 For other lights to truth; for righteous monarchs,
 Justly to judge, with their own eyes should see;
 To rule o'er freemen, should themselves be free.

[Exeunt.]

The END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

Enter Countess of RUTLAND and SOUTHAMPTON.

RUTLAND.

IS he arriv'd? I shall run mad with joy!
Is my Lord come indeed?

SOUTHAMPTON.

— Too sure, too sure!

But Oh! that gulphs, far sunk beneath all fathom,
And wide as ocean flows, were now betwixt you!

RUTLAND.

Now by the sudden transports of my heart,
Which bounds, and kindles, spite of thy foreboding,
What mean those fears? what ill hath chanc'd, what
change,

Since late the Queen, like circling providence,
Planted her heav'nly guardianship around him,
And screen'd him from his envious foes?

SOUTHAMPTON.

— Alas!

His rashness has undone us. His return,
Against the appointment of his high commission,
And in the palpable and conscious breach
Of the Queen's absolute commands; hath forfeited
All his proud titles, honours, offices—
Perhaps his precious life.

RUTLAND.

RUTLAND.

— O where, where is he ?

Fly, thou dear friend ! stop, intercept, conjure him
Quick back to Ireland, ere the blabbing wind
Can whisper his arrival. Tho' the world,
For one lov'd look, were short and poor of purchase,
What's world, or looks, or I, or all to Essex ?
Fly, thou dear Friend—

SOUTHAMPTON.

— Alas ! 'tis now too late—

He's just at hand—Fame says within this hour
He enters London. As I hasted hither,
I met the haughty Cecil, envious Raleigh,
And treacherous Nottingham in close cabal :
From ear to ear death murmur'd, and askance
They cast a smile of scorn, and with their eyes
Bid me defiance as they pass'd.

RUTLAND.

— Ah friend !

I sink beneath my fears, my heart dies in me.
I'll to the Queen this moment ; fly, fall prostrate,
Cling to her royal feet, declare our marriage,
Weep, pray, conjure her, yet—if not for Essex,
Not for her Rutland's sake to save him, yet
Even for the little trembling pledge I bear him,
For whose most precious safety she stands charg'd
To her whole people.

SOUTHAMPTON.

— Stop—beware of that,

There's not another step 'twixt that and ruin.
Time—prudence checks my tongue—Let it suffice,
All other treasons would appear as loyalty
To that dread secret ! that alone is wanting
To seal the doom of Essex—Soft, the Queen !
Severe and slow she comes ; upon her brow,

In mute, but discontented characters,
I read her inward tumult—You had best retire.

[Exit Rutland.

Enter QUEEN, CECIL, RALEIGH,
NOTTINGHAM, and Attendants.

QUEEN.

Is Essex then return'd?

CECIL.

— He is.

QUEEN.

— What hither?

To London? 'tis impossible—

CECIL.

Just now arriv'd.

QUEEN,

— Are law and loyalty but names?

Arriv'd against our personal injunctions!

'Tis treason but to think it.

CECIL.

— Will your Majesty

Be pleas'd to see him?

QUEEN.

— No! —

CECIL.

— Shall I then publish

Your royal will, forbidding him the court?

QUEEN.

Neither—How dare you, Sir? What, must I still

Be guided, nor allow'd my proper judgment?

Must every faucy minion call'd to council

Straight arrogate controul? and claim to be

Dictator to his Queen?

SOUTHAMPTON.

First, best, and brightest
 Regent of hearts! whose voluntary throne
 Rises supreme, amid the blissful tracts
 Of liberty and reason! at your feet
 A faithful subject falls. O royal Mistress,
 I tremble to excuse my valiant friend:
 He may be rash, impetuous, of a temper
 Not tun'd to each occasion; for the Earl
 Has artful foes, who studiously provoke
 The faults for which they ambush. But that he
 Is firm, and loyal; that his heart o'erflows
 With fulness of his Queen; with truth, and faith,
 And wondrous gratitude; I would stake down
 The worth of my eternal soul to warrant.

Enter a Gentleman, who whispers SOUTH-
 AMPTON.

QUEEN.

Whate'er Southampton may be as a subject,
 I see he is a friend—at least to Essex.

SOUTHAMPTON.

May it please your Majesty, the Earl is come,
 And waits your royal pleasure.

QUEEN.

— Tell the rebel—
 Yet hold—I have better thought—Yes, I will see him—
 But it shall be to sting his haughty soul:
 Anger would give him consequence—Contempt
 Is what he least can bear. Give him admittance.

C

Enter

Enter ESSEX.

ESSEX.

Health to the virgin majesty of England!
 Your servant, your true soldier, Queen of monarchs!
 For the first time now trembles to approach you,
 As being here in conscious disobedience
 Of your dread orders. Yet, when I have shewn
 That 'twas the last necessity compell'd me
 (Thanks to the artful malice of my foes)
 To this now seemingly unduteous act;
 When I have shewn that no alternative
 Was left me, but to seem or disobedient,
 Or bear a traitor's name; I shall rely
 Upon your majesty's accustom'd grace,
 Weighing the jealous honour of the soldier,
 To palliate, if not clear, the subject's fault.
 —I'm charg'd with guilt, with being false, disloyal,
 False to my Queen, to England false; could Essex
 Bear such a charge, and live? No—swift as thought,
 And bold as innocence, fearless of danger,
 Of death, or what is worse—His Queen's displeasure—
 He comes to front his foes; even to the teeth
 Of malice comes he, to assert his honour,
 And claim due reparation of his wrongs.

QUEEN.

Cecil, are those petitions answer'd yet,
 Which late I gave in charge?

CECIL.

They are, an't please you.

ESSEX.

What not a word, a look?—not one blefs'd look
 Of wonted influence, whose kindly warmth
 Might chase these envious, and malignant clouds
 With which your servant is begirt? Nay then—

My

My night comes on apace—I see—I see
 The birds of dark and evil omen round me;
 Cecils, and Raleighs: how they scent their feast—
 Sagacious ravens, how they snuff from far
 The promis'd carcass—Be it so—for Essex
 Is but the creature of imperial favour,
 By his Queen's voice exalted into greatness,
 And by her breath reduc'd again to nothing.

QUEEN.

Ha! that's mournful—
 I must not listen to that well known voice;
 I feel the woman rising in my breast
 —But rouse thee, Queen of Britain, be thyself.
 What, does the traitor still abide our presence?
 All who have truth, or fealty to their Queen,
 Follow me straight.

[*Exeunt all but Essex.*]

ESSEX.

Ha! is it then so?
 What spurn'd, contemn'd, insulted!
 Not heard, scarce seen; contemn'd! how, how feels
 that?
 Contempt and Essex pair'd!

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

— What, one friend left?
 Then Essex still is rich.

SOUTHAMPTON.

— My soul's elect,
 Be firm! be all yourself! see from the throne
 Proud Cecil comes, commission'd to discharge
 Its thunder at thy head.

ESSEX.

— I see, my brother—
 Never did that Leviathan appear,

But as the prophet of some coming wreck;
Foretasting ill, and writhing in his nostrils
The promise of a tempest.

Enter CECIL and RALEIGH.

CECIL.

— Hear ye, Sir,
What the unquestion'd majesty of England
With gentlest mercy tempering awful justice,
By us pronounces—Robert Earl of Essex,
She here divests you of your trusts, and offices;
Your dignities of governor of Ireland,
Earl marshal, master of the horse, prime general
Of all her forces, both by land, and sea;
And lord lieutenant of the several counties
Of Essex, Hereford, and Westmoreland.

ESSEX.

Then I'm divested—well—what more? for these
Are but the lightness of a summer's robe,
The gauds and outward trappings of her Essex.
What farther?

CECIL.

— That you instantly depart
The Court, and stir no farther than your house,
Without an order from the Queen, and council.
And lastly, 'tis her pleasure, that you send
Your staff by us.

ESSEX.

— Ha! that indeed requires
Some pause—

CECIL.

— What say you? What may we return
In answer to her Majesty?

ESSEX.

E S S E X.

— But wilt thou—
Wilt thou be sure exprefsly to deliver
What Effex gives in charge?

C E C I L,

— I will moft truly.

E S S E X.

Then tell her, treason never harbour'd yet
In bold blunt truths, or openefs of action:
It feeks close covert in the smiles of courts,
Fleers in the cringe, and skulks behind the vizard.
Tell her—my honeft Cecil! tell thy miftrefs,
That treason is a statesman, near her throne,
Who holds his Queen befieg'd, and calls it guar-
dianship;
Who feals th' imperial fenfe; cuts the dear ties
'Twixt fovereign and fubject; fills her church
With profelytes to vice, and fets corruption
Aloft, even on the feats of injur'd juftice:
For guilt feeks fellowship, and league with guilt,
And vice fupports his kindred.

C E C I L.

— I fhall remember.

S O U T H A M P T O N.

— Tell her too,
That while ſhe ſlumber'd, that arch felon, Cecil
Scal'd her high feat, and feized the reins of empire;
Thence bids the dews defcend, and thunders roll
To his direktion; fheds her bounties down
Where his vile minions for vile ends may prosper:
But ever plants the bolt, and deadly blaft,
Where worth, or wifdom flourish—Wretched Britons!
Is there a patriot, is there yet a man,
Whofe blood, whofe toils, whofe virtues have acquir'd
Aught to his country's fervice; 'tis a crime

Set down for capital; a barbed mote,
Fretting the eye of envy, and of Cecil.
But O! the brave, the valiant never scape him,
For cowards still are cruel.

C E C I L.

— Well observ'd—

This I shall tell, and that Southampton said it.

R A L E I G H.

My Lords, in speaking thus, you tax her majesty
Of weakness, and injustice both.

E S S E X.

— I care not—

Suggest whate'er your malice may devise,
'Tis equal all to Essex.

C E C I L.

— May we then

Presume your answer summ'd in this?

E S S E X.

— You may.

C E C I L.

You'll not return your staff by us.

E S S E X.

— I will not.

From my Queen's hand did I receive that staff,
Nor will I yield it back to any other.

C E C I L.

Fare ye well, lords—

[*Exeunt Cecil and Raleigh.*]

S O U T H A M P T O N.

— Now are they fraught with venom,
Which they will strait discharge, with all the force
Of spiteful rage, into the royal ear.
I must away to counteract their poison.

E S S E X.

ESSEX.

Yes my Southampton, haste, say to the queen
That Essex now adjures her by his services,
If ever they found favour in her sight,
To grant him but a hearing, a short hearing;
From her own lips let him receive his doom,
To her own hands restore his offices,
And he will yield unmurmuring to his fate.

SOUTHAMPTON.

I fly, my lord, and doubt not yet to gain
An interview—Oh! may its end be prosperous.
[Exit Southampton,

ESSEX.

Where now is Essex? Where the late rebuke
Of nations, hostile to the peace of Britain?
Who spread their lands with rout, their seas with
terror!——
Deminish'd—shrunken—As tho' he had never tri-
umph'd;
As tho' he ne'er had conquer'd for his country.
O hard earn'd glory! long wrought pile of greatness!
Are your enchanted works no more than so,
A word, and vanish?—Now—Where are they now?
The rushing mob—The shouting multitude——
The sweeping levee and the bending circle?
All fled, all mute, and lonesome now around me!
As tho' I walk'd o'er graves and charnel ground;
As tho' I carried famine in one hand,
And pestilence in t'other.

Enter RUTLAND.

RUTLAND

——My Essex!

ESSEX.

—Rutland! O, my better angel!
How has thy presence fill'd this solitude!
And like a beam from heaven dispers'd the gloom
That overspread my soul.

RUTLAND.

—I could not bear
To think you were so near me, and not rush
To snatch one look—But I must haste—

ESSEX.

—Fear nothing.

RUTLAND.

We shall be seen.

ESSEX.

—No eye is bent this way,
No footstep turn'd; for a discarded favourite,
Shun'd like the plague, makes every place a desert.

RUTLAND.

May I then look! indulge my longing eyes?
I cannot speak to thee, my heart's too full.
Effex! you turn away!

ESSEX.

—Alas my love,
What object now is Effex for thy eyes?
Stripp'd of his honours, all his glories wither'd,
A bare, and sightless trunk!

RUTLAND.

—O Effex, Effex!
Can't thou think so meanly of thy Rutland,
As to believe the gaudy pageantry,
The trappings of ambition, ever made thee
More lovely in my sight? No, Effex, no,

I love!

I lov'd thee for thyself. Thy pompous titles,
 Thy splendid dignities, commands in war,
 I look'd upon as my worst enemies,
 Which interpos'd, and held me from my lord.
 Are they remov'd? then there's no obstacle
 Between his Rutland, and her soul's elect;
 And thus she claims him, thus she folds him in,
 From war, and from ambition, cruel rivals!
 For all she wedded, all she ever wish'd,
 Her wealth, her every want, her world is here,
 And scorns addition.

E S S E X.

—Heaven make me worthy,
 Of so much tenderneſs! yes, I will own
 Ambition had its charms; but 'twas in hopes
 To raise my love as high above her sex
 In dignity, as she transcends in merit:
 Else had I never barter'd one bleſt hour
 Of thy ſociety for what the world,
 Thro' a proud life of conquest, and dominion,
 Could yield in abſence.

R U T L A N D.

—And will you then
 No longer liſten to deluſive fame?
 No more be guided by the witching fires
 Of wand'ring glory? Homeward wilt thou turn,
 Where love, and Rutland, have prepared the ſeat
 Of humble rapture, and of inward peace?
 A little empire of ſerene delights,
 Of guardian virtues, and obſervant ſmiles,
 All ready, waiting for their lord's arrival.

E S S E X.

O, my fantaſtick folly, that could liſten
 To the enchantments of that ſyren fame!

But

But now the spell is ended ; never more
 Shall vain ambition tempt me to forego
 My soul's substantial blifs. Adieu false splendours !
 My rest is fix'd even here—We'll find some spot
 Secluded from the world, like that fair garden,
 Where first the princely parent of mankind,
 Blest in his consort's sweet society,
 Wish'd for no other pleasure : there we'll live,
 Far from the haunts of men, from vice, and folly ;
 Reign in each other's hearts with mutual sway,
 The noblest royalty ! Be love our treasure,
 We shall be wond'rous rich ! love our ambition,
 And who exalted like us ?

R U T L A N D,

—O my Effex !

What a new paradise were there ! to know
 No pangs of parting ; see thee every day,
 And sometimes all the day—Sweet holiday !
 Peace round my pillow ; and my morning fun
 Cheer'd by thy presence ; and thine eyes to speak
 Love's language ; and thy smiles to interfuse
 The swell of cordial joy—O, my lov'd Effex,
 That life indeed were blest !

E S S E X.

—Ha ! who comes here ?

Be not alarm'd my love, it is my friend.

Enter S O U T H A M P T O N.

Well, my Southampton—

S O U T H A M P T O N.

Heavens, what madness this !

Sould any eye behold you—And the queen
 Has just enquired for you—Fly with speed.

RUTLAND.

RUTLAND.

Alas! from what a happy dream of heaven,
 Hast thou awak'd me! what is human bliss?
 A moment's meeting, a long age of absence!
 One rich, and precious drop of cordial joy,
 Drench'd in a current of insipid time,
 Or deep affliction.

ESSEX.

—Light, and life of Essex,
 From thee be evil far: we soon shall meet
 To part no more.

RUTLAND.

Farewel—Remember, Rutland
 Knows not one happy hour, when thou art from her.

[Exit Rutland.]

SOUTHAMPTON.

The queen to my importunate request
 Has granted you a hearing, be prepar'd:
 You must command your temper, for believe me
 'Tis on the warmth of that, the generous warmth,
 (Which still accompanies the noblest natures)
 Your foes rely, to fire the subtle train,
 Which they have laid to blast your hopes for ever.

ESSEX.

Well, I will try—altho' 'tis wond'rous hard
 Calmly to bear th' envenom'd shafts of malice;
 And pois'nous tooth of foul mouth'd calumny!
 Yet I will try—Be truth my only weapon,
 Patience my shield. But no dissimulation
 Shall with its base alloy, bring down the ore,
 The pure, rich ore, of which the noble mind
 By nature's hand is form'd, below truth's standard.

No,

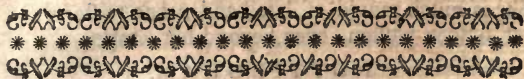
No, let me perish, e're one grain of falshood,
 Infect, and leaven that Integrity
 Of soul, in which man's dignity consists.
 Had I the choice to make, I swear by heaven,
 I should esteem it far more eligible,
 To fall with honour, than to rise by baseness.

[Exit,

The END of the SECOND ACT.



W. H. I will try—
 Calmly to bear, and with a heart of justice;
 And not a word of foul-mouth'd calumny
 Yet will try—By death my only weapon,
 I strike my shield. But no diminution
 Shall with its pale ally, bring down the ore
 The purest of which the noble mind
 By nature's hand is made, below the'st lead.



A C T III.

Enter CECIL *and* NOTTINGHAM.

CECIL.

NO more—Bright Nottingham—We strive in
vain—
Essex can only be subdu'd by Essex ;
He stands impregnable to all beside :
And if his native pride, and proper passions,
Serve not to pull his own destruction on him ;
He bids for perpetuity in favour.

NOTTINGHAM.

The queen, I fear, has motives for her favour,
Which queens may feel, but not avow ; unmark'd
Within this hour I stole upon her privacy ;
Her brow was sunk from royalty ; and sad,
And desolate her aspect ; as of one
Betroth'd to loneliness ; in whom the pride
Of power, and beauty, was no more remember'd.
I listen'd—But her broken accents spoke
A voice suppress'd by grief ; while down her cheek
Stole the pale tear, which ever as she wip'd,
A piteous heir succeeded.

CECIL.

C E C I L.

—I perceive

She is much mov'd of late, and prone to starts
Of sudden passion, even beyond her temper.

N O T T I N G H A M.

How did she brook the haughty earl's reply
To her last message?

C E C I L.

—Never did I see her

So stung, so thoroughly enkindled—Straight
She issued hasty orders for impeachment;
When in the very stroke of instant fate,
Southampton came, and with a subtle tale
Calm'd all her rage: And now is Essex sent for,
To plead to what Southampton boldly stiles
The gall of false accusers.

N O T T I N G H A M.

—Curs'd be his tongue!

For then the ground we've gain'd will all be lost.

C E C I L.

I see the queen but seeks some thin pretext
To cover inclination; some smooth terms
Of soft submission, or acknowledg'd error,
To reinstate this minion of her fancy,
In wonted height of arrogance.—But see
Her closet opens—Let us not appear
To pry on her retirements.

N O T T I N G H A M.

—You withdraw,

I'll wait within her call.

[Exit Cecil.

Enter

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN.

The proud, insensible, ungrateful wretch!
 The thankless, kindless, faithless, barbarous Essex!
 False to his loving queen, his friend, his patron;
 False to his——Hold thee there, for I will tear him
 From my fond bosom, tho' the vital drops
 Of my sad heart should follow,—Queen of Britain
 To what art thou reduc'd? with not one friend;
 Forlorn, and desolate, amidst a realm,
 Whom as a parent bird, with hov'ring wings
 Thy daily love has gathered in from danger,
 And foster'd with thy life,——Ha! Nottingham!
 I thought I had been alone.——

NOTTINGHAM.

——Pardon a duty
 Perhaps too forward—Ah, my royal mistress!
 All is not well—Upon my knees I beg——
 Somewhat hangs heavy on your mind, or haply
 Your precious health's in danger.

QUEEN.

Rise, my Nottingham——
 I am in health, and thank thy tenderness;
 Only a little troubled that my people
 Grow weary of my love: I have reign'd long;
 Such is the nature of inconstant man,
 The purest ore of happiness below,
 Without variety, will lose its value;
 Whilst novelty can give the vilest dross
 Both stamp and currency. Prithee my friend,
 What say the people to this haughty man,
 And his late conduct?

NOTTINGHAM.

——Please your majesty,
 They seem to blame him highly.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

—Blame him, say'st thou?

NOTTINGHAM.

Indeed it was not well.

QUEEN.

—Not well—The Traytor!

And is that all? Come, come, speak plainly to me.

Is it thus tamely that my subjects see

This daring insult to my crown? Or warm'd

With duteous zeal, and loyal indignation,

Vent freely their reproaches?

NOTTINGHAM.

—Thus commanded,

I shall without disguise speak what I've heard

Of this imperious soldier.

QUEEN.

—Aye, pray do—

Be plain—What says the world of me, and Essex?

NOTTINGHAM.

Of you they never speak, but in a prayer

Of due thanksgiving, and of wishes breath'd

As incense up to heaven, for length of life,

And days of happy omen.

QUEEN.

—Well, proceed—

Of Essex then—

NOTTINGHAM.

—Of him they utter terms

Of due reproach, and plenteous imprecation.

His popularity, they give to pride,

That cringes to be courted; his beneficence

To niggard bribes for flattery; his high courage

To bear-like brutal rashness; his achievements

To

To a mean fondness for the blab of fame:
 And all his acts stil'd patriot, all his labours,
 His risques, his wounds, his conquests for his country;
 To close and treacherous plottings on her rights,
 And sacred liberties.—For he's ambitious,
 Dark, dreadful, and aspiring, as the fiend
 Who first rais'd war in heaven, and tumbling thence
 Unpeopled Paradise; and so they wish
 The fall of Essex may be quick, and——

QUEEN.

——Hold——

No more——Thou hast rail'd thyself quite out of
 breath.

In thee 'tis base, 'tis barbarous insolence
 To echo thus the vileness of the rabble.
 Unhappy Essex! truly hast thou serv'd
 A false base world, and now hast none to friend,
 Save her thou hast offended.

NOTTINGHAM.

——Please your majesty
 Your own express command——

QUEEN.

——Away, away——

Thou see'st thy queen, misfortune, and the world
 All bent against one man, and yet can't find
 Within that ruthless and obdurate breast,
 No room for pity.

NOTTINGHAM.

——Madam, I hope——

QUEEN.

Well, well, no more of it——

'Tis past, and I forgive—Send Rutland hither.

[Exit Nottingham.

What has my passion done? Perhaps unfolded.

The very secret it attempts to cover;

D

What

What I would hide from thought. Why stands my
 soul
 Upon the watch to listen and enquire
 Tydings, which most it dreads to learn, the faults,
 And errors of my Essex? Why my heart,
 Why art thou prone to utter terms of blame
 Against the cruel troubles of thy quiet?
 Yet can't not bear the slightest censure drop'd
 From any other Tongue, as tho' all crimes
 Against myself were light, and what is spoke
 Against my Essex, stood alone for treason.

Enter R U T L A N D.

My Rutland, I did send for thee my girl;
 I have observ'd that thou art sad of late.
 Why are thy lovely eyes depress'd with sorrow?
 Can I do aught that may dispel the cloud,
 That envious cloud, which hangs upon thy beauties,
 And robs me of my friend?

R U T L A N D.

—Ah, queen of grace!
 And heavenly goodness! you oppress your servant,
 With this excess of condescension.

Q U E E N.

—Why—
 I love thee well, my Rutland, well, and warmly;
 Trust me I do.—Injurious Nottingham,
 Hath held displeasing conversation with me,
 Touching my lord of Essex; insomuch
 That I did send her from my sight in anger.

R U T L A N D.

Ha! that dear name, starts every pulse within me!

Q U E E N.

Thou blushest, Rutland.

R U T L A N D.

RUTLAND.

—At the wond'rous grace,
The wond'rous goodness of my queen.

QUEEN.

—Indeed
Thou'rt of a grateful nature, ever sweet,
And kindly temper'd. Come then to my Bosom,
And share its warmest love.—Tell me, my Rutland,
Is it not pity that so brave a man,
So form'd for gallant acts, and upright honour,
That Essex should be false, should prove a traitor?
And goaded by ambition, should attempt
The sceptre of his queen; to whom he owes
A countless debt of favours; by whom raised
Beyond a subject's state, he proudly now
Would grasp the crown, which seems within his
reach.

RUTLAND.

It cannot be, it is impossible;
The soul of Essex is above such baseness,
Such black ingratitude. Ah! royal mistress!
Had you but heard him, on the breath of praise
Lift up the exalted name of England's queen,
As I have often heard him!—

QUEEN.

—Say'st thou Rutland,
Hast thou heard Essex talk of me?

RUTLAND.

—Of you?
He owns no other theme. In courts I grant
He is no minion, but a soldier bold,
And jealous of his honour: but when his truth
Is free to heaven, and honest ears, 'tis then
He vents the swell of gratitude, and tunes
His words to loyalty, his voice to love.

Your acts, your laws, your virtues, and your beauties,

Your every excellence of mind and person,
Vary his numbers thro' a ceaseless round
Of untir'd praise; and all is of his mistress,
And all of England's virgin majesty,
And all is full of you.

QUEEN.

—Indeed my Rutland,
I would fain hope that Essex still is honest:
But then he's so ungovern'd, rash, so headstrong,
Nor law, nor duty hold him: I do fear,
I greatly fear, with safety to my fame,
I may no more protect him.

RUTLAND.

—Not protect him!
By the bright star of mercy in your soul,
That shines on the distressed—Oh say you not
That he is honest? Yes he still is loyal,
Faithful, and firm: the virgin light of heaven
E're yet it mingles with our grosser elements,
Is not more pure. O will you not remember
His worth, his truth, his toils, and his achievements?

A wond'rous story all! high deeds of fame
That gird the crown of England's queen with glory.
His valour too! his valour royal madam!
It foils the heroes of romance: a name
So formidable to the foes of Britain,
It spares our English host, and of itself
Discomfits armies.

QUEEN.

—Ha! this heat is more
Than friendship's warmth; 'tis from a stronger fire—
She loves him—Aye, 'tis so—And is herself
Too lovely! wretched chance!—What have I done?

Just

Just conjur'd up a second storm to wreck me.

Leave me.—

[*Exit Rutland.*]

Enter CECIL, RALEIGH, NOTTINGHAM, &c.

CECIL.

May it please your majesty, my lord of Essex,
Return'd by your command, entreats admittance.

QUEEN.

—Let him appear.

Now queen of Britain, now support thy state!
Now guard thy treacherous heart, but for this once,
Against its dear, its insolent controuler,
And fear no future foe—Come hither Nottingham.

Enter ESSEX, and SOUTHAMPTON.

ESSEX.

Before I plead my cause, permit me thus,
Most gracious mistress, thus in due prostration,
To pay my grateful thanks, for this last favour
In granting me a hearing; that once ended,
To my queen's justice I submit my life,
And what is dearer to me far, my honour:
Implicitly to your tribunal bow,
Humbly prepar'd, and equally resign'd
To either sentence.

QUEEN.

My lords, what suppliant's this? Can this be he,
Our late imperious subject? He, who holds
A staff of independence; and a state
That scorns to yield to our supremacy?
O, these are gallant acts! and well become
The boasted name of our all conquering Essex!

Who bravely turns his courage on his queen;
 But where his duty calls him to the combat,
 Can coolly condescend to terms of peace,
 And gentle treaty.

ESSEX.

— Is it come to this?

To be a term of ridicule, and mockery,
 Where most I would be priz'd? cast by my Queen
 To public scorn, and mean contempt?—Then Essex—
 Then art thou fallen indeed! Why this, my mistress?
 Are there not chains, and dungeons; blocks, and axes?
 These had been fitter instruments of royalty,
 And done a nobler justice on your soldier—
 I think your majesty was pleas'd to speak
 Touching some treaty, as a charge against me
 Of something criminal.

QUEEN.

— Yes, with Tyrone,
 Your parley; and your truce—Discharge those stains,
 Your covert articles with England's rebels.

ESSEX.

Alas, how soon pretences may be found
 To make the envy'd fall—Of treaty—Yes—
 I do avow it. Am not I your general?
 Impower'd for war, for peace, to treat, to fight,
 Levy, disband, to punish, and to pardon.

QUEEN.

And should the mighty Essex have confin'd
 These powers to peace alone, even when rebellion
 Led forth his hosts, and dar'd him to the combat?
 Whilst he—

ESSEX.

— Shrank like a coward—Is't not so? Ha! madam!
 Essex, and cowardice!—let those stand forth

Who

Who dar'd to match them—Ask your ministers
Why they withheld my army from the North,
By keeping back my due recruits, and subsidies.

Q U E E N.

You grow too bold—You are call'd here to plead,
Not to impeach—Your army was sufficient.

E S S E X.

No, royal madam, it was not sufficient
To war with heaven, to fight against Omnipotence!
It was consum'd with fevers, and diseases;
For Essex could have fear'd no other foe.

There's not a casuist in Rome's artful school,
Or Cecil's darker council, who can mark
The slightest lapse of duty in your servant;
And shall he not retaliate, shall he not
Unwind the subtle clue, which leads his Queen
To cruel sarcasm, and unjust resentment.

Q U E E N.

Unjust, and cruel! hold—no more—I charge you!

E S S E X.

Not speak, not speak! madam, I am your subject;
The world contains not one more dutious; yet
Here I must not be silent—Thoughts to slaves,
But speech to Britons—Yes I will assert it,
The freedom of my native land, tho' death
Did cross me to the teeth—A criminal debar'd
His priviledge to plead! 'tis evident
My life's conspir'd, my glories all traduc'd;
These bosom'd snakes, and ear-informing sycophants
Gape for my plenteous heirship; even my Queen
Foredooms her subject, and gives up her soldier,
A sacrifice to faction.

D 4

Q U E E N.

QUEEN.

Oh, he'll be lost!—Undo himself, and me!
 What, I conspire, traduce, foredoom thy sentence!
 Know, thou proud wretch, thou hast no other friend:
 Thou who art so observant! who didst spurn
 My orders, letters, messages—But hold,
 Beware how thou dost shake my wrongs too much,
 Lest they fall thick, and heavy on thy head.
 Rash fool, and undiscerning;—Yet thus far
 I do forgive thee; pardon thee that life,
 I did conspire—But for thy offices——

ESSEX.

—— I throw them at your feet—and proud indeed
 To be acquitted of all debt to majesty!
 Now give them up to cowards, courtiers, parasites;
 And dub them champions; in whose doughty guard-
 dianship
 Your Essex can't be miss'd: whilst he is banish'd,
 And bears no mark of royal gratitude,
 But wounds for toils, for dangers ignominy,
 And sufferings for allegiance: haply sent
 To desarts, or to herd with savages——
 There he may find more equity, and honour,
 Than in the faith of princes.

SOUTHAMPTON.

—— My lord, my lord!
 Recall your temper.

QUEEN.

The audacious traytor!

ESSEX.

—— Traytor! ha, traytor! yes, because I fenc'd
 Your throne; this breast, this scarr'd breast still its bul-
 wark;

For

For covering England with my spreading laurels,
 Whilst your safe subjects slept beneath the shade;
 For humbling Spain, your proud, and dreaded rival,
 And waſting all their India to your Thames;
 For building up the fame of England's Queen
 So high, it flames a beacon to the world.
 Said I your fame? Your life—your life—kind miſtreſs!
 For ſaving that, and cutting bold Northumberland,
 And hoſtile Weſtmòreland, ſhort by the head:
 This did the faithleſs, and degraded Eſſex—
 But I'll remove the traitor from your ſight.

QUEEN.

Hold, Sir—
 Go not without reward—

[*Strikes him.*]

ESSEX.

Death! hell! from whence? my Queen—
 [Half draws his ſword.]

QUEEN.

—What would the villain?

Dares he attempt my life?

—Rash woman!

Were you a man, you durſt not—Your hot father,
 Bold Harry, durſt not riſque it.—What talk I
 Of Harries? not young Ammon, as whoſe nod
 The ſervile Earth fell proſtrate, had ſurviv'd
 To boaſt this deſperate deed.

QUEEN.

May the mark ſtick like Cain's, for thy rebellion!
 Thou madding wretch, untam'd, and dangerous ever.
 I give thee up—I will no more againſt
 Thy own outrageous folly, ſtrive to ſave thee.

Like

Like thy last hopes, I leave thee to the stings
 Of guilt and desperation—now cast forth,
 Unpitied and unblest of earth, and heaven,
 And thy too partial queen.

[*Exeunt all but Essex and Southampton.*]

SOUTHAMPTON.
 What have you done? ruin'd yourself and friends
 By your high carriage.—Fly, my lord, yet fly,
 Follow the Queen, intreat, implore her pardon.

ESSEX.

Away!—The spot of infamy is on me!—
 The blow has fir'd my soul, and all within,
 Is deafning uproar—Never till this hour
 Was Essex fit for treasons, cruel joys,
 And glutting horrors! Get thee hence, Southampton,
 For I'm the tumbling of a thousand towers,
 Ruins that threaten far, to involve all
 Who sap, or prop, within a like perdition.

SOUTHAMPTON.

I fear no ruin, when my friend's in danger;
 If thou must fall, thou shalt not fall alone:
 Southampton never will forsake his Essex,
 But share his adverse, as his prosperous fortune,
 Away then, let us fly this dang'rous place.

ESSEX.

Aye, there thou say'st, my friend, avoid all courts,
 The bane of native dignity, and greatness.
 But shall it be? Shall drones, and wasps alone
 Devour the treasur'd sweets of all the land,
 And drive the bees from their long-labour'd mansion?
 No—let us purge, or overturn the hive—
 There yet is feeling—yet is fire in England!—

Like

I'll

I'll to the streets, the city, wake, alarm,
And kindle every spark of slumb'ring virtue :
Rouze ev'ry Briton to his country's call,
And in her freedom stand, or perish in her fall.

[Exeunt,

ACT IV.

The END of the THIRD ACT.





A C T IV.

Enter severally CECIL and NOTTINGHAM.

NOTTINGHAM.

HA! Cecil—well—and is he, is he taken?

Joy! joy! my Nottingham—he's sunk for ever,
Caught in the very act of broad rebellion:
Effex is fall'n, no more to rise. No more
Shall politicians set the gins of state,
Or nets of circumvention; for the lion,
In his blind rage has rush'd upon the toil,
Where he may roar, and tear, and gnash in vain,
But never shall get free.

NOTTINGHAM.

Oh, it o'erjoys me,
Feeds the keen hunger of my vengeful soul,
To see this pride, this insolence of manhood,
This scorner hurl'd down from his dazzling height;
To see him drop with all his train of glory,
And vanish in the dust—Ha! Cecil.

CECIL.

— Hold,
The Queen,——if possible conceal your transport.

Enter

Enter QUEEN and Attendants.

QUEEN.

What is he crush'd? 'This trampler on authority;
—The lofty one! and is he fall'n?

CECIL.

He is——

Thanks to the sacred power who guards your ma-
-jesty!

QUEEN.

Then he is humbled at the last—This proud one!
The manner of it Cecil?

CECIL.

——When the earl

Withdrew from court, all mad, and chaf'd with pas-
-sion,

He hurried to his house; and severally
Summoned the friends in whom he most confided.

A num'rous band they were of lawless spirits,

Whose joy is riot, and whose hopes take fire

From the wild spark of dazzling novelty,

And gainful revolution. In their council

It was resolv'd, Southampton should attend

To form the numbers who were yet expected;

While the arch rebel march'd, as he did boast,

To raise the city.

QUEEN.

——What my faithful citizens!

Could he hope that?

CECIL.

——He did; and as he pass'd,

The vulgar, ever eager of events,

Pour'd in from every side, and swell'd the concourse.

To

To right, to left he bended, and as one
 Train'd to the Areopagus of old,
 Or Rome's prevailing rostrum, with smooth act
 Of mute emotion, thro' the distant eye,
 He sought to reach the heart. To all around,
 His voice now sunk, now rais'd to exclamation,
 Appealing to the wisdom of the mob,
 Against state policy; much did he talk
 Of crowns begirt with evil counsellors;
 Of trust misplac'd—Good monarch's, but misled
 By wicked ministers—Stale topicks all;
 Yet these will gloss, and colour every cause,
 While man shall kick at government—He then
 Descended to himself; spoke piteously
 Of suff'ring virtue; number'd o'er his wrongs,
 And counted every scar; the time, the place,
 The peril too of each; all borne he said
 For them, and for their Children: then he wept,
 And they wept too, soft souls! as tho' each gash
 Had bled anew.

QUEEN.

—Alas! I wonder not,
 That sight had melted even his queen to pity.
 Proceed—

C E C I L.

The earl perceiving in their eye
 The work of passion—Straight he cry'd, arm, arm!
 For truth, for liberty! arm ye my friends!
 Off with your galling riders! down oppression!
 If not for Essex, for your selves, your sons,
 Your latest issue! what are you to feel,
 If me they spare not? what must 'fall the fold,
 When their great guardian's murder'd?—Here he
 paus'd:
 But none reply'd; for tho' his mournful story
 Had filled their hearts with sorrow, yet the close
 Bore such a frightful face of dangerous treason,

That

That terror soon succeeded—One flunk off,
Another follow'd; 'till all soft and silent,
Like snow they melted from his side.

QUEEN.

—How then?
How look'd the rebel left alone?

CECIL.

—At once
Fear, guilt, and disappointment, rush'd upon him;
Amaz'd he hasten'd where his barge attended,
And reach'd his house by water, at the time
When your brave troops had forc'd the outward gate,
And made Southampton, and his faction pris'ners:
Then might you see the indignant rebel cast
A look of desperation at high heaven,
As one renouncing hope; forth flew his sword
As he would rush on death; but sore begirt
At length he yielded to ignoble hands,
And clos'd the tale of Essex.

QUEEN.

—I once hop'd
His morning sun, that brightned as he rose,
Might also set with equal rays of honour.
Where is the earl?

CECIL.

—Under a sufficient guard
In order for his sending to the Tower.

QUEEN.

Ha! order'd to the Tower, whose orders, sir?

CECIL.

Madam, the earls are yet without.

QUEEN.

—'Tis well—
To prison with Southampton—But for Essex,

I'll see him e'er he goes : let him appear——
And all withdraw.

[*Exeunt all but the queen.*]

——Heavens ! what a scene is this ?

How shall I bear it ? Be compos'd my heart !——

Can that be Essex ?——The distressed, the fall'n,

The forlorn Essex !——What a state hears !

Still undiminish'd, still himself——Away

With pomp, and borrow'd lustre then ; true greatness

Shall build a feat of lovelier majesty,

With Essex, and misfortune.

Enter E S S E X.

Essex it is not thus we should have met——

You ought to know it is not——I did hope——

But 'tis no matter——You may speak, my lord,

If you have ought to offer.

E S S E X.

Nothing, madam.

Q U E E N.

'Tis well, and yet——perhaps 'twere better, sir,

You'd think again——Our meetings shan't be frequent.

E S S E X.

It might have been your majesty's good pleasure

To spare ev'n this——I fought it not.

Q U E E N.

——I know it

Ungrateful man, I know it——But I hold

No longer parley with thee——It is finish'd——

Thou everlasting troubler of my quiet,

Soon, soon we shall be both at peace.

E S S E X.

——Enough——

I have my death, and you your wish——

Q U E E N.

QUEEN.

—I Essex!

I wish thy death! you know—But let me calmly
Demand of thee, what was it that could tempt thee,
To court, invite, and pull down on thine head
A ruin so reluctant? To o'rbear
All law, all order?

ESSEX.

—Is that yet to learn?

When every packet brought me fresh advices
Of the malicious plottings of my foes;
Yet I could o'erlook that, secure in innocence,
Could wait my time: but when I found my Queen
Had listen'd to their tales; under her hand
Confirm'd, soon as I saw that doubts and jealousies
Were deeply rooted—I no longer paus'd—
Law, order, even your own injunctions then
Were but as chaff before the wind; I flew
To see with my own eyes if it were true,
That I had lost your favour—That once gone,
The animating soul of all my hopes,
The end of all my thoughts, and all my actions;
The world had nothing in it worth my care,
And life or death were equally indifferent.

QUEEN.

Was that the motive? why was not I inform'd?

ESSEX.

Inform'd! which way? Was I once heard, regarded?
When prostrate I implor'd my Queen to hear me,
Was she not cold, and deaf, as thawless ice,
Or ears of adamant?—Rejected, spurn'd,
Cast to the rav'ning jaws of my pursuers,
Like the lone pard, I was at length compell'd
To turn upon my hunters. But had Essex,
Had Essex been the traitor he is deem'd,

E

He

He had not singly fac'd a host of foes,
But led up troops, inur'd to victory
Beneath his banner, to a man prepar'd
To fight, or fall for Essex.

QUEEN.

—There is some weight
In that, and I would fain believe your motive
Was such as you declare—Yet, Essex, Essex!
Oh thy rash pride! if thou had'st condescended
But to the light appearance of reproof,
From thy kind Queen—

ESSEX.

—Appearance, Madam?

QUEEN.

—Yes—

And when I would have colour'd to the world
Substantial favour, with a shew of chiding—

ESSEX.

A shew of chiding!—O my gracious mistress,
Did you not hate me? Did you not indeed
Abhor, detest your soldier?

QUEEN.

—No, too well—

Too well I lov'd thee, proud, unbending man!
Could I have hated thee, I had been happy.

ESSEX.

Ha! Lightning blast me first! my Queen in tears!

QUEEN.

Away thou hot, thou undiscerning Essex!
Could'st thou not trust a friendship, that had stood
Firm as th' irrevocable doom of fate,
Against thy enemies? their daily murmurs,
All their loud complaints, petitions, and impeachments

Dash'd

Dash'd back with indignation on the front
 Of thy accusers—Might not such a friend
 Expect some small concession? Did'st thou grant it?
 Did'st thou not stand in haughty opposition?
 Fly to the city, levy cruel war
 Against thy Queen, against thy kind protector?
 Who could almost have pray'd for thy success,
 Altho' her crown, altho' her life perhaps,
 Had been the barbarous forfeit.

E S S E X.

—O my mistress!
 You have undone me—Your o'erpow'ring goodness
 Has crush'd my heart—I see my folly now,
 My crime broad staring in my face—O wretch,
 Blind wretch!—Yet let me not be charg'd
 Beyond my proper guilt—The weight of that
 Alone will overwhelm me. It was pride,
 Unparallel'd presumption, arrogance
 Beyond example—But your crown!—Your life!
 To attempt those—O no—In all the wilds
 Of frenzy, such a thought could never enter
 This loyal bosom.

Q U E E N.

—Fain would I believe—

E S S E X.

Believe! ah, royal madam, can you doubt it?
 By the dread secrets of that unknown world,
 To which your servant hastens, no—His thoughts
 Ne'er aim'd at such damnation—Then—Even then
 When I did think your hatred of your Essex
 Rose to a hostile loathing—I had then
 Laid down my life to purchase to my Queen,
 Access of days, and honour.

Q U E E N.

—O! no more—

Enough, my soldier—I have been to blame;

We both have err'd, mistaking each the other.
 Fatal mistake! how can it be repair'd?
 What's to be done?—

ESSEX.

—Nothing for me, my frenzy
 Has borne me far beyond the bounds, beyond
 The reach of mercy: I must die—
 Your fame, your peace, your future welfare, all
 Demand this sacrifice, and I will go
 A willing victim; 'tis the only way
 To expiate my crime. Yet e're I fall
 Thus on my knee let me implore—

QUEEN.

—Rise Essex,
 I cannot see you thus.

ESSEX.

—Permit me, madam!
 The hour's at hand, when all you see of Essex,
 Shall be restor'd to dust; say, my blest mistress,
 Say, if my blood may wash my stains away?
 Will you then drop your heavenly pardon down
 Upon the guilt, and folly of your Essex?
 And when forgot by others, may he hope
 To find some place within his Queen's remembrance?

QUEEN.

I cannot speak to this—down swelling heart!
 May heaven bestow on both, a pardon free
 And full, as that which now I grant to thee.
 Can Essex too forgive his Queen the blow,
 Her rashness gave him.

ESSEX.

—'Tis too much!—Too much
 This condescension! 'tis a cruel goodness,
 It pierces to my soul.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

—Our time is short—

Soon will the lords, your judges be assembled
For life, or death—You stand upon the brink!
I fear—I would do much—'Tis true my fame
Is dear—The pleasure of my people too,
'Tis peril unto both—Yet Essex—Yet—
I cannot see thee lost—Here is my gage—
Take it, and with it take my royal word,
That whensoever you return this ring,
Whate'er be your request, it shall be granted,
To my crown's value.

ESSEX.

—On my knee I take it—

A radiant token, like the showery bow,
When first the patriarch hail'd it in the heavens;
Bless'd envoy of divinity appear'd,
And grace to wayward man!

QUEEN.

Farewel!—Who waits?

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

There take your pris'ner hence, and guard him safe,
Until his hour of trial.

[*Exeunt ESSEX and Lieutenant.*]

—Now I feel

My heart more easy, all may yet be well.

Enter RUTLAND and Ladies.

RUTLAND.

Where is my Queen?—Where is my royal mistress?
Yet hold—Recall your sentence—At your feet
I throw myself for mercy—Mercy!

QUEEN.

Ha!—What do'st thou mean?

RUTLAND.

—O! never will I rise,
But here take root, the very plant of sorrow,
'Till you will hear, and grant; 'till I've implor'd,
Obtain'd my full petition.

QUEEN.

—This is frenzy!
Thou do'st amaze me Rutland—Rise.

QUEEN.

—No, no.
Thus will I kneel, and weep, hold for ever; O—
Cling to your feet, incumber all your steps,
For pity—'Till you do relent—For pardon!
Pity, and pardon!—

QUEEN.

Quick, declare your meaning.

RUTLAND.

I fear—And yet I must—The worst is silence—
Will you then promise?—Will you then prepare?—
It is a story that may start your patience.
My lord—Your servant—Your ill-fated foldier—
Your Essex—Save him—Save him!

QUEEN.

—Ha! what said'st thou?
O my prophetic soul!—Is't thy concern?
How? Wherefore?

RUTLAND:

—Save him!
Save my lost lord—Your Essex—Save his life,
And save the life of Rutland—O! he is—
He is—my husband—

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

—Heavens! thy husband!

RUTLAND.

—Yes:—

A dear, a fatal name it is—I see it,
By the dread spark that quickens in your eye,
We were in secret married, a short while
Before my hapless lord set out for Ireland,
On his last expedition.

QUEEN.

—Serpents! vipers!

My curse it is to bosom such alone!
And all my soft'rings, all my nourishments,
Are paid me back in poison—Married! married!
Then thou art wedded to thy death.

RUTLAND.

—My death!

Alas! that's nothing; would my death appease you—
His life is all I ask—O royal madam!
You cannot know—You never had a husband;
You cannot feel how dreadful are the terrors,
The agonizing pangs of a fond wife,
Who fears to lose the husband of her heart,
Her first, her only love!

QUEEN.

—O! I am rack'd!

Off, off! I say with those detested hands!

RUTLAND

I will not, cannot—E're you cast me from you,
Think, feel, how I am torn—My throbbing heart,
My frantic pulses, how they start, and beat,
To break their limits—My affrighted infant
Who know no guilt, yet trembles at your fury,
And starts, as conscious of his father's danger.

QUEEN.

Quick, tear her from me—Drag her from my
sight—

RUTLAND.

O if you are woman, born of woman—First
Say but that he shall live—Shall he not live?
My love, my Essex, my life's lord.

QUEEN.

Why am not I obey'd?—Hence—Tear her hence—

RUTLAND.

Oh, these inhumane creatures!—I'm too weak,
My last of strength forsakes me, and I sink
Into despair's deep gulph.

QUEEN.

—Be that thy portion!

May comfort never find thee! may thy offspring,
If it should see the light, prove a fresh source
Of torment to thee—May we never meet!

Be our appointments wide as pole from pole,
Nor let that hated aspect shock me more.

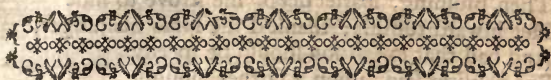
[Exit Queen.]

RUTLAND.

Yet stay, return—And Rutland shall assist
To frame new curses on herself—She's gone—
His doom is seal'd—He dies—Then welcome all,
The blackest plagues, that ever clung to misery!
May woes, on woes be heap'd, 'till the full measure
O'erwhelm my soul, and crush me into rest.

[Exit.]

The END of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

S C E N E, *the Tower.*

CECIL, *and Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CECIL.

IF you regard your present place, or hope
For any future favour, to a moment you will
Observe my orders.

LIEUTENANT.

Most religiously.

Enter NOTTINGHAM,

NOTTINGHAM.

Sir, by her Majesty's command, I bring
A message to my lord of Essex.

LIEUTENANT.

—Madam,
I shall acquaint my lord.

CECIL.

—How's this, my Nottingham?
To Essex from the Queen, and you the messenger?
Is she not yet resolved?

NOTTINGHAM.

—Not fix'd a moment.

First when she heard the traitor was condemn'd,

She

She started, and her colour turn'd to milk;
 Then blushing, scarlet deep, she strove to hide
 Her inward tumult; thank'd the lords his judges,
 And bad that execution should be speedy.
 But pausing said, upon a farther thought,
 She'd wait to hear if yet the criminal
 Had aught to offer—Then retir'd, and pass'd
 An hour in private—Sent in haste to call me;
 Bid me draw near, look'd wistfully upon me,
 And will'd me to convey her last of messages,
 To ruin'd Essex—Let him know, said she,
 I can no longer bar the pressing claims
 Of justice on him—Yet if he has reasons
 That are of weight to stay his execution,
 Let him deliver them by you—Then blush'd;
 Breath'd a short sigh, and pressing close my hand,
 Enjoin'd me to be secret, and return
 With speed and privacy, whatever Essex
 Should give in answer.

C E C I L.

— Ha! this covert message,
 I like it not—Would heaven the deed were done!
 Aye then—but now 'tis doubtful working all,
 And curs'd suspension.

N O T T I N G H A M.

— Cecil, do not fear,
 But I shall render a well-pleasing issue
 Of this same interview with my beloved!

C E C I L.

There rest my hopes; state policy already
 Hath spent its shafts, and waits the master stroke
 From your superior genius. I will hence
 With Raleigh to the Queen, and strive to fix
 Her wavering mind.

[Exit Cecil.]

N O T.

NOTTINGHAM.

Come now revenge, thou idol
Of flighted woman!—Come, and steel my breast
Against all sense of pity, or remorse.

Enter ESSEX.

ESSEX.

Fair visitant, to whom may Essex stand
Indebted for this grace?

NOTTINGHAM.

— Chiefly, my lord,
To the Queen's majesty; and some small matter
To one who loving well, tho' most unhappily,
Has not yet learn'd entirely to erase
The fond impression.

ESSEX.

— Your reproof is gentle—
Were Rutland to be born, I must admit
All hearts had then been Nottingham's.

NOTTINGHAM.

— Your pardon—
No more of hearts I pray—but for your friendship,
I will dispute it even with her who claims
Possession of your heart—The Queen, my lord,
Commends the value of her pity to you;
And kindly asks if you have ought to offer
In mitigation of your sentence?

ESSEX.

Nothing.

NOTTINGHAM.

Some light exception, touching law, or form;
Apparent malice in the prosecution;
Error of judgment—but the slightest hinge,
Whereon to hang her mercy.

E S S E X.

— Not the slightest—
 Tell her, most fair, and charitable messenger,
 My course of tryal has been free and equal;
 I stand self-censur'd in my guiltiness:
 And mercy—what in mercy may ensue,
 Is all her own, unpleaded.

N O T T I N G H A M.

— How, my lord,
 No more than so? this cannot, must not be.
 The appointed time is on you; this short hour
 May seal your doom—O let me beg, implore you,
 As if for my own life, to use the means
 Are left you to preserve yourself, your friend—
 Say, have you not a farther plea? you hesitate—
 A farther cause for hope?—You have, I know it—
 Intrust me with it; by yon heaven I swear,
 I will not leave the Queen 'till she has granted
 My utmost wish.

E S S E X.

— I have not merited
 This kind concern; but yet your generous warmth
 Demands my confidence. Behold this signet!
 It is a talisman, and bears a charm,
 By royal breath infus'd, of pow'r to save
 Ev'n from the jaws of death.

N O T T I N G H A M.

— O let me catch it
 That I may fly—

E S S E X.

Hold, generous fair one! first
 Hear my request—present this to the Queen
 From dying Essex—Say her dying Essex
 Adjures her by the virtue of this ring,
 To save his friend, to spare Southampton's life,
 And he shall fall content.

N O T-

NOTTINGHAM!

O stint not thus
 The royal bounty—Do not circumscribe
 The bounds of mercy—By the same request,
 By the same breath, a life more precious far
 May be preserv'd—it must—it shall.

E S S E X.

— I dare not
 Urge such a suit—Yet if my gracious mistress
 Still thinks me worth preserving, I am not
 So weary of the world, but I would take
 The boon with grateful heart, and live to thank her.
 But O, be sure you urge my other suit;
 Save my Southampton's life, let him not fall
 A victim to my crimes—Alas! he knows
 No guilt, but friendship. So may conscious peace
 Sweeten your days, and brighten your last moments.
 [*Exit Essex.*]

NOTTINGHAM.

Now he is mine! at least in death my own,
 For ever seal'd; tho' not for love's light rapture,
 For hatred, full as joyous—deeper far,
 And more enduring. Now to take him sudden,
 When the full tide returning fraught with hope,
 Lifts him elate—To plunge him down at once
 To the eternal bottom—This, aye this
 Alone can satiate—'Tis the luxury
 Of eager-ey'd revenge. The Queen—no matter—
 I am prepar'd—be but my vengeance safe,
 And for the rest, events are equal all.

Enter the QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Well, my dear Nottingham, hast seen the earl?

NOTTINGHAM.

Madam, I have.

QUEEN.

I could not be at peace within my palace,
 For crowds that urg'd petitions in his favour,
 Well, and what pass'd?

NOTTINGHAM.

Madam——

QUEEN.

Say——

NOTTINGHAM.

I wish——

QUEEN.

Madam—I wish—What mean'st thou?

NOTTINGHAM.

I wish your majesty had spar'd your servant
 This single office.

QUEEN.

Why?——

NOTTINGHAM.

——I had not been
 The unwelcome bearer of ungrateful tydings.

QUEEN.

Inform me quick—ungrateful tydings say'st thou?

NOTTINGHAM.

O, on my knees I beg, my royal mistress,
 You would enquire no farther.

QUEEN.

Thou dost amaze me!

NOTTINGHAM.

You lately held me for an enemy
 To this brave man, and still may think me apt
 To misinterpret——

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

No, I will believe thee.

NOTTINGHAM.

He's here at hand—Your majesty in person
May now inform yourself—

QUEEN.

No more, I charge you—
Be full, and speedy—Give me up the whole
Of what has pass'd.

NOTTINGHAM.

I must obey you then—
And yet I fear—When first the earl appear'd
He wore a kind of haughty discontent,
That seem'd to mock misfortune; scarce he deign'd
To note that I was present.

QUEEN.

— What, so high?

NOTTINGHAM.

Yet not ungraceful. Greatly I deplor'd
The precipice to which misdeeming error,
Or accident had led him—bid him yet
Not to despond—for much was in the power
Of royal pity—Then I minded him
Of your past favours—All his honours, offices,
Your late support against his powerful foes,
And this last act of your divine compassion,
That would not let him finally be lost,
But sent your special servant to concert
The means of safety to him.

QUEEN.

— Then he did melt.

NOTTINGHAM.

Let me stop here—for sure such height of pride,
In one of less exalted qualities,

Were

Were not to be endur'd—Still as I spoke,
He look'd, and mov'd, and turn'd, and chang'd im-
patient;

Favours! he cry'd, what favours? posts of danger,
And empty titles for essential service:

Yes—she has well avow'd her grace to Essex,
In all her public scoffs, and open insults,
Laid as a subtle train to fire my temper
To acts obnoxious to the law; and then
Her jury of pack'd peers, and this smooth message
To lull me to the last.

QUEEN.

Hold, Nottingham—

O, he's the most accur'd for deep ingratitude,
That e'er prov'd false to friendship—Tell me, Not-
tingham,

I can no longer wait the tedious preface—
Say, did he claim no mercy at our hands?

NOTTINGHAM.

Not any, madam.

QUEEN.

Spoke he of no pledge?
No obligation that I had to save him?

NOTTINGHAM.

No, on my honour.

QUEEN.

— By thy hopes of mercy,
Answer as at the last tremendous bar—
No pledge, no token, sent he not a ring?
Look at me, and reply; did he not send
A ring in answer?

NOTTINGHAM.

You amaze me, madam!

I'm quite to seek in this—What ring? what token?

Had

Had you but told me, had your majesty
Once hinted such a thing, I had requir'd it.

QUEEN.

O, I am choak'd! he pulls his own destruction
In his blind fury on himself.

NOTTINGHAM.

Alas,
Tokens of mercy! he disclaim'd the offer:
He said, he wou'd no more of royal mercy!
Such as was shewn to Rutland, to his wife;
As tho' the British breed of noble bloods,
Were slaves for pride to spurn.

QUEEN.

No more, no more——
I'm all on fire—This fever of the blood,
It thirsts to death!—Who waits?

Enter CECIL and RALEIGH.

My lords,
See speedy execution done on Essex——
I have determin'd not to quit the Tower,
While he is master of his head—Lord Cecil,
Do you and Raleigh see it done.

[Exeunt Queen and Nottingham.]

RALEIGH.

Think you, my lord, how long a woman's will,
Altho' the first, and foremost of her sex,
May hold its purpose?

CECIL.

If a fav'rite point
Mayhap, an hour or so; therefore the half
Shall now suffice us Raleigh—Who attends?

F

Enter

Enter an Officer.

Bid the lieutenant have his pris'ners ready.

[Exit Officer.]

Now we may hope for funny days in England,
When this all-covering cloud is overpast;
Whose greatness did imbibe the beams of majesty,
Nor suffer'd ought to pass but by transmission
Thro' its own radiant skirts.

*Enter Lieutenant of the Tower, with ESSEX and
SOUTHAMPTON guarded.*

C E C I L.

My lord of Essex,
We bring an order for your Execution.
I have a christian's hope you stand prepar'd;
For even a portion of the present hour
Must be your last of life.

E S S E X.

Ha! short indeed,
For infinite intendments! 'tis thy will
O heaven! collect me to it: give me strength
To face this king of terrors—fill my breast
With hope, and purest faith, that on the block
I may lye down, as on the plaintless bed
Of sleeping infancy. Thanks, gracious heaven!
I feel my granted prayer; and a new vigour
Springs in my breast!—I now can smile at death.
But oh, my friend! no pardon yet arriv'd!
Can the Queen falsify her word?

SOUTH

SOUTHAMPTON.

Come, Essex——

Let us now leave a lesson to our foes,
How men should die.

ESSEX.

Were I alone to suffer,
I think I should not give them cause to scorn me.
But oh! 'tis here——

A weight of lead on my aspiring spirit,
That I have rent the virtues of Southampton
Untimely from the world.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Be witness heaven!
The dearest wish Southampton's soul could form,
Would be to live for ever with his Essex:
The next, thus join'd to lie in death together.

Enter Lieutenant of the Tower.

LIEUTENANT.

My lord Southampton,
I have a message for your private ear.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Speak out, nor fear to wound me with the tydings:
The worst is death, and that is past already.

LIEUTENANT.

My lord, I must intreat you will withdraw;
Something of moment from her majesty.

[Exeunt Southampton and Lieutenant.]

ESSEX.

Cecil, when you approach an hour like this,
 You then may learn how low ambition is;
 How groundless is the quarrel, which contends
 For this vain world—'Till then—'till then and ever,
 The foes of Essex have free pardon. Ha!

Enter SOUTHAMPTON *and* Lieutenant.

What new distress? what can this mean? in tears!
 Nay then the stroke must be severe indeed,
 That shocks the manly firmness of thy soul.
 O that the bitter cup were all my own!
 What is it, say?

SOUTHAMPTON.

It is—it is—O misery!
 'Tis torture—'tis the death contriv'd by tyrants,
 It is the spinning of life's lingering thread
 To agony unspeakable; it is
 The death of friendship, the attempt to rend
 Th' eternal bonds of soul and soul asunder.
 The Queen hath sent me——

ESSEX.

Warrant of death.

SOUTHAMPTON.

No, worse——

ESSEX.

Can there be worse?

SOUTHAMPTON.

Yes, pardon.

ESSEX.

ESSEX.

Catch the foud,
 Ye choiring angels, and with hovering wings
 Of ever wakeful 'tendance guard my Queen,
 Whose mercy at an hour like this has spar'd
 The guilt, the life of Effex, in his friend.

SOUTHAMPTON.

No, no, my brother,
 We will not part—Southampton does disclaim
 Her barbarous mercy—What a joyless wild
 This world would be without thee! where alas,
 Where should I find the bosom to partake
 And double every joy? Where should I find
 The tender sympathizing heart to feel,
 And lighten ev'ry woe? No more the tongue
 Of friendship, sweetest music to the ear!
 Should greet my desart sense: no more my hours
 In social raptures steal away unmark'd;
 Those blessed hours when soul with soul converses,
 Transparent, pure, as from their bodies freed.
 O Effex, think upon the early ties
 That in our tender years join'd our fond hearts;
 Think how they grew, how they were twin'd to-
 gether;
 And shall they now be parted? No, my Effex,
 In life we have been one, and in our deaths
 We will not be divided.

ESSEX.

—There is a cause, a precious cause, my brother,
 Thou still must live, to love, to serve, to save him,
 All that shall suddenly be left of Effex;
 Where yet he lives, much more than to himself,
 Thro' every pulse, and trembling chord infus'd
 With quick, and dear sensation—Lend thy bosom

To hide one tear that will not be withheld,
Yet here 'tis due from manhood—O my wife!—

SOUTHAMPTON.

I had forgot—Yes, Essex, I will live—
For thy dear sake I'll make a weary pilgrimage,
To guide thy other self thro' all the thorns
And mazes of the world; 'till the wish'd hour
By fate appointed comes, when we shall meet
To part no more.

ESSEX.

Cherish, protect, support her.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Ever, ever.

ESSEX.

Then the great business of the world is over—
You two make all my treasure left on earth;
Comfort each other, we shall meet hereafter
In happier climes—The heaven I have in view
Will not be perfect else—'Till then, farewell.

SOUTHAMPTON.

Whilst I have speech to say—'till then, farewell.

[Exit Southampton,

ESSEX.

Now on, my lords, and execute your office.

[Exeunt Cecil and Raleigh,

Enter

Enter RUTLAND and Ladies.

RUTLAND.

Where is he? let me catch him! hold him! save him!

Rush on the stroke that would attempt his life—
Oh Essex, oh my lord—

ESSEX.

—This is too much!

Too much for man!—I hop'd—ah cruel dear;
Were not eternity, and sudden death,
Of weight sufficient to a mortal nature?
And art thou come to reinforce their powers,
And weaken what was left of man about me?

RUTLAND.

The Queen, my love—the queen permits this meeting,
And therefore grants, that we shall part no more.

ESSEX.

What dost thou mean?—Thy looks are wild, and keen;
They pierce my soul—Retire, my angel—do—
Let me prevail, and recollect thy spirits,
But for a moment.

RUTLAND.

'Tis impossible—
High heaven doth know it is impossible—
I cannot leave thee—never will I leave thee,
Sure we may die together—

ESSEX.

My soul's treasure!
It is in vain, the hand of stronger fate
Compels, and we must part.

LIEUTENANT.

My gracious lord,
Your latest minute is at hand——

RUTLAND.

What's this?
An axe! an executioner!—'Tis dreadful!
I'm not prepar'd for this—Is it a dream?
If you have pity, wake me.

ESSEX.

A short absence——
No more—'Tis but to bid one dear farewell,
'Till we do meet to part no more.

RUTLAND.

Ah whither would'st thou?—Think not to escape me—
No barbarous Essex, thou shalt never part me,
I'll cling to thee in death.

ESSEX.

This, this, cuts keen
And deep, beyond the shallow reach of steel;
It is the quick of soul that here is pierc'd!
Haste, haste, in pity as I stand dispatch me——
Is there not one, one hand of friendly mercy,
To lodge a poniard here?——
Quick, drag me to the block—Help me to funder—
Yet hurt her not—It is in vain——She grasps me
As in the agonies of death——Lost wretch!
And wert thou born to this? Accurs'd the hour
That gave me up to light!——Yet more accurs'd
That hour I once deem'd happiest over all
The world calls happy, to this blessed flower
Tying my baleful influence——Ha! she's going,
Her speechless lip grows livid, and those orbs,
Wane from their peerless lustre——Gently, gently,
Now loose her hold—Support her.——

LIEUT.

LIEUTENANT.

Now, my lord,
 'Twere best to seize the occasion—The time's past
 My orders are——

ESSEX.

Come then, and push me off,
 Down the dark void that spreads upon futurity.——
 Oh! my lost love! —
 O Gem! for which the world were richly sold!
 If there's a heaven, can counterpoise thy loss,
 It is indeed beyond imagination!
 Night comes upon me—When my eyes have ta'en
 Their last, last look—The bitterness of death
 Is past—And the world now is nothing.

[*Exeunt Essex, &c.*]

Enter QUEEN, NOTTINGHAM, Ladies
 and Gentlemen, &c.

QUEEN.

Is he then gone?—To death?—Essex to death!
 And by my order?—Now perhaps—This moment—
 Haste Nottingham, dispatch——

NOTTINGHAM.

What would your majesty!

QUEEN.

I know not what, I am in horrors, Nottingham,
 In horrors worse than death—Does he still live?
 Run, bring me word—Yet stay—Can you not save
 him
 Without my bidding? Read it in my heart——
 In my distraction read—O, sure the hand

That

That fav'd him, would be as a blessed angel's
Pou'ring soft balm into my rankling breast.

NOTTINGHAM.

If it shall please your majesty to give
Express commands, I shall obey them streight—
The world will think it strange—But you are
Queen.

QUEEN.

Hard-hearted Nottingham! to arm my pride,
My shame, against my mercy.—Ha! what's here?
A sight to strike resentment dead, and rouse
Soft pity even in a barbarous breast—
It is the wife of Essex!
Rise Rutland, come to thy repentant mistress:
See the Queen bends to take thee to her bosom,
And foster thee for ever—Rise.

RUTLAND.

Which way?
Do you not see these circling steeps?—
Not all the fathom lines that have been loos'd
To found the bottom of the faithless main,
Could reach to draw me hence. Never was dug
A grave so deep as mine!—Help me, kind friend,
Help me to put these little bones together—
These are my messengers to yonder world,
To seek for some kind hand to drop me down,
A little charity.

QUEEN.

Heart-breaking sounds!

RUTLAND.

These were an infant's bones—But hush—Don't
tell—
Don't tell the Queen—
An unborn infant's—May be if 'tis known
They'll say I murder'd it—Indeed I did not—
It was the axe—How strange soe'er, 'tis true!

Help

Help me to put them right, and then they'll fly—
For they are light, and not like mine, incumber'd
With limbs of marble, and a heart of lead.

QUEEN.

Alas! her reason is disturb'd; her eyes
Are wild, and absent—Do you know me, Rutland?
Do you not know your Queen?

RUTLAND.

O yes, the Queen!
They say you've power of life, and death—Poor
Queen!

They flatter you.—You can take life away,
But can you give it back? No, no, poor Queen.—
Look at these eyes—They are a widow's eyes—
Do you know that?—Perhaps indeed you'll say,
A widow's eyes should weep, and mine are dry;
That's not my fault, tears shou'd come from the
heart,

And mine is dead—I feel it cold within me,
Cold as a stone—But yet my brain is hot—
O fye upon this head! it is stark naught;
Beseech your majesty to cut it off,
The bloody axe is ready—Say the word,
(For none can cut off heads without your leave)
And it is done—I humbly thank your highness,
You look a kind consent. I'll but just in
And say a prayer or two.

From my youth upwards I still said my prayers
Before I slept; and this is my last sleep.
Indeed 'tis not thro' fear, nor to gain time—
Not your own soldier could meet death more bravely.
You shall be judge yourself.—We must make
haste—

I pray be ready—If we lose no time,
I shall o'ertake and join him on the way.

[Exit Rutland.]

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Follow her close, allure her to some chamber
Of privacy ; there sooth her frenzy, but
Take care she go not forth. Heaven grant I may
not

Require such aid myself ! for sure I feel
A strange commotion here.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

May it please your majesty,
The earl, as he address'd him to the block,
Requested but the time to write these lines ;
And earnestly conjur'd me to deliver them
Into your royal hands.

QUEEN.

Quick—What is here !——Just heaven ! fly, take
this signet
Stop execution, fly with eagle's wings——
What art thou ?——Of this world.

NOTTINGHAM.

Ha !——I'm discover'd——
Then be it so——Your majesty may spare——

QUEEN.

Stop, stop her, yell !——Hence to some dungeon,
hence——

Deep sunk from day ; in horrid silence there
Let conscience talk to thee, infix its stings,
Awake remorse, and desperate penitence ;
And from the torments of thy conscious guilt
May hell be all thy refuge !

[Exit Nottingham, guarded.]

Enter

Enter CECIL, RALEIGH, &c.

CECIL.

Gracious madam,
I grieve to say your order came too late ;
We met the messenger on our return
From seeing the earl fall.

QUEEN.

Cecil, thou do'st not know what thou hast done——
Pronounc'd sentence of death upon thy Queen.
Cecil——I will no more ascend my throne,
The humble floor shall serve me ; here I'll sit
With moaping melancholy my companion,
'Till death unmark'd approach, and steal me to my
grave.

Cecil—I never more will close these eyes
In sleep, nor taste of food——And Cecil now,
Mark me——You hear Elizabeth's last words.



E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the Character of Queen ELIZABETH.

*I*F any here, are Britons but in name,
Dead to their country's happiness and fame:
Let 'em depart this moment—Let 'em fly
My awful presence, and my searching eye!

No more your Queen, but upright judge I come,
To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home;
Try you in ev'ry point, from small to great,
Your Wit,—Laws,—Fashions,—Valor,—Church
and State!

Search you, as Britons ne'er were search'd before:
“ O tremble! for you hear the lion roar!”

Since that most glorious time that here I reign'd,
An age and half!—What have you lost or gain'd?
Your Wit—Whate'er your poets sing or swear;
Since Shakespear's time is somewhat worse for wear.
Your Laws are good, your Lawyers good of course;
The streams are surely clear, when clear the source:
In greater store these blessings now are sent ye;
Where I had one attorney, you have twenty.
Fashions, ye fair, deserve nor praise nor blame;
Unless they rise as foes to sense or shame;
Wear ruffs, or gauze—But let your skill be such,
Rather to shew too little, than too much.

E P I L O G U E.

*As for your Valour—here my lips I close—
Let those who best have prov'd it—speak—Your foes.
Your Morals, Church, and State, are still behind—
But soft—prophetic fury fills my mind!
I see thro' time—Behold a youthful hand,
Holding the sceptre of this happy land;
Whose heart with justice, love, and virtue fraught—
Born amongst Britons, and by Britons taught;
Shall make the barking tongues of faction cease,
And weave the garland of domestic peace:
Long shall he reign—no storms to beat his breast,
Unruly passions that disturb'd my rest!
Shall live, the blessings he bestows, to share,
Reap all my glory, but without my care.*

F I N I S.



ATHELSTAN.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*



L O N D O N,

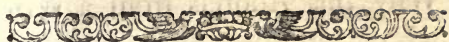
Printed for LOCKYER DAVIS and CHARLES REYMERS,
against *Grays-Inn-Gate, Holbourn;*
And at *Lord Bacon's Head* in *Fleet-Street.*

MDCCLVI.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

IL ne faut pourtant pas croire que les Grecs manquent de Feu. Tout s'anime au contraire, tout parle, tout agit dans leurs Ecrits. Mais c'est plus l'Action & le Spectacle que les Paroles, & plus la Passion & le Sentiment que le Discours; au lieu que les François ont souvent donné dans le Discours & les Paroles pour suppléer au Spectacle ou à la Passion. Combien de Portraits, de Sentences, & de Lieux communs bien frappés, ont arraché des Applaudissemens qui devoient être réservés à l'emotion Theatrale qu'on ne sentoit pas? ce n'est que le sang froid qui applaudit à la Beauté des Vers dans un Spectacle.

BRUMOY, *Theat. des Grecs.*



TO HIS GRACE

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE,
Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

My LORD,

IT was the frequent Practice of the ancient *Greek* Tragedians, to make their Compositions for the *Theatre* subservient to the Welfare of the *State*. The Legislator's Wisdom was enforced by the Poet's Art. Public Guilt was stigmatized, and public Virtue applauded. Of this Kind somewhat is, or ought to be, shadowed out in the following Tragedy.

But it may possibly be asked,
 “ Why this Address from a Writer
 “ who is, and determines to remain,
 “ unknown ?”

My LORD, it comes from one, who, altho’ he hath not wanted Opportunities, hath ever scorned to prostitute Addresses of this Kind to Views of Interest. But if it hath for once happened in his Time, that Virtue and Power are eminently united ; his honest Disdain of offering Incense to the *one*, shall not intimidate him from avowing his Reverence of the *other*.

More especially, the natural Relation which the Design of this Tragedy bears to your Grace’s Conduct, gives its Author a kind of equitable Title, without Leave, to prefix your Name. Thus, while he delineates *Rebellion*, he contrasts it with true *Loyalty* : And to an *Example of Sedition*,

DEDICATION. v

dition drawn from ancient Days, *op-*
poses a *Character* from modern Life,
who in the highest Station, and most
perilous Times, hath been the *Re-*
storer of *Unity* and *Concord*.

I am,


My LORD,

with the highest Esteem,

YOUR GRACE'S.

most obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.



PROLOGUE;

Written by the AUTHOR of the TRAGEDY,

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND in the Character
of the Genius of Britain.

TO warn the Sons of Freedom to be wise,
Lo, Britain's guardian Genius quits the Skies,
With Pity, Heav'n hath seen thro' many an Age,
The bold Invader lur'd by Faction's Rage;
Seen the dark Workings of Rebellion's Train,
While Patriots plann'd, and Heroes bled in vain.

Behold, your Country's faithless Foe, once more
With threaten'g Squadrons crowd yon hostile Shore,
Behold Oppression's bloody Flag unfurl'd:
See Bolts prepar'd, to chain the Western World.
Rise, Britons, rise! to Heav'n and Virtue true:
Expiring Liberty looks up to You!

Pour on the common Foe your Rage combin'd,
And be the Friends of Freedom and Mankind!

No more let Discord Britain's Peace destroy;
Nor spurn those Blessings, Reason bids enjoy:
Oh, weigh those Blessings in her equal Scale!—
Say,—When did Justice wear a whiter Veil?
When did Religion gentler Looks disclose,
To bless her Friends, and pity ev'n her Foes?
A richer Harvest when did Commerce reap?
When rode your Fleets more dreadful o'er the Deep?

PROLOGUE.

Or when more bright (hear, Envy! hear, and own!)

Did Truth, did Honour beam from Britain's Throne?

Seize then the Happiness deny'd your Foes:

Nor blindly scorn the Gifts which Heav'n bestows:

Gifts, the World's Envy! happy Britain's Pride!

For which, your generous Fathers toil'd and dy'd!

Let Union lift the Sword, direct the Blow,

And hurl a Nation's Vengeance on its Foe!

As your bold Cliffs, when Tides and Tempests roar,

Fling back the mad'ning Billows from the Shore.

One Head, one Heart, one Arm, one People, rise!

Nor fall, divided Valour's Sacrifice! —

But if, by Hope of proud Invasion led,

Unaw'd Rebellion lift her gory Head; —

Treason, attend! — here view the Rebel's Fate;

Nor hope, thy Arm can shake a free-born State:

See Blood and Horror end what Guilt began;

And tremble at thy Woes, in Athelstan.



The PERSONS.

ENGLISH.

ATHELSTAN, Duke of <i>Mercia</i> ,	Mr. GARRICK.
SIWARD, his Lieutenant,	Mr. DAVIES.
EGBERT, an Officer,	Mr. ROSS.
THYRA,	Mrs. CIBBER.
EDWINA, her Fellow Captive,	Mrs. BENNET.

DANES.

GOTHMUND, the Captain } General,	Mr. MURPHY.
HAROLD, his Lieutenant.	Mr. HAVARD.
GOODWIN,	Mr. BURTON.
DUNELM,	Mr. JEFFERSON.

SCENE, the *Danish* Camp near *London*. Time,
from the Evening, till Midnight.



A T H E L S T A N.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The open Camp.*

H A R O L D.

O T H M U N D a Warrior? By our Gods
of *Denmark*,
I cou'd have sack'd ten Cities since the
Morn.



The lingering Sun goes down, and yet
beholds

The *Danish* Sword hang pow'rless o'er the Foe.

To him, D U N E L M.

D U N E L M, well met. — What means this vile Delay?
What hast thou seen?

D U N E L M.

From yonder Eminence,
Ev'n now, I saw proud *London* wrapt in Fire.

H A R O L D, behold yon dusky Wreaths of Smoke:
Yon pitchy Cloud is fraught with glorious Ruin.

H A R O L D.

Indeed!

B

D u-

D U N E L M.

I saw the Flames besiege the Tow'r
 Which proudly had scorn'd the general Assault
 Of *Denmark's* Pow'r. Soon spread the sulphur'd Fires,
 Mining it's Base: at length, with horrid Crash,
 The Pile fell headlong, like a Wreck of Nature.
 And as it fell, a hollow Murmur pierc'd
 Mine Ear, that seem'd an Army's dying Groan.
 I saw the Breach in the proud City's Wall,
 Where our brave *Danes* pour'd in, while Shouts of
 Conquest

Dismay'd the flying Rear. HAROLD, ere this,
 The City's won.

H A R O L D.

No more—I'm sorry for't.

D U N E L M.

What! when our Troops thro' ten long Moons have toil'd,
 Till Siege and fell Disease have thin'd our Ranks,
 Before this Capital, this haughty *London*,
 The Mistress of the Island. When her Tow'rs
 Are humbled in the Dust! ev'n then to wear
 That clouded Eye! Much it might suit a *Briton*;
 But ill becomes a *Dane*.

H A R O L D.

Have I not Cause
 To hate our General?

D U N E L M.

Grant it: yet no Cause
 To hate the Victories his Sword hath gain'd
 For *Denmark's* Weal.

H A R O L D.

Dis honour blast his Laurels!
 Ere since I won full Glory from our Wars,
 He checks my Valour, lest it should o'ertop,
 And shadow his—Behold, this very Day,
 When mighty *London* falls a Prey to *Denmark*,
 I'm pent within the Circuit of a Camp,

On

On an obscure and ignominious Charge.

My Sword, inglorious, sleeps within its Scabbard,
Depriv'd its Prey. Yes: well he knew, this Arm
Had led the Storm: as erst it did, to him
And his Compeers; when *Norway's* frozen Cities
Sunk at my Frown; when thro' conflicting Hosts
I op'd the dreadful Track; while far behind
He loyter'd in the Breach, and poorly reap'd
The Gleanings of my Faulcion.

DUNELM.

Peace, brave HAROLD.

Nor let Dissention blot the gen'ral Triumph.

HAROLD.

Here, DUNELM, here shall deep Revenge lie pent,
Must'ring it's Rage: but soon th' impatient Flood
Shall burst the Mound, and overwhelm his Pride.
Yes: may I ne'er more win the Wreath of Conquest;
Ne'er fall triumphant in the Field of Fame;
But groan out Life, stretch'd on th' unmanly Couch;
If I repay not GOTHMUND's uncaus'd Hate,
With deadliest Vengeance!

DUNELM.

Let thy Vengeance wait

Some darker Hour.—Behold, where GOODWIN comes,
His Eye speaks Victory: and his glad Step
Prevents the welcome Tidings of his Tongue.

SCENE II. *To them* GOODWIN.

GOODWIN.

Hail, valiant HAROLD! This great Day shall shine
In *Denmark's* Annals. GOTHMUND sends thee greeting;
With the glad News of *England's* Overthrow.
Himself shall soon arrive.

HAROLD.

Brave GOODWIN, welcome:

More welcome for thy Tidings. *London* then,

B 2

England's

4 A T H E L S T A N.

England's chief Boast, is fall'n.—

GOODWIN.

Ev'n now it burns.

See yon ascending Clouds. Yon pillar'd Smoke,
That hides the Welkin, is it's last Remain.

The *English* Pow'rs have left the bleeding Ramparts ;
The wide Breach choak'd with Heaps of Slain, on which
We mounted to the Storm.

HAROLD.

How went the Day ?

Where fought our Gen'ral GOTHMUND ?

GOODWIN.

On the *Thames*.

Soon as the Signal of Assault was given,
The *Danish* Fleet came on. Our Standard then,
The Raven, hov'ring on his Wing, appear'd
With ominous Glare ; and seem'd to croak Destruction.
Then furious GOTHMUND, from the crowded Decks
Follow'd by shouting Thousands, leapt to Shore
With ruinous Assault :

HAROLD.

What ? no Resistance ?

GOODWIN.

Yes ; bloody was the Fray : The Scale of War
Hung doubtful ; till the mighty ATHELSTAN,
Mercia's brave Duke, to *Denmark's* aid came on ;
Spur'd by a keen Revenge more strong than Glory,
Led his revolted *Mercians* up the Breach,
And mingled in the Storm.

HAROLD.

What next ensu'd ?

GOODWIN.

Confusion and wild Rout. For *England's* Pow'r,
Dreading the vengeful Sword of ATHELSTAN,
Shrunk from his Rage : then *Denmark's* Star prevail'd :
The *Britons* fled : and now, by Right of War,
The City's Wealth, it's captive Youth and Virgins,
Are fall'n the Soldiers Plunder.

H A R O L D.

It seems then, G O T H M U N D owes full half his Conquest
To A T H E L S T A N ' s Revenge.

G O O D W I N.

Aye, more than half.

Ne'er did such deadly Valour sweep the Field :
His hoary Head clasp'd in a steel rib'd Helm,
He sprung to Vengeance, and forgot old Age.
With such a headlong Course he led the War,
That *Denmark's* Troops, nay his own firey *Mercians*
Linger'd behind : while he, attended only
By Death and Fate, which at his right Hand rag'd,
Thin'd the retreating Foe.

H A R O L D.

Thank we the Gods,
Who sow Dissention in these *British* Hearts !
Else, ne'er had this fair City fall'n our Prey !

D U N E L M.

Know ye the Cause why this proud Duke of *Mercia*
Revolted from his King ?

G O O D W I N.

Pride and Revenge.
Some suit deny'd him, which the royal Bounty,
Unequal to the Cravings of it's People,
Granted his Foe. No more. His firey Spirit
Mounted to sudden Rage : with secret Levy
He muster'd all his Pow'rs, and join'd with *Denmark*
To overwhelm his Country.

H A R O L D.

Be it ours,
To nurse this useful Treason : Thus invading,
While we divide, we conquer.

D U N E L M.

Hark ! I hear
The Shouts of Victory.

G O O D W I N.

G O T H M U N D approaches.

His Troops come laden with the precious Spoil
Of this imperial City. Captive Maids,
The sweet Reward of Valour, grace his Triumph:
And Infants, doom'd to drink the bitter Draught
Of endless Slavery in a foreign Clime.

SCENE III. *To them, GOTHMUND in Triumph.
A Train of Prisoners. And EGBERT in Chains,
as a Prisoner.*

H A R O L D.

Hail, valiant GOTHMUND! *Denmark's* proudest Boast!
Whom mighty ODIN, the dread God of War,
Hath crown'd with *England's* Conquest!

G O T H M U N D.

Faithful HAROLD,
The City's won. *London*, whose haughty Tow'rs
We shook so long with terrible Assault,
At length is fall'n, and blazes to the Sky.
'Twas Pity, HAROLD, on so great a Day,
When the rich Plunder of the War was seiz'd,
Thy Valour lost it's Prey. But fair Division
Of our acquired Spoil, of Wealth and Captives,
Shall bring thee Recompense.

H A R O L D.

I thank thee, Gen'ral.
Devoted to thy Will, I held my Charge,
To guard our Camp from the out-fallying Foe:
A Charge less splendid than the Post in Battle;
Yet, as conducing to the general Weal,
No whit less honourable.

G O T H M U N D.

HAROLD, behold
This Train of Captives: to thy Charge I give them:
But chiefly that stern Youth, whose Arm oppos'd
Singly to mine, long held the Conflict doubtful.
No common Ransom shall redeem him hence.
Why dost thou frown?

[to EGBERT.

EGBERT.

E G B E R T .

Because I dare to scorn
My Country's Foe.

G O T H M U N D .

So haughty in thy Chains?
What Title bear'st thou?

E G B E R T .

'Tis enough for thee,
To know me still a *Briton*: thence to fear me.

G O T H M U N D .

A Conqu'ror fear his Captive! By our Gods,
Speak but another Word, audacious *Christian*,
I'll plunge thee in the deep *Norwegian* Mine,
Among these Slaves the Vassals of my Sword,
To toil in Darkness thro' the live-long Year,
Till baleful Damps consume thee.

E G B E R T .

Yes: bury me in Darkness; in the Depth,
Where Slavery drinks the pestilential Vapour;
For that I've liv'd to see my Country's Fall!
I dare thee to the Deed, rapacious *Dane*!
But well I know, thy Hand expects the Ransom;
Nor aught but Av'rice chains thy Cruelty.

G O T H M U N D .

What? Shall I waste the Hours in fruitless Parle
With an audacious Slave!—Lo, *Mercia's* Duke
Comes with his warlike Train. Retire, ye Slaves;
And at an awful Distance bow to Valour.— [*They re-*
tire backwards.

This fiery ATHELSTAN! Yes, I cou'd curse [*Aside.*
His Sword victorious, and wide wafting Arm
That blasted all my Wreaths; and won the Praise
Of this eventful Day!—Hence envious Fame
Shall tarnish GOTHMUND's Glory; while she whispers,
Or haply to the listning World proclaims,
That *Britain* conquer'd *Britain*.—Come; fell Hate!
Pour all thy Poison on my Heart; and turn

8 A T H E L S T A N.

Friendship to Enmity!—Should he revolt?—
 The Rebel dare not: Nor can e'er repass
 The Gulph which he hath leapt; and severs him
 For ever from his Country.—Yet 'tis meet
 That Prudence greet him with fair Speech, and Smiles;
 Till some desir'd Occasion yield Pretence,
 And spurn him off, to Shame.—
 Let *Denmark's* Raven wave his dreadful Wing, [*Aloud.*
 To hail the glad Approach of A T H E L S T A N:
 And sound, in Honour of our firm Ally,
 The Instruments of War.

SCENE IV. *To them, A T H E L S T A N; with
 his Train.*

G O T H M U N D.

I greet thee, A T H E L S T A N. Thy mighty Arm,
 On this great Day, hath sham'd it's former Doings,
 Thro' the red Tracks of Death I saw thee seek
 The King. His Troops, stricken with coward Guilt,
 Fled trembling at the Sight of injur'd Valour
 Wak'd into Wrath. Yes, wondring *Denmark* saw,
 How Terror stalk'd before thee thro' the Streets,
 While thy broad Faulcion flam'd; and dread Revenge
 Frown'd on thy Helm like Fate.

A T H E L S T A N,

No Flattery, G O T H M U N D.
 Balm to the Fool's, it wounds the brave Man's Ear.
 My Sword hath reap'd full Vengeance on its Foes;
 And vanquish'd E T H E L R E D with Tears and Groans
 Shall rue the Wrongs he did me.

G O T H M U N D,

Valiant Duke,
 Such Vengeance well became such Wrongs as thine,

A T H E L S T A N.

My Wrongs were loud for Vengeance. Pity wept:
 But Reason choak'd her Voice:—For awful Justice
 Must drop her Sword, unnerve her lifted Arm,
 Unbridled

Unbridled Pow'r turn Order into Chaos,
 Shou'd Pity melt at proud Oppression's Fall.—
 What Youth is that, who from the captive Throng
 Comes forth with haughty Strides ?

G O T H M U N D,

An unknown *Briton* :

Yet fierce in Battle; for his Sword was fatal
 To many a *Dane*; and midst the falling Ranks
 Rag'd like a Whirlwind. Mark his fearless Mien,
 He wears the Pride of Conquest, tho' in Chains,
 His Eye devours thee, A T H E L S T A N.—

A T H E L S T A N.

I reckon not.

Let him come on: I'll meet his Pride unmov'd,

[EGBERT *advancing*.

Who dares to frown on A T H E L S T A N ?

E G B E R T.

A *Briton*.

A T H E L S T A N.

Who art thou ?

E G B E R T,

One, who heedless of thy Rage,
 Dares throw his Scorn on Guilt.

A T H E L S T A N.

Audacious Captive !

Think'st thou I fear thy frown ?

E G B E R T.

Oh, bleeding *England* !

Behold thy fatal Foe !

[*He bursts into Tears*.

A T H E L S T A N.

Weep'st thou, brave Youth ?

Tho' I have pour'd Destruction on thy King,

I wage no War with Captives. Gen'rous Warrior,
 My Pow'r shall shield thee, and unbind thy Chains.

E G B E R T.

Stand off.—I chuse to wear them.

A T H E L-

A T H E L S T A N.

Why that Choice?

E G B E R T.

Left these brave captive *Britons*, shackled there,
Should brand me for a Traitor.

A T H E L S T A N.

Heed thee well.

Think what thou art, and where.—

E G B E R T.

Thank Heav'n,

I am not A T H E L S T A N !

A T H E L S T A N.

Nay, I can frown too.—

E G B E R T.

Blush,—rather blush! The crimson Hue of Shame
Wou'd better suit thy Crimes!

G O T H M U N D.

Peace, arrogant Youth!

A T H E L S T A N.

Who gave to thee this Privilege of Scorn?
This Right of Insult and bold Accufation?

E G B E R T.

That Pow'r who gave me Reason and Humanity:
That awful Pow'r Above, who bids me dare
To strip false Treason of her Mask of Pride;
And shew the Hag, in her own Shape and Hue,
The foulest Fiend of Hell.

A T H E L S T A N.

Thy Chains protect thee!

G O T H M U N D.

GOODWIN, lead forth these Captives to the Fleet;
And let the first fair Breeze that fills the Sail
Waft them to *Denmark's* Shore.— HAROLD, bear
hence,
And guard that Insolent. [Pointing to EGBERT.

E G B E R T.

Farewell, brave Friends!

My

My faithful Countrymen ! I weep your Fate,
 Doom'd to th' Oppressions of a barbarous Clime !
 Oh, may some friendly Storm in Pity rise,
 And bid the Fury of devouring Seas
 In Mercy swallow you !—Accursed Treason !
 Lo, thy devoted Train ! Oh false, false ATHELSTAN !

[*Ex. EGBERT, HAROLD, GOODWIN,
 DUNELM, and Captives.*

A T H E L S T A N.

Go, froward Briton !

G O T H M U N D.

Valiant ATHELSTAN,
 Heed not a Captive's Clamour, · *Denmark* now
 Boasts thee her Friend. And for undoubted Proof
 Of that Esteem, wherewith I note thy Valour ;
 Behold the precious Spoils my Arm hath won
 Amid the gen'ral Plunder : Gold or Captives,
 Lands, Palaces, whate'er inventive Passion
 Can fancy for Enjoyment, waits thy Will :
 Command it ; for 'tis thine.

A T H E L S T A N.

Of Gold, or Lands,
 The Plunder of the War, I reck not aught.
 For, to the noble Mind, a great Revenge
 Outweighs all other Good. This I have reap'd
 Full-measur'd ; Of my thankless Country's Blood
 My Sword hath drank, ev'n to Satiety :
 No other Boon it craves.

G O T H M U N D,

Brave ATHELSTAN,
 Ev'n as thou wilt.—Has then no precious Spoil
 Inrich'd thy Valour ?

A T H E L S T A N.

Yes : one beauteous Captive,
 Won in the City's Storm : and now consign'd
 To SIWARD's Care, a brave and faithful Friend,
 Who leads her hitherward. So winning sweet !

The

The furlly Troops gaz'd on her as she pass'd,
And Silence spoke their Wonder.

G O T H M U N D.

Such a Fair
May haply mourn in secret ; that her Lot
Fell to thy aged Arm. Some youthful Warrior
Might better suit her Wish.

A T H E L S T A N.

I mean, to shield her
From the rude Will of insolent Desire.

G O T H M U N D.

Indeed !

A T H E L S T A N.

Indeed.—It was her chaste Request.
And mark me : Tho' my Arm hath quell'd it's Foes,
Yet A T H E L S T A N would blush, to wreak his Vengeance
On a defenceless Woman.

G O T H M U N D.

By what Chance
Did'st thou obtain this Captive ?

A T H E L S T A N.

While the Storm
Rag'd in the Streets ; Fate led my conqu'ring Band,
Where this fair Captive mourn'd the Lot of War.
I found her kneeling ; with uplifted Eyes,
And Majesty resign'd, imploring Heav'n.
Rouz'd by the Shouts of War, she rose : Her Train
Fill'd all the Place with female Lamentation :
But she, in Grief superior, check'd their Cries,
And grac'd her Woes with regal Dignity.
With such a noble Mien she su'd for Mercy,
That Vengeance stood subdu'd : while nameless Graces,
Beauty, and Mildness, and majestic Grief,
Like Guardian Pow'rs which Heav'n had planted round
her,
Check'd the rude Access of unhallow'd Rage :
That ev'n the Sons of Violence drop'd the Sword,

To

To gaze at awful Distance.---Tow'rd her Tent,
This Way she moves with her attendant Train.
Behold her here.

SCENE V. *To them, THYRA, EDWINA,
SIWARD, and female Attendants.*

G O T H M U N D .

Indeed, supremely fair.

A T H E L S T A N .

THYRA, be comforted : Nay, dry these Tears.
Else shall I deem my too officious Cares
Lost on a thankless Heart.

T H Y R A .

Oh, ATHELSTAN !
Whose Mercy speaks thee brave ! Forgive these Tears.
For my dear Lord, to me than Life more dear,
These Sorrows flow !—Indeed, my thankful Heart
Melts in warm Gratitude to thy kind Care,
Which sav'd me from the Horrors of this Day.
But, Oh !—my Husband !

G O T H M U N D .

Why these streaming Tears ?
What of her Husband ? Did he fall in Battle ?

A T H E L S T A N .

That is her Fear :
Tho' Rumour yet speak doubtful of his Fate.

T H Y R A .

Too sure, he's fall'n !—Ye gen'rous Warriors, hear,—
Hear a poor Captive's Pray'r !—Oh, let your Guards
Conduct my faithful Servants to the Field :
Or give me Safe-guard thro' the deathful Scene ;
I will divest me of my Woman's Fear,
And with a *Scythian* Boldness tread in Gore ;
Drag off the Heaps of overwhelming Foes,
Till I have found my EGBERT's dear Remains,
To give them Burial. The last, mournful Duty
I e'er can pay his Love.

A T H E L -

A T H E L S T A N.

Despond not, Fair one:

Haply, he yet may live.

T H Y R A.

Oh, flatt'ring Hope!

Grant me but That!—But That, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n!

G O T H M U N D.

Now, by our Gods of *Denmark*, A T H E L S T A N,

This is too bright a Fair, for Age like thine

Idly to gaze on.

A T H E L S T A N.

Beauty, thus afflicted,

Merits my Pow'r's Protection.

G O T H M U N D.

Is she not

The Captive of thy Sword?

A T H E L S T A N.

True, but the Sword

That-won, shall guard her.

G O T H M U N D.

What if G O T H M U N D's Will

Shou'd raise this Fair one from the captive Throng,

To grace his Bed?

A T H E L S T A N.

By Law of War she's mine;

And I have sworn Protection.

G O T H M U N D.

From thy Foe

To shield thy Captive, were a Task of Praise

Worthy thy Arm. But when a true Ally,

Thy Friend in War, intreats so small a Boon—

A T H E L S T A N.

G O T H M U N D, the Friend whose erring Wish demands

What Honour cannot yield—I pray, no more—

G O T H M U N D.

If G O T H M U N D's Friendship, in thy thankless Heart,

Insensible to all my proffer'd Bounty,

Stands

Stands at so cheap a Price—Protect thy Captive.—
Let thy Pow'r shield her as it may.—Lead on.—

[Exit GOTHMUND.

A T H E L S T A N.

Imperious *Dane!* Would'st thou bend A T H E L S T A N
Beneath thy Pride?—His parting Words and Looks
Darted Contempt.—This the Reward of Conquest?
This, Valour's Recompense?

S I W A R D.

'Twas what I fear'd.—

Why did Revenge seduce thee from thy King!
Bear Witness, Heav'n, if e'er I trod the Field,
Or bar'd my Sword in seeming Aid of *Denmark,*
Save in the honest Hope, to check thy Vengeance.

A T H E L S T A N.

What? To a thankless King, a favour'd Foe
Basking beneath the royal Smile, to yield
With coward-like Submission?—Friend, no more.
The Dye of Fate is thrown.

S I W A R D.

Didst thou not see,
How Passion kindled, while with ardent Gaze
He ey'd fair T H Y R A's Charms? His Soul hath caught
A swift and deep Infection. Mark th' Event.

A T H E L S T A N.

Weak is thy Fear. Tho' bold in Violence,
He dare not wake my Rage.

T H Y R A.

Oh gen'rous Duke,
Behold me at thy Feet! I see the Storm
Fast gath'ring o'er my Head! Redeem, redeem me
From this rapacious *Dane!* I dread not Death;
Whose Image, from my earliest Age of Woe,
Hath been the calm Companion of my Thoughts.
Then let thy Arm, which on this fatal Morn
Did shield me, now compleat it's gen'rous Care.
My forfeit Life is thine. In Pity kill me,

Ere yet Dishonour blot my Innocence.

A T H E L S T A N.

By my good Sword, which won thee in the Storm,
Again I swear, not *Denmark's* proudest Threat
Shall wrest thee from me.—SIWARD, are my *Mercians*
Camp'd in their separate Quarter?

S I W A R D.

Aye, my Lord :
Westward, a Mile ; on a fair rising Ground,
Fast by the River's Brink.

A T H E L S T A N.

This Night I meant
To pass in Council with the General GOTHMUND,
On future Enterprize. But since his Pride
Brooks no Controul ;—wou'd Heav'n I had not come !
Since it is thus :—At least his Pride shall seek me :
And if I find him bent on Violence,
The Morning Sun shall see me quit his Camp.
Hast thou prepar'd fair THYRA's Tent by mine ?

S I W A R D.

I did command it so.

A T H E L S T A N.

Retire we then.

T H Y R A.

I merit not thy Care. Why shou'd I live,
When my dear Lord is lost, and *England* fall'n !

A T H E L S T A N.

Touch not on That :—For by this Arm it fell.
Yes : I have wash'd my Footsteps in the Blood
Of my despairing Foes.—But oh, for whom !
I'll think no more.—Come, THYRA, to thy Tent.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



A C T II.

SCENE I. *The open Camp.*

GOTHMUND, HAROLD, DUNELM.

GOTHMUND.

HAST thou not seen her, HAROLD?

HAROLD.

Much I have heard.

Her Beauty dwells on ev'ry Soldier's Tongue,
And half eclipses Conquest.

GOTHMUND.

Oh, such Beauty!

HAROLD, her Eye's bright Beam might thaw the cold
Norwegian's Breast; or warm the frozen Sons
Of *Lapland* into Love.—Oh Earth and Heav'n!My Soul's on Fire!—The Glories of the War,
The Wreaths of Conquest sicken on her Sight.
Avaunt, Ambition! yield thy Throne to Love!

HAROLD, she must be mine.

HAROLD.

What lets thee then?

What Bar so strong, to guard her from thy Wish?
Each cobweb Hindrance to thy Breath shall yield,
If thou but *will* her Thine.

GOTHMUND.

May I ne'er taste the Warrior's Lot in Death,
Ne'er quaff the rich Meath in th' infernal Courts,
Where mighty ODIN rules the glorious Dead,
If I not seize her Beauties.—But, brave HAROLD,
This delicate Captive is no common Food,

C

Like

Like what we snatch in ev'ry City's Plunder,
 For gross Desire to feed on. I wou'd win
 Her Soul's Consent : wou'd kindle mutual Passion,
 To meet my Flame : At least, by fair Persuasion
 Wou'd temper Pow'r ; that the Effect might seem
 Without all Shew of Violence. HAROLD, haste thee
 To the fair Captive's Tent. Tell her, the Gods
 Of *Denmark* claim their wonted Sacrifice
 Of captive Youths, and thirst for *England's* Gore.
 But if her dear Consent shall crown my Wish,
 Our Gods propitious will accept her Smile,
 In Ransom for their Blood. Paint forth the Terrors
 Of the dread Sacrifice ; the Victims bound ;
 The howling Incantations of our Priests
 Invoking Hell ; the glittering Faulcion bar'd ;
 The streaming Gore, and Horrors of the Altar.
 The mournful Tale shall melt her into Grief,
 And Pity plead Consent.

HAROLD.

I wait thy Will.

Yet were my Counsel worthy GOTHMUND's Ear—

GOTHMUND.

What wou'dst thou ?—Say.—

HAROLD.

Some captive *Briton* best

Wou'd bend her Pride.

GOTHMUND.

Not so. These stubborn *Britons*,
 Unconquer'd ev'n in Chains, defy our Swords ;
 Awful in Ruin : Like their kindred Oaks,
 Tho' blasted by the Thunder of the War,
 They proudly bear their scorched Ribs aloft,
 And brave the Pow'r that struck them. Therefore, HA—
 That Hope is vain. [ROLD,

HAROLD.

Persuasion, sure, wou'd flow

Prompt, and more pow'rful from some Captive's Tongue,

To

To Death or endless Slav'ry doom'd ; yet sooth'd
 With Hope, and promis'd Freedom. For the Speech
 Of mimic Art is weak and finewless,
 To the strong Workings of the lab'ring Soul,
 When Passion glows within.

G O T H M U N D.

'Tis well advis'd.
 Then lead some captive *Briton* to her Tent,
 On this great Purpose. But o'er all I fear
 This haughty ATHELSTAN; He claims her His,
 By Law of Battle ; and hath sworn Protection.

H A R O L D.

Is G O T H M U N D's Pow'r so weak, then, that he dreads
 A Traitor's Frown ?

G O T H M U N D.

Nay, by our Gods, I'll seize her ;
 Tho' he, and all the witching Pow'rs of Hell,
 Tho' the weird Sisters, and each horrible Shape
 That haunts the midnight Forest, hemm her round
 With Magick Incantation.—H A R O L D, speed thee.
 I'll wait thee in my Tent.— [Exit G O T H M U N D.

S C E N E II.

H A R O L D.

Now, Spirit of Mischief, rise ! Welcome, foul Fiend,
 That rid'st the Carr of Night ; and scatter'st Plagues
 With unseen Hand !—D U N E L M, he fears me not :
 Nor dreams what Tempest soon shall blacken round.
 Did'st thou not mark that frowning Captive, E G B E R T ?

D U N E L M.

I did,

H A R O L D.

He best will bear the General's Love
 To T H Y R A's Tent —Command him hither, D U N E L M.
 [Exit D U N E L M.

His gen'rous Heart shall burn wth fierce Disdain ;

And strengthen THYRA's Virtue into Scorn,
 Which Pity cannot bend.—So black a Purpose
 Known and proclaim'd, may haply rouse to Rage
 The Duke of *Mercia*; in whose fiery Breast
 Lies Fury, ripe to catch, and blaze in Flames.
 Oh, for some swift Occasion, that my Breath
 May kindle Discord into deadly Feud!
 Like angry Clouds that sail on warring Winds,
 Their fierce conflicting Wrath shall meet in Thunder,
 And Ruin close the Fray!—

SCENE III. *To him,* EGBERT:

HAROLD.

Welcome, brave Youth.
 Thy Fame, and known Pre-eminence in Valour,
 Have call'd thee to a generous Task of Duty,
 For *Britain's* Weal.—Thou know'st, by Doom of War,
 Full fifty Captives to our Gods must bleed.

EGBERT.

So doom your fancy'd Gods, the vain Creation
 Of Fear and Cruelty. But righteous Heav'n,
 That sees your Blindness with a pitying Eye,
 Detests the Sacrifice.

HAROLD.

Prevent it then.

EGBERT.

Name but the Means. If my devoted Blood
 Can save my guiltless Countrymen from Death,
 I yield it to the Altar.

HAROLD.

Valiant EGBERT,
 A gentler Task is thine. A captive Beauty
 Brightens yon Tent: She hath subdu'd our General.
 The Rage of Love is on him. If thy Tongue
 Can win her to his Bed.—

EGBERT.

HAROLD, no more.

Think'st

Think'st thou, because I drag the Chain of War,
My Soul must wear your Shackles? Fall'n a Captive,
I bear a *Briton's* Heart: The Coward only
Earns Safety by Dishonour.

H A R O L D.

Yet many a *Briton*
Wou'd deem it Service, worth a brave Man's Care,
To save devoted Innocence from Death,
At this cheap Price. Weigh'd with the Blood of Man,
What is this unknown Woman's Weal or Woe,
This captive THYRA's Honour?

E G B E R T,

THYRA?—THYRA?

What THYRA?

H A R O L D,

ATHELSTAN's fair Captive THYRA.

What Terror's in that Name? What wonder moves thee?

E G B E R T,

Ye Pow'rs of Heav'n!—HAROLD, if thou'rt a Man;
If ever brave Compassion touch'd thy Breast;
If e'er the tender Names of Wife and Husband,
The bleeding Anguish of despairing Virtue,
The Love of Worth, or Piety to Heav'n,
Did sway thy Heart to great and gen'rous Deeds,
Or melted thee to Pity, hear me now!
That THYRA is my Wife!

H A R O L D,

Indeed? thy Wife?

E G B E R T.

So sure, as Infamy is hov'ring o'er her,
My Wife! Devoted to this Ruffian's Lust!

H A R O L D.

EGBERT, I love the Valour of a Foe:
And Worth like thine turns Enmity to Praise.
How will thy Bosom burn with honest Rage,
When hissing Scorn proclaims—

C 3

E G B E R T.

E G B E R T.

Oh, thou hast shook
 My firmest Fortitude ! I thought her dead.
 When she was lost, what more cou'd EGBERT fear ?
 Hence cold Despair had gather'd o'er my Soul,
 Wrap'd it in Ice from ev'ry Sense of Ill,
 And chain'd the struggling Tear. But her lov'd Name
 Hath rous'd me from this Lethargy of Woe,
 Hath thaw'd the frozen Horrors of my Heart,
 And melted me to Childhood. Grief and Joy,
 And Fear, and Hope, in tumult rise within me :
 While thro' the moistened Channels of mine Eyes
 These Sorrows flow :—Yes, for thy Sake, thy EGBERT
 Weeps his Captivity !

H A R O L D,

Waste not in Tears
 The precious Minutes. Speed thee to her Tent.
 Dishonour and Pollution hover o'er it.

E G B E R T.

Perdition seize the Robber ! Gen'rous HAROLD,
 Lead me to aid this helpless Innocence.
 Hear me, brave Countrymen ! and witness Heav'n,
 That to redeem your death-devoted Blood,
 EGBERT wou'd yield his own — But oh, my Wife !
 What ! yield her to a Ruffian's Lust ? — Nay rather,
 I'll dash her Beauties into Wounds and Horror,
 For Lust to start at.—Lead me to her Tent,
 My lab'ring Heart will burst !

H A R O L D.

Th' attending Guard
 Shall guide thee to her Tent, [Exeunt,

SCENE IV. *Changes to THYRA'S Tent.*

T H Y R A, E D W I N A.

Sure, 'tis some warning Pow'r that whispers here.
 My beating Heart forebodes th' Approach of Fate,
 And labours with th' Event.—EDWINA, come:
Friend

Friend of my Life, dear Partner of my Woes !
Teach me to combat these furrounding Terrors,
That overwhelm my Soul !

EDWINA.

Take Comfort, THYRA :
All may be well.

THYRA.

Oh, this unpitying *Dane* !
Raging with Insolence, and red with Slaughter !
What cannot he attempt !

EDWINA.

Disfrust not Heav'n.
The valiant ATHELSTAN hath vow'd Protection.
Wrong not his generous Care.

THYRA.

May ev'ry Pow'r
That watches o'er the just and brave, protect him,
And crown his Days with Honour !

SCENE V. *To them*, DUNELM.

DUNELM.

Beauteous Captive,
A Messenger from GOTHMUND—

THYRA.

Oh, my Fears !

DUNELM.

He wills, that all depart,
Save only Thee : for he hath much to say,
Meet for thy private Ear.

THYRA.

Alas, EDWINA !
What shall I do ! Oh leave me not, EDWINA !
Undone, undone !

DUNELM.

Nay, weep not, beauteous Captive.
Let all depart ; else ye provoke his Rage. [*Ex. DUN. ED.*

C 4

THYRA.

T H Y R A.

Now which Way shall I turn me! Whither fly
 To shun these gathering Horrors!—Wou'd I had fallen
 Beneath the Battle's Fury! That the Spear
 Had pierc'd my Heart! Or that some flaming Tow'r
 Had been my funeral Pile!—Why was I spar'd,
 To sink in deeper Woes!—Oh, pitying Heav'n,
 If e'er thy Care regarded Innocence,
 Restore me to my Lord!

SCENE VI. *To her*, E G B E R T.

E G B E R T.

Behold him here!

T H Y R A.

Is't possible!—'Tis He! my Lord! my Husband!
 Oh happy Change! Oh Bliss unspeakable!
 Support me, heav'nly Pow'rs! Support me, E G B E R T,
 I faint, I faint! Oh, take me to thy Breast!—

E G B E R T.

Thou Crown of all my Joys! Thou Cause belov'd
 Of all my bitterest Pangs! Do I once more
 Infold thee in these Arms!

T H Y R A.

Too bounteous Heav'n!
 And are my Sorrows fled! Shall Hope once more
 Visit this Breast? And do I live to see thee!
 Alas, my Lord! thro' what unnumber'd Woes,
 Thro' what a Sea of Horrors have we past,
 Since last we parted!

E G B E R T.

Such is Heav'n's high Will.
England is fall'n! The Majesty of Empire
 Is sunk by Fate! Destruction rears her Banner:
 The fatal Raven croaks; and *Britain's* weeping Genius,
 Yielding his Charge, flits to some happier Clime!

T H Y R A.

T H Y R A.

Oh fatal Day ! be thou for ever wept !
 Yet ev'ry future Morn shall hear my Praise,
 And Gratitude sincere arise to Heav'n,
 For this dear Boon, this Cure of ev'ry Woe,
 That I have found my EGBERT !—Say, my Lord,
 Who led thee to these Tents ?

E G B E R T.

Thro' the wide Waste
 Of mortal War, I fought my virtuous T H Y R A,
 To save her from the Foe : But fought in vain.
 Then rushing on the thickest War, my Sword
 Edg'd by Despair, I mow'd my Way ; to where
 G O T H M U N D, intrench'd in triple Rows of Spears,
 Stood like our Country's Fiend. He met my Arm.
 But soon th'o'erwhelming Files that hemm'd him round
 Ended the mortal Strife ; and led me hither,
 The Captive of his Pride.

T H Y R A.

Blest, blest Event !
 Sure, 'twas some unseen Angel rul'd thy Fate ;
 Now, barbarous G O T H M U N D, I defy thy Threats !
 Oh Coward ! to insult a helpless Captive ! [*Bursts into*

E G B E R T.

[*Tears.*

Soul of my Soul ! The frowning Fates furround us !
 That thou art here, restor'd to Life and Me,
 This grateful Tear I offer up to Heav'n !
 But if some heavier Ruin hangs unseen,
 Unkind and cruel was the Sword that spar'd thee !—

T H Y R A.

But thou art come, like some blest Pow'r from Heav'n,
 To banish all my Fears ! Ah, why that Groan ?

E G B E R T.

Dear T H Y R A ! See,—these Chains !—

T H Y R A.

T H Y R A.

Wou'd I cou'd wear them for thee!

E G B E R T.

Generous T H Y R A !

I know thy Love : I do believe thou wou'd'st.
 Think then, what Pangs must rend thy E G B E R T's Heart,
 To see thy Worth insulted, drag'd, by Pow'r
 To foul Dishonour ; while this cruel Chain
 Binds down his honest Vengeance !

T H Y R A.

Since I have found thee,
 Tho' fetter'd in this ignominious Chain,
 I know not why,—but ev'ry Fear is fled :—
 There's Safety in thy Arms.—

E G B E R T.

My Soul's best Part !
 Wrap not thy Heart in blind Security !
 Helpless thou seest me here, as Age or Childhood :—
 I fear the rising Storm. Forgive me, T H Y R A,
 If in the Tempest of my Rage, these Chains
 Shou'd strike thee to the Earth ! the cruel Task
 Of desp'rate Love ! and blot that Heav'nly Form
 With deadly Wounds and Blood ; to rescue thee
 From this remorseless *Dane* !

T H Y R A.

But A T H E L S T A N,
 Who sav'd me midst the Horrors of this Day---

E G B E R T.

Who ? *Mercia's* Duke ?

T H Y R A.

Hath bravely sworn Protection.

E G B E R T.

Curse the Traitor !
 'Twas he, whose Sword, unsheath'd by lawless Fury
 Against his Country, and the best of Kings,

Hath

Hath brought Destruction on us.—May his Treason
Fall, like an impious Arrow shot at Heav'n,
And cleave his hoary Head!

T H Y R A.

Yet, if I err not;
Ere this, Conviction of his Crime hath wrought
Repentance in his Heart.

E G B E R T.

No: plead not for him:
He hath undone us all!

T H Y R A.

Forgive me, EGBERT,
If Gratitude work strong within my Soul.—
He sav'd me from the *Dane*. A Mind so noble,
Tho' headlong driv'n down by the Tide of Passion,
Must soon return to Virtue.

E G B E R T,

Cou'd I hope it?
Cou'd I but hope he wou'd rejoin our Arms,
We yet might rescue Thee, and rescue *England!*

T H Y R A.

Behold, he comes!—Now, EGBERT, curb thy Rage.
Think: He is still the Guardian of my Honour.
Assume the winning Eloquence of Grief,
Lab'ring beneath it's Wrongs: His generous Heart
Will melt in Sympathy.

E G B E R T,

My virtuous THYRA,
For thee, and for my bleeding Country's Sake,
I'll choak the Pang I groan with.—

SCENE VII. *To them*, ATHELSTAN, SIWARD.

A T H E L S T A N.

Down, proud Heart!
Oh, I am rent with Anguish! Never more

Shall

Shall fair Peace keep her Sabbath in my Breast!
Unthankful *Dane!*

S I W A R D.

What less cou'd Reason fear
From unrelenting Robbers?

A T H E L S T A N.

Blind Revenge!

Oh whither hast thou led me!—Say, proud Captive,
Who brought thee to these Tents?

T H Y R A.

Brave A T H E L S T A N,

This is my Lord, my E G B E R T.—Honor'd E G B E R T,
Lo, *Mercia's* Duke, who sav'd me from Dishonour.—

A T H E L S T A N,

Yet, rul'd by sullen Pride, he scorns to thank me.

E G B E R T.

That thou didst save her from the Rage of War,
Binds me thy Friend: But that thy trait'rous Arm
Hath madly drawn thy Sword against thy King,
Unties that private Bond of Man with Man,
And bids me stand thy Foe.

A T H E L S T A N.

To injur'd Honour
A brave Revenge was due.

E G B E R T.

Oh A T H E L S T A N!

Thy Vengeance, in its fatal Course, hath swept
Thy Friends and Foes in one promiscuous Ruin!
Childhood and Age, the Gentle and the Brave,
And helpless Innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Have felt the Fury of thy mad Revenge.
Had'st thou been *England's* Friend, these bloody *Danes*,
Had fled our Shores: No *Briton* then had drag'd
These ignominious Chains! nor helpless T H Y R A
Had call'd in vain on Earth and Heav'n to save her!

T H Y R A.

T H Y R A .

Dire is our Fate's Decree, when EGBERT weeps !
Oh cruel GOTHMUND !

E G B E R T .

False, false ATHELSTAN !

A T H E L S T A N .

No more :—Why rend ye thus my tortur'd Heart ?
Thy Words are Scorpions in my Breast.—Rash Man,
Take back thy THYRA :—Guard her as thou can'st :—
Farewell : I'll hear no longer.—

T H Y R A . *[catching his Garment.*

Gen'rous Duke !

Leave us not thus ! Leave us not to Destruction !

We have no Hope but thee !

A T H E L S T A N . *[breaking from her.*

Thy tears are vain.—

S I W A R D .

Spurn not her Grievs—

A T H E L S T A N .

SIWARD, if thou'rt my Friend—

E G B E R T .

Nay, but thou yet shalt hear me :—Across thy Steps

I'll throw my Body, tho' thy Hand were arm'd

With Lightning, till thou hear me—

A T H E L S T A N .

Urge me not :

Urge not thy Fate —

E G B E R T .

Alas ! can Fate do more !

Oh ATHELSTAN ! but that I know thy Virtues,
I wou'd not stoop t' intreat thee. Life I reckon not.

Then spite of thee, I dare to be thy Friend : —

Yes ; I will search thy Heart ; will there dethrone

Usurping Passions that have banish'd Reason,

Eclips'd thy Virtues in their noon-tide Sphere,

And darken'd all their Brightness !

A T H E L -

A T H E L S T A N.

Let me pass—

E G B E R T.

By Heav'n, I will not, till I have paid the Debt
Due to thy generous Soul.—Yes ; thou hast been
My THYRA's guardian Genius :—Hear me now,
Hear *Me*, as thine : Sent by all-gracious Heav'n,
Kindly to warn thee of that Sea of Guilt,
In which thy Rage hath plung'd thee !—Hear the Voice
That calls thee, to return to Honour's Path ;
Bravely to quit thy guilty League with *Denmark*,
And save poor bleeding *England* !

A T H E L S T A N.

Witness Heav'n,
How dear hath *England's* Happiness and Fame
Been to my Soul ! How, on this dreadful Morn,
When Vengeance led me to the Field of Death,
My bleeding Heart wept for my Country's Woe,
And half subdu'd Revenge !—Behold these Tears—
'These Tears proclaim, I am a *Briton* still !

E G B E R T.

Then act a *Briton's* Part.—

A T H E L S T A N.

Ungrateful King !
Why didst thou wake my Rage ! why urge my Vengeance
To lead Destruction on !

E G B E R T.

Nay, wrong him not.
'Tis Passion's Blindness rules thee.—Heav'n and Earth
Witness the untir'd Bounties of his Hand.
But when bold Expectation, nurs'd by Vanity,
Brooks no Denial ; and assumes to weigh
Its own fantastic Worth ;—what earthly Pow'r
Can satisfy it's Cravings, or fill up
Th' unfathom'd Measure of Self-Love and Pride !

SIWARD.

S I W A R D.

Or grant thy Worth neglected :—Grant the Slave,
 Fool, Flatterer, Whisperer, reptile Sycophant,
 To thee prefer'd in Honour :—Virtue still,
 Wrapt in the Majesty of calm Disdain,
 And self rever'd, in her own Dignity
 Wou'd check Revenge ; wou'd welcome Injury
 With manly Scorn, and for the publick Weal
 Forget all private Wrong.

A T H E L S T A N.

No more, no more !
 Wou'd Heav'n, I had not done it.—

E G B E R T.

Imperial *London!*
 Fair *England's* Boast ! The Glory of the Isles !
 How art thou fall'n ! Thy Palaces and Tow'rs,
 Low-level'd with the Dust, now smoke in Ashes !—
 Heav'n ! as we pass'd in Chains the Streets along,
 How the loud Shrieks of ravish'd Maids and Matrons,
 The Groans of *Britons* weltring in their Blood,
 Of Infants writhing on the bloody Spear,
 Transfix'd my Heart !—

T H Y R A.

In vain the holy Priest,
 The trembling Sire, and widow'd Wife, in vain
 Clung to their Altars, and implor'd for Mercy :—
 The Ruffian Foe with sacrilegious Hand
 Dragg'd them to Death ; and to his Idols grim
 Did shed their innocent Blood !—

A T H E L S T A N.

What have I done !
 Oh *Britain!* hapless *Britain!*

S I W A R D.

Dost thou weep ?
 Come, fair Repentance, Daughter of the Skies !
 Soft Harbinger of soon returning Virtue !
 The weeping Messenger of Grace from Heav'n !

Lovely in Tears.—Now melt his generous Heart
 Infuse kind Pity for his Country's Woes !
 Wake his great Soul ; and bid him shine once more ;
 It's Pride, Support, and Glory !—

A T H E L S T A N.

'Tis too late !
 Oh Madness ! Headlong Madness !

E G B E R T.

Ne'er too late
 To turn to Virtue !—T H Y R A, S I W A R D, kneel ;
 And sue for Mercy to our ruin'd Country !— [*They kneel.*]

T H Y R A.

Cou'd a poor helpless Captive's Pray'r be heard !—

E G B E R T.

Behold in us, Millions of guiltless *Britons*—

S I W A R D.

Pleading for Life and Freedom !—

E G B E R T.

Hear the Groans

Of martyr'd Christians—

T H Y R A.

Bleeding for their Faith—

S I W A R D.

Imploring Help from thee !—

A T H E L S T A N.

Rise, *Britons*, rise.—

I yield, I yield !—Yes ; *England*, I am thine !—

E G B E R T.

[*They rise.*]

Oh happy Change !

S I W A R D.

Oh generous A T H E L S T A N !

A T H E L S T A N.

And yet---to stoop !---meanly to sue for Pardon !---

S I W A R D.

He, he alone degrades his State, who stoops
 To wrongful Deeds ; these done, 'tis truly brave
 To sue for Pardon, and who stoops, is greatest.

A T H E L -

A T H E L S T A N. [embracing them.

Come to my Heart! my Friends! my Guides to Peace!
Your Words, like Light from Heav'n, have pierc'd my
Oh Blindness, Frenzy!--Gen'rous, injur'd King, [Soul!
How can I e'er behold thee!

E G B E R T.

Trust his Goodness.

His chief Delight is Mercy: and when Justice
Demands the awful Sacrifice of Life,
Reluctant he confirms the harsh Decree.

S I W A R D.

Ev'n now a trusty Spy return'd, informs me,
Our valiant King, must'ring his scatter'd Pow'rs,
Ere Morning dawns will storm the *Danish* Camp:
Lead but thy valiant *Mercians*—

A T H E L S T A N.

Grant me, Heav'n,
On a wide Heap of routed *Danes* to die!
I ask no more.—Come, let us quit the Camp.—

E G B E R T.

Alas, brave Duke, I am a Captive here.
I cannot go. A thousand guiltless *Britons*
Must bleed, shou'd I escape.—But to thy Care,
Here I bequeath a Trust more dear than Life.
Let *THYRA* be the Partner of thy Flight.

T H Y R A.

Must I then leave my Lord!
Severe Decree! Shall I not see my *EGBERT*,
Ere I depart?

E G B E R T.

My ever honour'd Wife,
Be sure thou shalt.

A T H E L S T A N.

THYRA, retire: and while I seek the *Dane*,
To hush Suspicion, wait us in thy Tent,

D

Pre-

Prepar'd for Flight.—Now SIWARD, to my *Mercians*.—
 Tell them my Wrongs from *Denmark*: paint the Pangs
 Of my unfeign'd Repentance: rowze their Valour
 To quenchless Rage, that may atone my Guilt.
 That to the Ghost of ev'ry martyr'd *Briton*
 We slew in Fight, a Host of *Danes* may die.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the SECOND ACT.





A C T III.

SCENE I. THYRA'S Tent.

GOTHMUND, GOODWIN.

GOTHMUND.

HER Husband, did'st thou say?

GOODWIN.

So Rumour speaks.

GOTHMUND.

Amazement—Then he hath play'd false with HAROLD,
And quench'd my Hope. — Did'st thou not say, thou
Walking the Camp? [saw'st him,

GOODWIN.

He shot athwart the Tents
With proud and hasty Step, that seem'd to scorn
The Ground he trod.

GOTHMUND.

Then we shall meet him here.

This is his Wife's Pavilion. If he comes,
I mean to speak him fair. Persuasion mild
Shall first allure Consent: Shou'd that be vain,
From the false Calm a sudden Storm shall rise,
And bury him in Ruin.—Is the Guard
Arm'd, and at Hand to seize him?

GOODWIN.

Arm'd, and ready.

GOTHMUND.

Behold, he comes.

GOODWIN.

'Tis he: I see his Chain,

That glitters in the Moon-beam.

G O T H M U N D.

GOODWIN, hence :

Wait within Call.---

[Exit GOODWIN.]

SCENE II. To him, E G B E R T.

G O T H M U N D.

Briton, I greet thee well.

Is the fair Captive won to G O T H M U N D's Love ?

Why art thou dumb ?

E G B E R T.

Why do I see thee here ?

G O T H M U N D.

Left Insult shou'd approach fair T H Y R A's Tent,
I come to watch her Welfare.

E G B E R T.

As the Wolf
Guards the defenceless Lamb.

G O T H M U N D.

Hast thou forgot
Whose Chain thou wear'st ?

E G B E R T.

'Tis Thine : and thence I scorn it.

G O T H M U N D.

E G B E R T, beware : Thou know'st the Victor's Pow'r :
Wake not his Rage.—

E G B E R T.

I bear a guiltless Mind,
Thou can'st not conquer.—

G O T H M U N D.

Hence, audacious Captive.
I know thee T H Y R A's Husband.—Tremble, *Briton* :
Nor sport with angry Pow'r !

E G B E R T.

Hence, ruffian *Dane* !—This Tent is A T H E L S T A N's.
T H Y R A's his Captive : and kind Heav'n ordain'd him,

To rescue Innocence from Lust and Rapine.

G O T H M U N D.

Yet I am calm.---But have a Care, rash Youth---
For ATHELSTAN :---What Pow'r but mine can shield
From the just Vengeance of his injur'd King? [him
Whate'er the Traitor won, he won for me.
Like these rich Territories, THYRA's mine
By Conquest: Let not then weak Shame or Pride
Obstruct the Victor's Wish: Be just, brave EGBERT,
And yield her Beauty to its new Possessor.

E G B E R T.

Come, honest Pride! Oh fill my swelling Heart,
And arm mine Eye, and point my Tongue with Scorn,
Keen as the Scorpion's Sting!—By Heaven, this Chain,
This Chain alone bids Insolence be bold,
Which else were dumb, as Cowardice or Guilt!
Oh, for my honest Faulcion! which this Morn,
O'erwhelming Numbers wrested from my Hand!
Yes: I wou'd hunt thee thro' the Battle's Rage:
Surrounding Guards, and doubling Ranks in vain
Should shelter thee!

G O T H M U N D.

Hell's Curses blast thy Pride!
Had not the busy Guards forestall'd my Vengeance,
The Lightning of my Sword had cleft thee down.
Shall I bear this? Ho, GOODWIN! Bring the Guard!
[To him GOODWIN.
Seize that insulting Captive: Drag him hence,
To dark Imprisonment, and seven-fold Chains,
Till the Fleet sail for *Denmark*.

SCENE III. *To them*, THYRA, EDWINA.

T H Y R A.

Mercy, Mercy!
Oh G O T H M U N D, at thy Feet!

G O T H M U N D.

Let go thy Hold. —

Quick, bear him to his Prison.

E G B E R T.

Why this Violence?

I am your Captive : Bear me where ye may.

T H Y R A.

Must we thus part ! — Oh cruel *Dane* ! In Mercy
Destroy us here together !

E G B E R T.

Strive no more :

Waste not thy generous Tears on barbarous Pow'r :

For what can Right, when Lust and Madness rule ?

Yield to thy Fate. Farewell ! [*Exit* E G B E R T and

T H Y R A.

[G O O D W I N.

My Lord ! my E G B E R T !

Oh lost, lost, lost ! —

G O T H M U N D.

Thou yet hast Pow'r to save him. —

T H Y R A.

Oh name the Task which Honour sanctifies,

And I will die to save him ! — Bid me roam,

An Exile from my Country, thro' the Climes

Where frozen *Lapland's* wintry Wastes extend ;

Doom me for ever to th' unwholesome Mine,

Where hopeless Slav'ry toils : — I'll bless my Fate,

So I may save my E G B E R T.

G O T H M U N D.

Fear not, T H Y R A,

So harsh a Doom — That delicate Frame was form'd

For gentler Offices. — Crown but my Love,

And E G B E R T shall be free.

T H Y R A.

Peace, Monster, Peace !

Nor wound my chaste Ear with thy Words, which taint

The wholesome Air.

G O T H -

GOTHMUND.

Else shall my Vengeance sweep
Thy stubborn EGBERT to far distant Shores.
Yes: he shall dwell with Darkness, pine with Want,
Rot 'midst the cold Damps of a hideous Dungeon,
And live a ling'ring Death!

THYRA.

Oh horrible!
Thou can'st not mean it!

GOTHMUND.

By our Gods, I do!
While thou, the Minion of the general Camp,
Shalt feed unbridled Lust; till wrinkled Age
Doom thee at length a household Drudge, the Scorn
Of loathing Appetite!

THYRA.

Oh hear me Heav'n!
Hear me, thus kneeling, low on Earth! Descend,
Ye guardian Pow'rs that watch o'er Innocence,
Descend, and soften his relentless Heart,
Or I am lost for ever! — Hear me, GOTHMUND,
For the chaste Matron's Sake, who gave thee Birth!
Oh, hear!

GOTHMUND.

Nay, yield thee; or his Fate is seal'd. —

THYRA.

Pity my captive State! a helpless Orphan,
With not a Friend! an outcast from my Country;
Unknown to all; ev'n to myself unknown!
A poor lost Infant, wreck'd on *England's* Coast!
Perhaps an Infant *Dane*! — Oh why, EDWINA,
Why was I rescued by thy Father's Hand!
Else had my Sorrows found a peaceful Grave
In the devouring Deep!

GOTHMUND.

An infant *Dane*?
Give me but Proof of That —

T H Y R A.

Concurrent Proofs

Bespeak me such : Wrong not thy Country then :
 Wrong not thy Friends : Oh think thou seest thy Friends,
 And thy dear Relatives now plead in me ;
 And thus with bended Knees and lifted Eyes
 Beseech thy Pity !—speak, EDWINA, speak !
 Oh tell the Tale of Woe ! The mournful Tale
 Needs not the colouring of artful Tongues,
 To melt the hardest Heart !

G O T H M U N D.

I charge thee, Woman,
 Be bold in Truth : or instant Death awaits thee.

E D W I N A.

Hear then the Tale, which at the hallow'd Altar
 I dare confirm. — Near to the Coast of *Wessex*
 My Father liv'd ; an humble Villager.
 'Twas on a Time when Storms had vex'd the Deep,
 We spy'd a *Danish* Vessel driv'n on Rocks,
 Then swallow'd in the Flood. The Storm rag'd on :
 And on the rolling Billows, mountain-high,
 This helpless Babe came floating. The next Wave
 Had wash'd her to the Deep : 'Twas then my Father
 Snatch'd her from Death. — Soon as our Cottage
 Recall'd her into Life, the lovely Babe [Warmth
 Smil'd on us, all unconscious of her Woe.
 Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye. My generous Father,
 Generous tho' poor, and now a Saint in Heav'n,
 Embrac'd the Child, and vow'd her as his own.
 Beauty, with ev'ry winning Quality,
 Grew with her Growth : She was our Village Pride.
 EGBERT at length, drawn by her peerless Fame,
 Beheld, and lov'd, and won her.

T H Y R A.

Generous EGBERT!

GOTH-

G O T H M U N D .

But say — Did this poor Babe alone survive
The general Wreck ?

E D W I N A .

Alone : The rest were swallow'd
By the devouring Flood.

G O T H M U N D .

But tell me, Woman,
Why did ye judge the sinking Wreck, a *Dane* ?

E D W I N A .

'Twas from the yellow Streamers, hoisted high
In Signal of Distress.

T H Y R A . *[Taking a Chain from her Neck.*

Behold this Chain, *[Gothmund takes the Chain.*
By me held sacred from my earliest Age :
This, haply, may confirm the wondrous Tale.

E D W I N A .

That very Chain adorn'd her infant Neck :
Inwrought with mystic Figures, it hath tir'd
Each letter'd Sage's Eye.

G O T H M U N D .

The Signatures
Are of a *Runic* Import : which our Bards,
And Priests, and Sages magic-taught, can spell,
I'll bear it to their Search.

T H Y R A .

May Heav'n infuse
Soft Pity to thy Heart !

G O T H M U N D .

Cou'd I but win *[sures :*
Fair T H Y R A 's Love ! — The Camp shall pour its Trea-
Freedom and Wealth, the Spoils of conquer'd *England*,
Shall join to grace thy Tent : while thou supreme
Shalt triumph o'er thy Fate, and bless the Hour
That spoke thy Birth, and gave thee to the *Dane*.

T H Y R A .

Oh mighty G O T H M U N D !

G O T H -

G O T H M U N D.

Nay, dry these Griefs; tho' much indeed they grace thee.
 Come; let thine Eyes beam with their own soft Fires,
 And all thy Form awaken into Beauty.
 Dwell not with fruitless Woe: Let bitter Tears
 Rain from the Captive's Eye, condemn'd to Exile,
 And endless Slav'ry: But a happier Lot
 Awaits fair THYRA's Choice, and pleads Acceptance.

T H Y R A.

My EGBERT! O my Husband!

G O T H M U N D.

Weep no more;
 Thy Tears can ne'er recall him.

T H Y R A.

Little know'st thou;
 What strong eternal Bands of mutual Love
 Have knit our Souls: Divided Happiness
 We ne'er can know. Joy, like one common Sun,
 Must shine on Both or Neither: and if Night
 Hath overcast his Fate; my Sun of Life
 With his, is set for ever.—Give me the Chain.—

G O T H M U N D.

Nay, by my Sword, the Chain
 Is dearer to me than a Diamond's Mine.
 This Chain's the Clue, shall guide me to thy Birth;
 Which, once reveal'd, shall ev'ry Tie dissolve
 That binds thee to these Britons. Denmark then
 Shall claim thee Her's; and GOTHMUND plead her
 Rights. [Exit GOTHMUND.

T H Y R A.

Unfriended Innocence implores in vain!
 EDWINA, range the Camp! seek out my EGBERT!
 Tell him, his THYRA kneels in vain for Mercy,
 And bid him fly to save her!—Oh, I rave!
 E'en now, relentless Ruffians bind him down,
 In the drear Depth of dark Imprisonment;
 Far from his helpless THYRA.

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*To them, ATHELSTAN.*

A T H E L S T A N.

Sure, the Voice

Of Female Lamentation struck mine Ear.—

THYRA!—whom do I see?—What, drown'd in Tears?

T H Y R A.

Oh, lost, for ever lost!—This barbarous *Dane*!

A T H E L S T A N.

What of him?

T H Y R A.

Bent to do a Deed of Horror,

Ev'n now he hath dragg'd to dark Imprisonment

My guiltless Lord!—He threatens instant Violence!

A T H E L S T A N.

Curs'd be the Day on which he touch'd our Shores!

Come; let us from the Camp:—Ere this, my *Mercians*,

Warn'd of th' Oppressions of this bloody *Dane*,

And touch'd with Pity for their Country's Woes,

Burn to rejoin their King.—Come, gentle THYRA,—

EDWINA, come.—My Presence shall protect you,

Safe thro' this hostile Camp.

T H Y R A.

Too generous, Duke!

Can I desert my Lord!

A T H E L S T A N.

Then stay, till GOTHMUND—

T H Y R A.

Oh, save me, ATHELSTAN!

Haste, let us hence!—I have no Help but thee!

Alas, my virtuous EGBERT, must I leave thee!

A T H E L S T A N.

Nay, fear not for him:—Ere yon Moon hath rode

Her Circuit round the Skies, I'll pour my Thunder

On these accursed *Danes*, and give him Freedom.

SIWARD, ere this, throughout the Ranks hath wak'd

Brave Discontent, and kindled all my War.—
Come, let us quit the Camp.—

SCENE V. *To them,* GOODWIN.

GOODWIN.

Hear, ATHELSTAN!
Our General sends thee Greeting.—Sacred ever
He deems the Rights of War: yet Pow'rs ally'd
Own the Priority of peaceful Claim.—

A T H E L S T A N.

'Tis granted.—What of this?—

GOODWIN.

That captive Fair,
Won by thy Prowess in the City's Storm,
By Law of War is Thine: An earlier Right
Our General pleads: For Proofs of Circumstance
Speak her by Birth a *Dane*.

A T H E L S T A N.

No false Pretence
Shall wile her Virtues from me.—THYRA, speak:—
Is't not a feign'd Pretence?

T H Y R A.

Oh mighty Duke!
Tho' Ruin hangs upon the Acknowledgment;
I fear, I am a *Dane*; and thence unworthy
A generous *Briton's* Care!

A T H E L S T A N.

Wrong not thy Worth:
For, as within the Forest's howling Depth,
Where grisly Bears, and Pards, and Tigers roam,
The wild Rose blooms; So oft in savage Lands
Untutor'd Virtue dwells: Where'er 'tis found,
It claims Defence: Virtue is Virtue's Care,
Alike in ev'ry Clime.—Then tell me, GOODWIN,—
For ere I yield my Captive, I will know:—

What

What Proofs of Circumstance——

GOODWIN. [*producing the Chain.*]

Behold this Chain——

With *Runic* Characters——

A T H E L S T A N. [*seizing the Chain.*]

Ye Pow'rs of Heav'n,

That weave th' inextricable Maze of Fate!

What do I see!—If 'tis your sacred Will

To make me blest, now lend a pitying Ray!

This very Chain, my once victorious Arm

Rent from the proud Neck of a slaughter'd *Dane*.—

Oh Joy, Oh Grief! Oh Rapture to my Soul!

How,—when,—where,—whence? Speak, GOODWIN!

[*THYRA, speak!*]

Or Hope and Doubt will heave my Heart to bursting!

T H Y R A.

Ah me! I was a helpless Infant, lost

Ere Mem'ry yet was seated in the Brain!

A T H E L S T A N.

Oh blessed Hope! Such was my *EMMA* too!—

EDWINA,—can'st thou tell?—Range, range the Round,

Where Mem'ry hoards her Treasures, and brings back

Old Time! Confirm the Whispers of sweet Hope,

And give me back my Child!

E D W I N A.

Heav'n! dost thou weep

A Daughter lost?

A T H E L S T A N.

And long have wept in vain!—

Since she was lost, full twenty Years have shed

Their various Woes on my poor orphan'd Child!—

When furious *HALFDEN* ravag'd *Mercia's* Cities,

Then was my Child (this very Chain she wore!)

Snatch'd from her Cradle by un pitying *Danes*

And thence convey'd to *Denmark's* barbarous Shore!

T H Y R A.

Oh gracious Heav'n!

E D W I N A.

E D W I N A.

On that lamented Time,
 This very Chain circling her infant Neck,
 By my dear Father's Hand was THYRA snatch'd
 From the devouring Deep!

A T H E L S T A N.

'Tis She!—My Child! my Child! [*Embracing her.*

T H Y R A.

My Father!

E D W I N A.

Gracious Heav'n!
 Who can behold this Sight, and not dissolve
 In Tears of Joy!—

A T H E L S T A N.

And was it mine, to save thee!
 Oh Pow'rful Nature!—For since first I saw thee,
 My EMMA's Sweetness struck on ev'ry Sense:
 Some soft Attraction drew!—some unknown Charm
 Work'd in my Soul, and bade me wish thee Mine!—
 Haste, GOODWIN, haste to GOTHMUND: there disclose
 This Tale of Joy, this wondrous Burst of Bliss!
 Tell him, that Nature cancels ev'ry Claim,
 And gives my EMMA to her Father's Love!

G O O D W I N.

I'll forthwith to his Tent: A Minute's Round
 Shall bring thee his Resolve. [*Exit GOODWIN.*

A T H E L S T A N.

Eternal Providence!
 To whose all-seeing Mind, th' unmeasur'd Round
 Of wide Events is present! far beyond
 The narrow Ken of a weak mortal Eye!
 Deep and unsearchable, yet just and true,
 Are thy ador'd Decrees, O Pow'r divine!
 Thou ev'n beyond the Darings of fond Hope,
 Hast from the Bosom of the raging Seas
 Restor'd my long-lost Daughter!—

[*Embracing her passionately,*

T H Y R A.

T H Y R A .

Happy, happy!

Oh Bliss unspeakable! And do I live,
 Thus to be press'd to a fond Parent's Heart!
 To hang upon his Breast! To know the Joy,
 The heart-felt Raptures that attend the Names
 Of Child and Daughter!

A T H E L S T A N .

Darling of my Soul!

Oh Comfort of my Age;—Yet, yet one Grief
 Checks the sweet Tumult of my honest Joy!
 One piercing Grief lies heavy on my Soul!—

T H Y R A .

Can I relieve thy Pain?

A T H E L S T A N .

Not all the lenient Balms thy Love can pour,
 Can ever give me Rest!—Oh Madness, Madness!
 I have undone my Country!

T H Y R A .

Alas, the Pity!

Think not so deeply of it.

A T H E L S T A N .

Oh, I am vile!

I dare not lift my guilty Eyes to Heav'n!
 Yet Heav'n hath show'r'd a Blessing on my Head,
 Beyond the World's wide Empire!—What may this
 Sure, 'tis the Prelude to some dire Event! [mean!—
 A passing Gleam, sent by almighty Vengeance,
 To deepen future Woe!—

T H Y R A .

Nay, rather deem it

The kind Encouragement of Heav'n, vouchsaf'd
 To thy returning Virtue!

A T H E L S T A N .

Heav'n is just,

Yet merciful:—Let me but rescue *England*,
 And I shall yet be blest!—

S C E N E

SCENE VI. *To them, GOODWIN.*

GOODWIN.

Hear, *Mercia's* Duke!GOTHMUND decrees, that ev'ry Right of Peace
Yields to the Conqu'ror's Pow'r; and claims his Captive.

A T H E L S T A N.

Sooner your Swords shall drink my warm Life-blood—

GOODWIN.

Hoa! DUNELM—Bear her off!—

[DUNELM and the Guard appear, and seize THYRA.

THYRA. *[as they carry her off struggling.*

Help! Help! Undone!

Dear Father, help!—

A T H E L S T A N.

[Part of the Guard remain and intercept him.

Damnation! Treach'ry! Treach'ry!—

Slaves, let me pass —

GOODWIN.

Not this Way, by the Gods—

A T H E L S T A N. *[drawing his Sword.*

By Heav'n, I'll mow my Passage with my Sword.—

GOODWIN.

Disarm him— *[the remaining Guards disarm him.*

A T H E L S T A N.

Villains! give me back my Daughter!

GOODWIN.

Rave not, old Man!—She now is GOTHMUND's Charge.

A T H E L S T A N. *[Ex. GOODWIN and Guards.*

Inhuman Dogs!—Tell me—in Pity tell me—

Where is my Daughter! Give me back my Daughter!—

Oh, Mercy, Mercy, Heav'n!—

E D W I N A.

Alas, my Lord!

I fear She's lost for ever!—

A T H E L S T A N.

Vengeance! Vengeance—

E D W I N A, come!—I'll to this bloody *Dane,*

And

And frown him into Stone!—Loud in his Ear
I'll thunder all my Wrongs; and shake his Soul
With Sounds as dire, as when at general Doom
The dreadful Trump shall wake the guilty Dead!
Shou'd he be deaf to injur'd Nature's Claim,—
I'll to my *Mercians*, and let loose Revenge!
Swift o'er these ruffian *Danes* I'll pour the Flood
Of War; and drown the guilty Camp in Blood;
Rage thro' their Tents, like fierce consuming Fire;
And among Heaps of slaughter'd Foes expire!

End of the T H I R D A C T.



E

A C T



A C T IV.

SCENE I. G O T H M U N D ' S T e n t .

G O O D W I N , D U N E L M .

G O O D W I N .

I S ſhe ſecur'd ?

D U N E L M .

Fast : — Barricado'd ſtrong
By doubled Ranks of Guard : whoſe levell'd Spears
Hem round the Tent.

G O O D W I N .

Did not the Duke of *Mercia*,
Attempt to wreſt her from them ?

D U N E L M .

Yes : with Fury,
Fierce as the foaming Boar that whets his Tuſks,
When the bold Hunter hath deſtroy'd his Young,
He clamour'd to the Guard. They mock'd his Rage.
Thrice he eſſay'd, with phrenzy-like Deſpair,
To pierce their Ranks : Then Fury ſunk to Grief.
Melting in Tears, he ſu'd for one ſmall Grace :
Pray'd that E D W I N A , her late fellow Captive,
Might ſhare her Griefs. His Suit in Sport was granted.
E D W I N A now weeps o'er her. — But he comes,
To plead his Right with G O T H M U N D .

G O O D W I N .

Fierce will be
Their meeting Frown ; when Rage encounters Rage ;
In either Breſt a Storm.

DUNELM.

I'll to my Watch :

E'en let the Tempest roar.

[Exit DUNELM.

GOODWIN.

My Charge is here.

SCENE II. *To him,* A T H E L S T A N .

A T H E L S T A N .

Vile Caitiff! Where's thy General?

GOODWIN.

Fair Words, *Briton*.

Choak thy foul Breath. The General's in his Tent.

What woud'st thou?

A T H E L S T A N .

Tell him, A T H E L S T A N is come.

His Heart will speak the rest.

GOODWIN.

Ev'n now he fits

On secret Council : Nor can Clamour gain

Admittance to his Ear.

A T H E L S T A N .

Infidious Hell-hound!

Or bring us Face to Face ; or by yon Heav'n,

His Tent shall be a Cobweb to my Rage.

I'll tear the sheeted Cordage from its Base,

And give it to the Winds : I'll call so loud,

The Heav'ns shall echo me ; and the chaste Stars

Eclipse with Horror at th' infernal Deed

Which his fell Heart conceives.

SCENE III. *To them,* G O T H M U N D .

G O T H M U N D .

What lawless Clamour

Breaks on my Tent?

E 2

A T H E L -

A T H E L S T A N .

What lawless Rapine late
Invaded mine ?

G O T H M U N D .

Thou shalt be answer'd bravely.—

A T H E L S T A N .

I will be answer'd truly.—Think not, G O T H M U N D ,
That Frowns can terrify ; or vile Evasion
Silence, my loud-tongu'd Wrongs. — Speak — tell me,
Why this audacious Insult on the Rights [Dane; —
Of sworn Alliance, and the Laws of War ?

G O T H M U N D .

Am I not here supreme ? — Whate'er was won,
Was won beneath my Banner. Thou, proud Duke,
Wert but a Wheel within the vast Machine
That tore up *England's* Freedom. Yes, thy Sword
Was but the Instrument of G O T H M U N D 's Will.
I was the Soul, the all-directing Pow'r
That rul'd the War : Whate'er ye won, ye won
Each for himself indeed ; but all for me.

A T H E L S T A N .

Oh Falsehood, foul as Hell ! What *Dane* so vile,
But now enjoys the Conquest that he reap'd ?
Behold th' unpitying Riot of the Camp,
Rich with the Spoils of my poor ruin'd Country !
How ev'ry Soldier lords it o'er the Heap
Of Plunder which he won !

G O T H M U N D .

So G O T H M U N D wills.
But did so dear a Prize enrich their Tents,
As lately brighten'd A T H E L S T A N 's ; — my Voice,
Swift as the Virtue of a magic Spell,
Shou'd leave them void as thine.

A T H E L S T A N .

Curs'd Insolence
Of barb'rous Pow'r ! — Yet think not A T H E L S T A N
Roll'd in the sordid List of G O T H M U N D 's Slaves.

I plead

I plead the Law of War ; and claim my Captive.

G O T H M U N D .

Thine ?

A T H E L S T A N .

Mine : by Right of War. —

G O T H M U N D .

Hence, prating Pedant !

Thou shalt be frock'd, and mantled in the Garb
Worn by your Cell-bred Monks. — By Right of War ?
Dost thou not see, what Thousands hemm me round,
Dreadful in crested Helms ? These plead the Rights
Of G O T H M U N D and of *Denmark*. Think'st thou, *Briton*,
We touch'd these Shores, to parley with our Slaves
In weak Contention ? Violence is our Law.
The Sword is Valour's God : 'Twas thine this Morn :
And now 'tis G O T H M U N D 's.

A T H E L S T A N .

Blush, Ingratitude ! [Heart !
What Sword but A T H E L S T A N 's ! — Down, swelling
No ! heav'nly Pow'rs ! I dare not call you down,
In witness to my Wrongs ! — Yet this from thee ! —
Oh thankless *Dane* !

G O T H M U N D .

Go, preach thy Follies, *Christian*,
To the obscure and coward Sons of Peace.
I wing a loftier Air ; where Eagle-Glory
Soars high above Reproach. — Fair T H Y R A 's mine.
More dear than half the Spoils of conquer'd *Britain*,
Thou ne'er shalt see her more.

A T H E L S T A N .

O stern Decree !

Yet hear me, G O T H M U N D ! --- Hear a Parent's Pray'r ! --

G O T H M U N D .

A Parent's Pray'r !

A T H E L S T A N .

Yes : T H Y R A is my Child ; now scarce restor'd
To the fond Wishes of her aged Father,
Till plung'd in deeper Woe !

G O T H M U N D.

T H Y R A thy Child ?

A thin Pretence ! — She was an infant *Dane* ;
Snatch'd from a Wreck that sunk on *England's* Coast.

A T H E L S T A N.

That Wreck was rich with conquer'd *MERCIA's* Plunder.
My Child was there. Each speaking Circumstance,
The well-known Chain, the fatal Time, the Place,
All rising into Proof, proclaim her mine :

Mine, G O T H M U N D, mine : The only Pledge of Love,
Her dying Mother left. — Behold these Tears
That trickle down my Cheek. — Oh think what Pangs
Must inly rend the Heart of A T H E L S T A N,
Ere he cou'd weep ! — Let gentle Pity then —

G O T H M U N D.

Pity ! The Foe to ev'ry manly Deed !
The Bane of Victory : a timorous Child,
Scar'd at the gorgeous Pride and Pomp of War ;
Fit, only fit, to rule a Woman's Breast !
Avaunt ! — I scorn its Cries ! — What ! *Mercia's* Duke
Dissolv'd in Woman's Tears ? —

A T H E L S T A N.

Yet, there are Times,
When Tears are brave and honest : Such are these :
Ennobled by Humanity and Love.
'Tis Nature pleads within me : Scorn not, G O T H M U N D,
Her generous Feelings ! — On some future Hour,
When Fate shall frown on *Denmark* ; some dear Child,
Thy Soul's best Treasure, may be torn from thee !
Woud'st thou not weep ? Oh, timely wise, beware !
Nor heap an injur'd Father's Curses on thee !

G O T H M U N D.

Is this brave A T H E L S T A N ? Beneath whose Spear
Squadrons have sunk, unequal to its Rage ?
'The Warrior's fled. Hence, Dotard, hence : and take
Th' effeminate Staff and Spindle ; best besitting
A Soul so like a Woman.

A T H E L -

A T H E L S T A N.

Hell and Horror!

Pangs! choaking Pangs!—No—burst not yet, my
Till I have reap'd Revenge. [Heart;

G O T H M U N D.

Revenge? old Man!

Hence, Traitor!—seek for Vengeance where thou
Haste thee to ETHELRED: go tell thy King, [may'ft.

G O T H M U N D hath injur'd thee.—

A T H E L S T A N.

Rush down, ye Heav'ns!

Ye pitying Thunders, rivet me to Earth!

And save me from this Hell-hound's Voice, that shakes
My Frame to Dissolution!

G O T H M U N D.

Such Reward

Shall ev'ry Traitor find.

A T H E L S T A N.

Oh, I cou'd tear these white Hairs from their Roots!—

Curs'd be the Pine on which ye plough'd the Seas!

Curs'd be th' unhallow'd Breeze that fill'd your Sails!

Curs'd be the Tides that bore you to our Coast!

But doubly curs'd am I, whose headlong Rage—

Yes; righteous Heav'n! with Tears of burning Anguish,

I own thy Justice on me!

G O T H M U N D.

Hence, vile Rebel!

Hence,—nor pollute my Camp. For know, that Treason

And prostituted Faith, like Strumpets vile,

The Slaves of Appetite, when Lust is fated,—

Are turn'd adrift to dwell with Infamy,

By those that us'd them.

A T H E L S T A N.

Oh, for my honest Sword!—I burn, I burn!

And Hecla's Fires are here!—Th' invenom'd Shaft

Drinks up my poison'd Spirit.—Come, wild Fury!

Come with thy Blood-shot Eyes, and mad'ning Foam!
 Oh, nerve me to the ten-fold Strength of Phrenzy!
 That I may rend up Rocks and rooted Trees;
 And hurl Destruction on him!

G O T H M U N D.

Quit my Tent:
 Think'st thou, a Warrior crown'd with Glory's Wreath
 Can dread the Foam of headlong Rage? Or stand
 Aw'd by the Phrenzy of a Madman's Brain!
 Hence! vent thy Ravings to the stormy Seas:
 They'll heed thee, more than I. —

A T H E L S T A N,

Yes; I will go, —
 Thou think'st me helpless, friendless, and disarm'd:
 Yet shalt thou rue my Wrongs. — By Heav'n I'll come
 In Terror clad; more dreadful than the Pest
 That walks in midnight Darkness. — Yes: I'll go.
 But, barbarous *Dane*! — Take heed of my Return!

[Exit ATHELSTAN.]

S C E N E IV. To him, D U N E L M,

G O T H M U N D.

Hoa, DUNELM!
 Guard each Avenue of the Camp.
 Forbid yon Traitor's Egress: If he attempt
 To 'scape the Watch, arrest him: For his Heart
 Labours with Ruin: He is false to *Denmark*. ---

[Exit DUNELM.]

Go, credulous Dotard! Cou'd thy Folly hope
 To win the Friendship of thy Country's Foe?
 Ev'n such, thro' ev'ry Age, shall be the Lot
 Of *British* Blindness; when it aids Invasion:
 The Slave of Conquest first; and then her Scorn:
 The Scaffolding on which Ambition mounts;
 Then spurns it to the Earth, a Refuse vile,

Fit

Fit for Contempt to tread on. ---Welcome, HAROLD,
Hast seen our Captive EGBERT?

To him, HAROLD.

HAROLD.

Aye, my Lord.

G O T H M U N D.

Didst thou declare my purpos'd Thought?

HAROLD.

I did.

G O T H M U N D.

How did he meet it?

HAROLD.

First, with frantic Rage

He shook his Chains, and curs'd thee by his Gods,

I told him, Rage and frantic Banns were vain.

If he resign'd fair THYRA to thy Arms,

(Since only He cou'd win her to thy Wifh)

Freedom was his. But if his stubborn Pride [waft him

Shou'd thwart thy Will; To-morrow's Breeze shou'd

To Chains, to Darkness, and the dreary Depth

Of *Norway's* mine: while she, imprifon'd here,

The Vaffal of Desire, shou'd fate thy Wifh.

G O T H M U N D.

Did not the threatned Vengeance bend his Pride?

HAROLD.

A fullen Pause took Place. His fixed Eyes

Devour'd the Ground: as if some mighty Thought

Labour'd within him; and to secret Council

Call'd inward ev'ry Pow'r; that for a while

Each idle Sense flood vacant.

G O T H M U N D.

What ensu'd?

That Pause from Rage did, fure, bespeak Consent.

HAROLD.

It did. Yet with evading Speech he answer'd,

Cannot thy General wait some happier Hour,

When

When Time hath heal'd her Woes?—On that, I told
 Unconquerable Passion swell'd thy Breast; [him,
 He might as soon controul the Tides, impell'd
 By yon fair Planet's Influence.-----

G O T H M U N D.

Aye: tho' Storms,
 And raging Seas conspir'd with ev'ry Orb,
 To drown the lofty Shore!

H A R O L D.

Such was my Hint. ---
 He said, the burning Blush wou'd stain his Cheek,
 Shou'd the surrounding Guard that led him to her,
 Witness his Shame: I gave him fix'd Assurance,
 That my Command shou'd keep the Guard at Distance:
 While he, admitted to her lonely Tent,
 Unheard shou'd plead his Life, and G O T H M U N D's Love.
 On this, he gave Consent. —

G O T H M U N D.

Then haste thee, H A R O L D.
 Bid G O O D W I N lead the Captive to his Wife:
 See him recall'd: That done, draw off thy Guard
 To a more distant Station from her Tent.
 For ere the Noon of Night, on Passion's Wing
 I'll fly, to celebrate the Rites of Love.
 Yet wear a watchful Eye, intent tho' distant:
 Haply, he means to wile her from our Camp.

H A R O L D.

My Life shall answer it.---

G O T H M U N D.

At length she's mine.
 Deceit hath colour'd o'er my bold Attempt.
 Now, fiery A T H E L S T A N, go curse thy Folly:
 Rave to the Winds and Seas, and rend the Air
 With twice their Clamour!---Farewel, valiant H A R O L D:
 Speed my Resolve: I'll to my inner Tent.

[Exit G O T H M U N D.

H A R O L D.

H A R O L D.

Now, Vengeance, thou art mine!---Unthankful GOTH-
To pay my honest and deep-printed Scars [MUND!
With vile Neglect!---Go, headlong Fool of Passion!
Whose flattering Whisper cou'd alone infuse
This Dream of Hope, that EGBERT e'er shall stoop
To gather Life from Shame!---Yes, he shall go:
Yet not to mould her into vile Compliance,
But arm her fainting Virtue with new Strength,
Equal to this dread Conflict.---Yet, lest Fear,
Or Woman's Weakness sink beneath the Trial,
A better Hope remains:---MERCIA's brave Duke:---
Yes, injur'd ATHELSTAN! Thy Arm shall be
The dark and fearless Minister of Fate;
And give me deep Revenge. [Exit HAROLD.

S C E N E V. *Changes to the open Camp.*

DUNELM. ATHELSTAN, *following.*

A T H E L S T A N.

Yet hear me, DUNELM!
For Pity's sake, relent.

D U N E L M.

Peace, clam'rous Tongue!

A T H E L S T A N.

What! shall your Guards spurn me with Insolence?
Your barbarous Camp imprison me?

D U N E L M.

No more.
Within this Mound, the General's Voice is Law,

A T H E L S T A N.

She is my Child! Art thou, too, deaf to Mercy?

D U N E L M.

Vex me not, Briton!

A T H E L S T A N.

But release my Daughter!—
Give me my Child, and let me quit your Camp,---
My Dukedom's Wealth is thine!

Dv-

DUNELM.

Thy Dukedom's Wealth?
 Vain Man! Thy Pow'r is swallow'd up in Conquest:
 Thy Titles vanish'd with thy Country's Freedom:
 Thy boasted Wealth is fled to *Denmark's* Shore:
 Thy Palace doom'd for *Danes* to riot in.
 Peace then: and thank our Bounty, that we leave thee
 Life, and the general Air.--- [Exit DUNELM.]

A T H E L S T A N.

Oh merciless!
 Yet, righteous Pow'rs! what Claim have I to Mercy!
 Did I shew Mercy, on this fatal Morn,
 To my poor bleeding Country; when this Arm
 Made Widows childless!-- Dar'ft thou then, bold Wretch,
 Dar'ft thou against th' afflicting Hand of Heav'n
 To rise, and plead for Mercy!-- Rather bow thee
 Low in the Dust!-- Yes, thou shalt be my Bed,
 [Throws himself on the Ground,
 Cold Earth! Here will I lie, till Anguish end me!
 Now rise, ye Ghosts of my wrong'd Countrymen!
 Ye Spectres pale, rise with your gaping Wounds,
 And hideous Yell!-- Bring with you dire Despair
 From the dread Caverns of eternal Night,
 Where deep she dwells with agonizing Groans,
 And sleepless Terrors! Rise, array'd in Blood!
 Plant round your Horrors! 'till affrighted Reason
 Start from my Brain; and I, the Prey of Phrenzy,
 Like the fierce Mountain-Wolf in Madness foaming,
 Howl to the midnight Moon!--

SCENE VIII. To him, HAROLD.

HAROLD.

'Twas sure, the Voice
 Of ATHELSTAN.---What! prostrate on the Ground!
 Art thou not ATHELSTAN?

ATHEL-

A T H E L S T A N.

I am that Wretch
Which once was ATHELSTAN! Fair *England's* Boast,
I reat'd my Head in Honour: now behold me
Low-level'd with the Earth; a hideous Ruin;
Where, 'midst the Desolations of my Soul,
Despair and Anguish dwell!

H A R O L D.

What heavy Woe
Hath weigh'd thee to the Dust?---Speak, valiant Duke.--

A T H E L S T A N.

Whoe'er thou art, Oh leave me to my Pangs!
If thou'rt a *Dane*; know, I detest and curse thee.
If thou'rt a *Briton*, waste not generous Pity,
But pour thy Curse on Me!---

H A R O L D.

Know'st thou not H A R O L D ?

A T H E L S T A N.

H A R O L D ? My Woes had swallow'd all Attention:
Indeed, I knew thee not.

H A R O L D.

Why this Despair ?

A T H E L S T A N.

Alas, my Child, my Child!---But thou'rt a *Dane*,
And know'st not Pity!

H A R O L D.

Hapless ATHELSTAN!

The Colour of thy Grief indeed is deep:

Thou know'st not half thy Woes!

A T H E L S T A N.

Thy Words are dark.---

Oh my prophetic Soul!---I dare not ask thee.---

But if thou bear'st a Tale, with Horrors fraught,

Which Pity dreads to tell;---In Mercy kill me:

Strike deep thy friendly Sword into my Breast;

For I am robb'd of Mine!---My injur'd Daughter!---

Is it not so ?

H A R O L D.

H A R O L D.

The fatal Hour approaches.
For ere the Night hath won the Vault of Heav'n,
GOTHMUND, resolv'd on impious Violation,
Will plunge her in Dishonour.

A T H E L S T A N.

Plagues and Palsy,
Disease and Pestilence consume the Robber,
Infect his Blood, and wither ev'ry Pow'r !---
Oh HAROLD ! why,---why did'st thou pierce my Soul
With this heart-breaking Tale !---I knew it not :---
Blast him, ye Fiends!--Why sleeps thy Thunder, Heav'n!

H A R O L D.

Know, that Heav'n's Thunder sleeps not.

A T H E L S T A N.

Say'st thou, *Dane*?

H A R O L D.

Heav'n's Thunder sleeps not, if thou dar'st to wield it.

A T H E L S T A N.

[*Rising.*]

By Heav'n, I dare. Where is the flaming Bolt ?
I'll hurl it on him, tho' with dire Rebound
It strike me to the Centre!

H A R O L D.

Fear not, ATHELSTAN.

Behold it here.—

[*He draws a Dagger.*]

A T H E L S T A N.

A Dagger! Let me grasp it!-- [*He takes the Dagger.*]
Oh precious Gift; more precious than the Plank
Thrown to the drowning Wretch!--I'll to his Tent,
And plunge it in his Heart!

H A R O L D.

Curb thy fell Rage.

I'll give thee safer Vengeance.

A T H E L S T A N.

Generous HAROLD!--

[*Pride.—*]

I know the Wrongs thou bear'st from GOTHMUND's
Where?—when?—Oh speed thee; for my Soul's on Fire!

H A R O L D.

H A R O L D .

Know then, I rule the nightly Watch that Guards
Devoted THYRA's Tent.

A T H E L S T A N .

Indeed!

H A R O L D .

The Files,
At my Command, shall move to such due Distance,
That by a secret Path I'll give thee Entrance.
Then, when the midnight Spoiler comes—

A T H E L S T A N .

Oh Vengeance!—
By Heav'n, his mangled Arteries shall spout
Fountains of Blood!

H A R O L D .

Yet, lest Suspicion wake,
To intercept thy Entrance, or thy Flight—

A T H E L S T A N .

Oh, for some *Dane's* Disguise!

H A R O L D .

I will array thee
In Safety's Garb: Wilt thou be plum'd like GOTHMUND?

A T H E L S T A N .

Yes: for Revenge, I'll wear the Shape of GOTHMUND,
Or any Fiend in Hell.

H A R O L D .

Come on, brave Duke.
I will prepare thee for the mortal Conflict.
Fate crown thy Wish! GOTHMUND hath injur'd me.

A T H E L S T A N .

Yet, weigh'd with mine, thy Injuries are light:
Mine sink the groaning Scale!

H A R O L D .

The more befits thee
That mortal Weapon.

A T H E L S T A N .

Yes: Revenge shall thank

Thy

Thy honest Hand, which gave it: And thou, HAROLD,
 Shalt thank my brave Revenge.---Come, valiant Dane,
 We'll foam the midnight Camp, like prowling Wolves,
 Trooping in quest of Blood! Now, injur'd Nature,
 Brace my old Arm! Oh touch this deadly Steel
 With more than Aconite! Give it the Speed,
 And fiery Stroke of Lightning, when it shoots
 Thro' the dun Sphere of Night; too swift for Thought,
 Or Fear, or slow Defence!--Now ruthless GOTHMUND!
 Vengeance awak'd shall slake her Thirst in Blood;
 And Justice, riding on the raven Wing
 Of midnight Darkness, wrapt in clouded Wrath,
 Comes like avenging Heav'n!

End of the FOURTH ACT.



ACT



A C T V.

SCENE I. *A grove, by THYRA's Tent.*

EGBERT, GOODWIN.

GOODWIN.

BEHOLD the Path, which leads to THYRA's Tent:
This Grove, thro' which the Moon scarce throws
her Beam,

Well suits thy purpos'd Privacy.—The Guards,
Which late clos'd round the Tent, by HAROLD's Order
Have left this Entrance free.

EGBERT.

The Path is dark: Nor can I aught descry,
Save the faint Glimm'ring of a distant Lamp,
That lights the inner Tent. Is this dark Path
The sole Approach?

GOODWIN.

It is.—But if thy Purpose
Be undivulged Secresy of Converse,
Call forth thy THYRA to this ample Round,
Where neither Ear can hear, nor Tongue betray thee:
The distant Guard here circles round the Wood:
But on yon opposite Side, the Centinels
Hemm in the Tent, a close compacted Body:
No Whisper can escape their watchful Ear.—

EGBERT.

'Tis well: I'll call her hither. Leave me, GOODWIN:
So HAROLD gave Command. Her Weal and mine
Hang on the Purport of my Thought; which asks
Her private Ear.

F

GOOD-

GOODWIN.

I leave thee to thy Wishes. [Exit GOODWIN.

EGBERT.

Where is my Wife!—Come forth, thou innocent Lamb,
To Slaughter doom'd!—Oh speed thee; for ev'n now
The bloody Tiger, eyes thee in the Fold!
Wilt thou not hear the Shepherd's friendly Voice,
That warns thee from thy Foe?—THYRA—dear
It is thy EGBERT calls!— [THYRA!—

SCENE II. *To him,* THYRA, EDWINA.

THYRA.

My Lord! my EGBERT!
Do I once more behold thee! Oh, my Lord!
Unutterable Woe!— [She bursts into Tears.

EGBERT. [Embracing her.

Thou Sum of all my Wishes!
My Soul's far dearer Part!—Yes, I will mix
My Tears with Thine: Thy Wrongs demand them all!

THYRA.

Undone! undone!—Oh EGBERT!—

EGBERT.

Dearest THYRA!

EGBERT wou'd die, to save thee!

THYRA.

I know, thou woud'st.

Is there no means of Rescue?

EGBERT.

None, my Love.

This Grove is hemm'd round by a Guard of *Danes*,
Who own no Law, save cruel *GOTHMUND's* Will;
Whose Bosom, sacred Pity never touch'd
With soft Compunction; nor for other's Woe
Call'd forth the generous Tear.

THYRA,

Oh, I am lost!

Ye Saints and Angels, Ministers of Grace!
 If ye do waite the Pray'rs of Innocence
 Up to the Throne of Mercy, hear me now!
 Oh, from your Mansions of unclouded Bliss,
 Let Heav'n send down your Sister-Angel, PITY;
 And melt his Heart's fell Purpose!

E G B E R T.

Hope not Pity!
 In vain thy Father (for I have heard thy Story)
 With Tears and Grief's Intreaty strove to melt him.
 He spurn'd him with Disdain.---But when I tell
 The Tale of Shame, that heaves my throbbing Breast!--
 Oh THYRA! hide my Blush!

T H Y R A.

What mean thy Words?
 Can Fate yet swell the Number of our Woes?

E G B E R T.

Think'st thou that EGBERT, for a Life of Shame,
 Wou'd sell thee to Dishonour?

T H Y R A.

Heav'n forbid!

E G B E R T.

On that infernal Errand am I come.
 So GOTHMUND wills.---Why dost thou turn thee from

T H Y R A. [me?

Am I betray'd by EGBERT?---Gracious Heav'n,
 Be thou my Help! If EGBERT hath prov'd false,
 All human Faith is vain!

E G B E R T.

Thou Heav'n of Love!
 Thy Virtue charms me!---On this Task of Shame
 GOTHMUND indeed hath sent me.---Virtuous THYRA,
 Far distant is my Purpose. Think not EGBERT
 Wou'd vilely purchase Life.---But oh, my Love,
 Thy fatal Hour comes on! Ev'n now, the Ruffian,
 With lustful Rage and fierce Impatience flown,
 Prepares him for thy Tent!

F 2

T H Y R A.

T H Y R A.

Is there not Hope,
That *England's* Pow'r; beneath the Veil of Night,
May storm this guilty Camp, and give us Freedom?

E G B E R T.

Heav'n speed their Valour! But, alas! --- that Hope
Too late shall visit Thee! --- Ev'n now he comes,
To rob this sacred Temple, where pure Chastity
And Honour long have dwelt!

T H Y R A.

Oh fatal Tidings!
Wilt thou not stay, to save me?

E G B E R T.

Dearest T H Y R A!

The unrelenting Guard that brought me hither,
Ev'n now expects, and soon shall tear me from thee!

T H Y R A.

Oh Horror!

E G B E R T.

Now, my T H Y R A, arm thy Heart
With manly Strength: drive all the Woman thence.
See'st thou this deadly Steel? [*He draws a dagger.*]

T H Y R A.

Oh welcome, welcome!
Thy Looks are dreadful, and I read thy Purpose.
If 'tis the Messenger of honest Death,
Behold my Breast! I'll bless the friendly Stroke;
And bless Thee for this last, most generous Proof
Of Faith and Love sincere!

E G B E R T.

Yes! I have read
Of a stern Father, who, severely kind,
And deaf to struggling Nature's loud Appeal,
Shed his dear Daughter's innocent Blood, to save her
From an Invader's Lust: --- A juster Purpose
Glows in my Breast --- Why shou'd the Brave and Good
Fall self-devoted? --- Let the guilty Heart

Bleed

Bleed for its Crimes. Then take this honest Dagger:
And when the Robber comes, with dauntless Arm
Plunge it into his Heart.

T H Y R A.

Alas, my Lord!

E G B E R T.

What? does the treacherous Blood forsake thy Cheek?
Thou who, unmov'd, could'st dare it's deadly Point,
Not dare inflict the Blow! Thou lovely Weakness!
Courage with Softness join'd!--O sweet Perfection!
Yet must thou strike!--Oh think, how future Times,
Ages unborn, shall bless thy friendly Hand!
How the chaste Praise of Matron-Tongues shall faint thee,
And wondring Babes, rescu'd from Slav'ry's Woe
By this brave Deed, shall list my T H Y R A's Name!

T H Y R A.

What, stain my Hand with Murder! Heav'n forbid!

E G B E R T.

Blaspheme not Justice.---What! when thou'rt pursu'd
Ev'n to Perdition's Brink; shalt thou not turn,
And slay the fell Destroyer?

T H Y R A.

Oh, my Heart!

Alas, my Arm is weak! I am unpractis'd
In Deeds of Blood! 'Tis terrible to *think!*
What then, to *do!*---When I shou'd strike, the Dagger
Wou'd falter in my Hand!

E G B E R T.

Let Danger rowze thee;
Fear make thee bold.---Ev'n now the Spoiler comes!

T H Y R A. [catching him.

Oh save me, E G B E R T!

E G B E R T.

Hark! the Guard requires me!
I must be gone.---

T H Y R A.

No, we will never part.

E G B E R T.

We must! we must! --- Hark! GOODWIN calls again.
Another Moment brings Destruction on thee.
Speed thy Resolves --- Farewel! --- [Going.

T H Y R A.

Oh horrible!
Give me the Dagger! [She takes the Dagger.

E G B E R T.

Angels strengthen thee!
Now, prove thee worthy of a *Briton's* Love,
By one brave Blow, redeem thyself from Shame;
Thy EGBERT from the Depth of poison'd Dungeons;
Thy groaning Country from the Scourge of *Denmark!*
Retire: he'll seek thee in the inner Tent;
And when he comes; — Oh Heaven direct her Hand!
[Exit EGBERT.

T H Y R A.

Farewel, my honour'd Lord! — Here am I left,
With not a Friend to aid, but this dire Weapon!
Now, pitying Heav'n, protect me! — Hark! what
In ev'ry Sound I hear the Ravisher! --- [Noise! ---
How dreadful Silence, at the Dead of Night!
Pregnant with Horrors! --- Oh, thou fatal Weapon,
Dark Minister of Death! Oft hast thou arm'd
Th' Assassin's Hand with Fate! This once befriend
Despairing Innocence. ---
Come, Matron-Courage! Thou who didst inspire
The brave *Bethulian*; and with dauntless Step,
Didst lead her to the proud *Affyrian's* Tent!
Now aid my trembling Hand! Teach me, like her,
Fearless to strike where Justice points the Blow!
That when he comes, This may revenge our Wrongs,
And set my Country free. --- [She puts up the Dagger.

E D W I N A.

Hark! --- didst not hear
The Tread of Feet, as rustling thro' the Grove? ---

S C E N E

SCENE III. *To them* HAROLD, ATHELSTAN,
on the opposite Side of the Stage.

T H Y R A . [*Aside to EDWINA.*

Oh, blasting to mine Eyes ! The Robber comes !
Clad in his gorgeous Plume !

E D W I N A .

Retire we hither, [*They retire to the farthest*
Till he hath gain'd the Tent. [*part of the Stage.*

H A R O L D . [*To ATHELSTAN.*

This Way, brave Friend. ---

A T H E L S T A N .

Soft ! --- left the Guard
O'erhear us --- Prosperously we have eluded
The unsuspecting Watch. --- I dread the Sound
Of my own Footsteps. --- Lead me, gen'rous HAROLD,
Where I may lurk unseen. ---

H A R O L D .

Thro' that blind Path,
He must approach her Tent. 'Tis form'd for Ambush :
Dark as his purpos'd Deed. Go, hide thee there. ---
And when he comes --- For e'er a Minute's Round
He means to come ---

A T H E L S T A N . [*Draws a Dagger.*

Now GOTHMUND, Fate draws near. --- [*ance !*
Down, throbbing Heart ! Thou shalt have speedy Venge-
HAROLD ; all Thanks are poor ! -- [*Athelstan enters the Tent.*

H A R O L D . [*Aloud to ATHELSTAN.*

Hold thy Resolve ;
And Fate shall crown thy Wish. --- [*Exit HAROLD.*

T H Y R A . [*Advancing.*

Oh, dreadful Sounds,
To which, the Midnight Thunder's Voice were mild !

“ Hold thy Resolve, and Fate shall crown thy Wish!” ---
 Then I am lost! --- EDWINA, let us fly, —
 Rush thro’ these Woods, and trust his merciless Guards:
 They may have Pity!

EDWINA.

Rather, linger not.

Pursue the Robber thro’ that gloomy Path:
 Its Darkness aids thy Purpose. Haste thee, haste thee:
 This Moment’s thine: The next, perhaps, is GO’TH-
 [MUND’S.

THYRA. [*Drawing the Dagger.*

Then, Heav’n assist me! --- Oh, thou treach’rous Arm,
 Why dost thou tremble thus! --- What mean these Horrors,
 That freeze my Blood! --- Did I not hear a Voice? ---
 With hollow Groans, it cry’d, “ Hold, hold thy Hand!” ---
 Infernal Fiends, why do you thus beset me?
 Hence, bloody Spectres, nor afflict my Sense:
 Go, glare on Guilt: for I am innocent! ---
 Avaunt, false Terrors! --- Now be firm, my Heart!
 Oh, my revolting Hand! --- I dare not strike. ---
 Hence, feminine Fear! --- The Coward turns to Valour,
 When goaded by Despair! --- [*She enters the Passage.*

EDWINA.

Heav’n guide her Dagger,
 And bury it in his Heart! ---

A T H E L S T A N.

[*Within.*

Oh Treachery!
 Die, Villain, die!

EDWINA.

Ye blessed Pow’rs, protect her!

A T H E L S T A N. [*Entering with his Dagger*

Whoe’er thou art, false Dane, [*bloody.*
 I bear thy Life-blood on my Dagger’s Hilt.

EDWINA.

EDWINA.

Who? ATHELSTAN! --- What Blood? --- I fear, I fear!

A T H E L S T A N.

If Fate be just, 'tis GOTHMUND'S. --- Where's my

EDWINA. [Child?

Oh, cou'd eternal Darkness bury Her,

Or bury Thee! Or Thunder strike thee dead;

And save thee from that killing Sight, which soon

Shall turn thee into Horror, --- thou wert happy! ---

For thou hast done a Deed --- [She enters the Passage.

THYRA. [Within.

I bleed! I die! ---

EDWINA! EDWINA! ---

A T H E L S T A N.

Chain'd down by Terror,

I wait the Bolt of Fate! --- That Voice of Death,

Dreadful as Lightning from the Midnight Cloud,

Hath cleft my Brain! --- Nor ever did the Flames

Of Hell discover, to the hopeless Damn'd,

A Glympse of deeper Horror! --- Where's my Child! ---

Oh Torture, Torture!

To him EDWINA, leading THYRA wounded and fainting.

THYRA.

Help me! --- Oh! my Father! ---

A T H E L S T A N.

Oh Heav'n and Earth! Death! Murder! Parricide!

[She falls: he throws himself on the Ground by her.

Speak, EMMA, speak! How is it with thee?

THYRA.

Oh! ---

A T H E L S T A N. [Rising and traversing the Stage.

Can't thou not speak?—Hoe! help! she bleeds to Death!

No Friend to help!—hear me, ye barbarous Danes!

Behold a Sight, shall make the flinty Heart

Of

Of savage Pow'r weep Blood!—My Child! my Child!—
 'Twas I that kill'd thee! [Kneels over her.

T H Y R A.

Can't thou e'er forgive—

A T H E L S T A N.

Forgive! Forgive!

T H Y R A.

My parricidal Hand,
 That aim'd an impious Blow.—Content I die :
 Yes gladly yield my Life : pleas'd to have 'scap'd
 A Fate more dreadful ; had my guilty Arm
 Shed my dear Father's Blood !

A T H E L S T A N.

Oh Scorpion Stings !

Thou dear expiring Saint! What! ask Forgiveness
 Of him who murder'd thee! She faints, she faints!
 Oh tell thy Murd'rer, tell thy wretched Father,—
 Leave me not to Distraction,—tell me, tell me,
 Thou dost forgive my Crime!

T H Y R A.

Witness, ye Pow'rs,

How I forgive ! Kind Heav'n, assuage his Pangs!—
 Oh EGBERT ! must I never more behold thee!
 Bid my dear Lord remember me — Alas !
 My swimming Eyes grow dark!—Where is my Father!—
 Where is my Husband!—lay me down in Peace!
 Oh Heav'n receive my Soul— [She dies.

A T H E L S T A N.

She's dead! she's dead!

Stay, blessed Saint! hover awhile in Air,
 And take thy lost, thy wretched Father with thee!—
 That ne'er must be ! For she is fled to Heav'n,
 Where Peace and Virtue dwell ! Where Guilt and
 Murder and Parricide, must never come ! [Treason,
 Open, thou Earth ! Oh, drag me down, ye Fiends,
 To endless Anguish! Heap the sulph'rous Torture

On

On my accursed Head! Exhaust the Stores
 Of heav'nly Wrath awak'd! Yet weak will be
 Your fiercest Vengeance, to that inward Hell
 That Rages here — [Strikes his Breast, and throws
 [himself on the Body.

SCENE VII. To him SIWARD and Officers.

SIWARD.

Hoa, ATHELSTAN, where art thou?
 The King hath storm'd the Camp: the *Danes* are flying:
England again is free.

ATHELSTAN.

Too late—Oh, Oh!—

SIWARD.

What means this Scene of Blood!—Ah! *THYRA* slain!—

ATHELSTAN.

Behold the Work of this accursed Hand!
 Lo, where she lies!—A dark and fatal Error
 With sacrilegious Fury arm'd the Father
 Against his blameless Child!

SIWARD.

Oh Sight of Woe!
 Poor bleeding Innocence!—Let honest Vengeance
 Rowze thee from Grief. To fire thy Soul to Conquest,
 I hasted thro' the Camp; and left the Field,
 Where valiant *EGBERT*, freed from *Denmark's* Chain,
 Hath buried deep his Sword in *GOTHMUND's* Heart,
 And leads thy *Mercians*, clad in gloomy Terror,
 O'er Heaps of slaughter'd *Danes*!—Rise, valiant Duke;
 Rise from this Trance of Woe! The *Danes* are flying.

ATHELSTAN.

Oh never, never will I rise from hence!—
 Go, tell thy injur'd King, that ATHELSTAN,
 Wounded by Penitence, wept his Wrongs in Blood!
 Tell him, thou saw'st me leaning o'er my Child,
 Raving in Pangs of Horror and Despair,
 A Sight to melt stern Justice into Tears!—

Oh

Oh tell him, SIWARD, hapless ATHELSTAN
 Tho' guilty, yet not vile, self punish'd fell!—
 Now die and be at Peace!—Now traiterous Heart,
 Receive thy just Reward! [*He raises his Arm to stab*

SIWARD. [*himself, they prevent him.*
 Prevent his Fury,

A T H E L S T A N. [*Struggling.*
 Off—nor tempt your Fate!—

Dreadful is armed Rage, that pants for Death;
 By Ills exasperated;—Such is mine;
 Made fatal by Despair!—Then shun my Fury!
 My Dagger thirsts but for my own Life Blood:
 Why must it rush on yours!—Too much, too much,
 My murderous Hand hath spilt!—Oh EMMA, EMMA!
 [*He sinks and drops the Dagger.*

SIWARD.
 Support and raise him. --- Hear me, ATHELSTAN!
 Hear Friendship's Voice! --- It is thy SIWARD calls. ---
 His Cheek turns pale. --- Alas, my generous Friend,
 How are thy Virtues lost!—

A T H E L S T A N.
 Oh dire Event!
 Was it for this, thy dear, thy virtuous Mother
 Indur'd the Child-bed Pang! Was it for this,
 She foster'd thee at her chaste Matron-Breast!
 And, in the Fondness of parental Hope,
 Styl'd thee the Joy of our declining Years!—
 Oh fatal, fatal Blow!

SIWARD.
 Lift up thine Eyes!
 In Pity to thy weeping SIWARD, speak!
 Hear, generous ATHELSTAN!

O F F I C E R.
 He heeds thee not.

A T H E L S T A N.
 Thus to be slaughter'd by thy Father's Hand!
 My EMMA—Oh, my Child!

SIWARD.

S I W A R D .

An agonizing Sweat

Sits on his Brow: The Hand of Death is on him.

A T H E L S T A N .


Oh! Oh! Oh!

[Dies.

S I W A R D .

He dies! he dies!—His strong conflicting Griefs
 Have burst his mighty Heart!---Oh, ATHELSTAN!
 Thy Friends shall weep, and ev'ry generous Foe,
 Confess thy Virtues, and lament thy Fate!
 Hadst thou been true! what brighter Name had deck'd
 Thy Country's Story! But thy tow'ring Spirit,
 Deep-shaken by the Tempest of Revenge,
 From its Uprightness tottering, bore thee down
 Ev'n to Perdition's Depth--- Yet may the Woes
 Which Heav'n's avenging Hand hath heap'd upon thee
 Recorded stand, a Monument of Justice!
 That when in future Times a King shall reign,
 Brave, good, and just, the Father of his People,
 Th' abhorr'd Example may avert those Ills
 Thy traitrous Arm hath wrought--- That black Rebellion
 May never rear her Standard; nor unsheath
 Her guilty Sword, to aid the fell Invader!
 That Faction's Sons in thee their Fate may read;
 That by the Father's Crime the Child shall bleed,
 And private Woe to publick Guilt succeed.

End of the FIFTH ACT.



EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

*T*O speak Ten Words, again I've fetch'd my Breath;
The Tongue of Woman struggles hard with Death.
Ten Words! will that suffice? Ten Words---no more.
We always give a Thousand to the Score.

*What can provoke these Wits their Time to waste,
To please that fickle, fleeting Thing call'd Taste?
It mocks all Search, for Substance has it none;
Like Hamlet's Ghost—'Tis here—'Tis there—'Tis gone.
How very few about the Stage agree!
As Men with diff'rent Eyes a Beauty see,
So judge they of that stately Dame — Queen-Tragedy.*

*The Greek-read Critic, as his Mistress holds her,
And having little Love, for Trifles scolds her:
Excuses want of Spirit, Beauty, Grace,
But ne'er forgives her failing—Time, and Place.
How do our Sex of Taste in Judgment vary?
Miss Bell adores, what's loath'd by Lady Mary:
The first in Tenderness a very Dove,
Melts like the feather'd Snow, at Juliet's Love:
Then, sighing, turns to Romeo by her Side,
"Can you believe that Men for Love have dy'd?"
Her Ladyship, who vaults the Coarjer's Back,
Leaps the barr'd Gate, and calls you Tom and Jack;
Detests these Whinings, like a true Virago;
She's all for Daggers! Blood! Blood! Blood! Iago!!*

A third,

E P I L O G U E.

*A third, whose Heart defies all Perturbations,
Yet dies for Triumphs, Funerals, Coronations!
Ne'er asks which Tragedies succeed, or fail,
But whose Procession has the longest Tail.
The Youths, to whom France gives a new Belief,
Who look with Horror on a Rump of Beef:
On Shakespear's Plays, with shrugg'd up Shoulders stare,
These Plays? They're bloody Murders,—O Barbare!
And yet the Man has Merit — Entre Nous,
He'd been damn'd clever, had he read Bossu.
Shakespear read French! roars out a surly Cit:
When Shakespear wrote, our Valour match'd our Wit:
Had Britons then been Fops, Queen Bess had hang'd 'em;
Those Days, they never read the French,—They bang'd 'em.*

*If Taste evaporates by too high Breeding,
And eke is overlaid, by too deep Reading;
Lest then in search of this, you lose your Feeling,
And barter native Sense in foreign Dealing;
Be this neglected Truth to Britons known,
No Tastes, no Modes become you, but your own.*

F I N I S.

Lately published,

By the same AUTHOR,

BARBAROSSA.

A

T R A G E D Y.

The SECOND EDITION.

W I L I A M

BARBAROSSA.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-S ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

AND

COVENT-GARDEN.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL,
and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXX.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

BARBAROSSA.

TRAGEDY.

THEATRE ROYAL

DRURY-LANE

COVENT-GARDEN

THE FOURTH EDITION

LONDON
Printed by J. GARDNER, at the Theatre, W. Nicol's

and S. ALLEN,

M. BUCKLEY.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



P R O L O G U E,

*Written by Mr. GARRICK, and spoken by him
in the Character of a Country Boy.*

Measter! Measter!

IS not my Measter here among you, pray?
Nay, speak—my Measter wrote this fine new Play—
The Actor-Folks are making such a Clatter!
They want the Pro-log—I know nought o' th' Matter!
He must be there among you—look about—
A Weezen, pale-fac'd Man, do—find him out—
Pray, Measter, come—or all will fall to Sheame
Call Mister—hold—I must not tell his Name.

Law! what a Croud is here! what Noise and Pother!
Fine Lads and Lasses! one o' top o't'other [*Pointing to the Rows
of Pit and Gallery.*]
I cou'd for ever here with Wonder geaze!
I ne'er saw Church so full in all my Days!—
Your Servant, Surs!—what do you laugh for? Eh!
You donna take me sure for one o' th' Play?
You shou'd not flout an honest Country-Lad,—
You think me Fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. * [*Laughing.*]
I donna like your London Tricks, not I,
And since you rais'd my Blood, I'll tell you why?
And if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of Pro-log, I'll relate my Story.

I came from Country here to try my Fate,
And get a Place among the Rich and Great;
But troth I'm sick o' th' Journey I ha' ta'en,
I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.

First, in the City I took up my Station,
And got a Place, with one of th' Corporation,
A round big Man—he eat a plaguy deal,
Zooks! he'd have beat five Ploomen at a Meal!
But long with him I cou'd not make abode,
For, cou'd you think't?—He eat a great *Sea-Toad!*
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me,
He call'd it *Belly-patch*, and *Capapee*:
Law! how I star'd!—I thought,—who knows, but I,
For want of Monsters, may be made a Pye;
Rather than tarry here for Bribe or Gain,
I'll back to whoame, and Country-Fare again.

PROLOGUE.

I left *Toad-eater*; then I sav'd a Lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their Word,
While 'mong the Great, this Geaming Work the Trade is,
They mind no more poor Servants, than their Ladies.

A Lady next, who lik'd a smart young Lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the World top down, as I may say,
She chang'd the Day to Neet, the Neet to Day!
I stood one Day with Coach, and did but stoop
To put the Foot-board down, and with her *Hoop*
She cover'd me all o'er—*where are you, Lout?*
Here, *Maam*, says I, for Heaven's sake let me out.
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish Ways,
She wore her Gear so short, so low her Stays—
Fine Folks shew all for nothing now-a-Days!

Now I'm the Poet's Man—I find with Wits,
There's nothing fertain—Nay, we eat by Fits,
Our Meals, indeed, are slender,—what of that?
There are but three on's—Measter, I, and Cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a Sinner,
You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.

My Wages all depend on this Night's Piece,
But shou'd you find that all our Swans are Geese!
E'fack I'll trust no more to Measter's Brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

*Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD in the Character of
a fine Gentleman.*

Enter—Speaking to the People without.

PSHAW!—damn your Epilogue—and hold your Tongue—
Shall we of Rank be told what's right or wrong?
Had you ten Epilogues you shou'd not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in *Linguum Grecum*.
I'll do't by all the Gods!—(you must excuse me)
Tho' Author, Actors, Audience, all abuse me!

EPILOGUE.

To the Audience.

Behold a Gentleman!—and that's enough!—
 Laugh if you please—I'll take a Pinch of Snuff!
 I come to tell you—(let it not surprize you)
 That I'm a Wit—and worthy to advise you.—
 How cou'd you suffer that same Country Booby,
 That Pro-logue speaking Savage,—that great Looby,
 To talk his Nonsense?—give me Leave to say
 "I was low—damn'd low!—but save the Fellow's Play—
 Let the poor Devil eat,—allow him that,
 And give a Meal to *Measter, Mon, and Cat*;
 But why attack the Fashions?—Senseless Rogue!
 We have no Joys but what result from Vogue:
 The Mode shou'd all control—nay, ev'ry Passion,
 Sense, Appetite, and all, give way to Fashion:
 I hate as much as he, a *Turtle-feast*,
 But 'till the present *Turtle-Rage* has ceas'd,
 I'd ride a hundred Miles to make myself a Beast.
 I have no Ears,—yet Op'ras I adore!—
 Always prepar'd *to die—to sleep—no more!*
 The Ladies too were capt'd at, and their Dress,
 He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good *Queen Bess!*
 'They are, forsooth, too much expos'd, and free—
 Were more expos'd, no ill Effects I see,
 For more, or less, 'tis all the same—to me.
 Poor Gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
 That precious Cordial to a high-life Breast!
 When Thoughts arise I always game or drink,
 An *English* Gentleman shou'd never think—
 'The Reason's plain, which ev'ry Soul might hit on—
 What *trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton*;
 In us Reflection breeds a sober Sadness,
 Which always ends in Politicks or Madness:
 I therefore now propose—by your Command,
 That Tragedies no more shall cloud this Land;
 Send o'er your *Shakespeares* to the Sons of *France*,
 Let *them* grow grave—Let *us* begin to dance!
 Banish your gloomy Scenes to foreign Climes,
 Reserve alone to bless these golden Times,
 A Face or two—and *Woodward's* Pantomimes!



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY-LANE,	COVENT-GARDEN.
	As originally perform'd.	1770.
<i>Barbarossa,</i>	<i>Mr. Moslop.</i>	<i>Mr. Bensley.</i>
<i>Achmet,</i>	<i>Mr. Garrick.</i>	<i>Mr. Savigny.</i>
<i>Othman,</i>	<i>Mr. Havard.</i>	<i>Mr. Clarke.</i>
<i>Sadi,</i>	<i>Mr. Davies.</i>	<i>Mr. Hull.</i>
<i>Aladin,</i>	<i>Mr. Usher.</i>	<i>Mr. Gardner.</i>
<i>Officer,</i>	<i>Mr. Mózéen.</i>	<i>Mr. Fox.</i>
<i>Slave,</i>	<i>Mr. Walker.</i>	<i>Mr. Bates.</i>
<i>Zaphira,</i>	<i>Mrs. Cibber.</i>	<i>Mrs. Yates.</i>
<i>Irene,</i>	<i>Miss Macklin.</i>	<i>Miss Miller.</i>
<i>Slave,</i>	<i>Miss Minors.</i>	<i>Miss Pearce.</i>

OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, and SLAVES.

SCENE, *the Royal Palace of ALGIERS.*

TIME, *a few Hours about Midnight.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

“ TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems. Hence Philosophers, and other graver Writers, as, *Cicero, Plutarch,* and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their Discourse. The Apostle *Paul* himself, thought it not unworthy to insert a Verse of a *Greek Poet* into the Text of Holy Scripture.—Heretofore, Men in highest Dignity have laboured, not a little, to be thought able to compose a Tragedy, Of that Honour *Dionysius the Elder*, was no less ambitious, than before, of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own Judgment, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the Philosopher, is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies, at least the best of them that go under that Name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the Sanctity of his Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitled, (*Christ Suffering*). This is mentioned, to vindicate Tragedy from the small Esteem, or rather Infamy, which, in the Account of many, it undergoes at this Day.”

So far the great *Milton*: who strengthen'd these Examples by his own, The Author hath nothing more to add, save only, that he hath aimed to write his Piece, in its essential Parts, according to the Model of ancient Tragedy, so far as modern Ideas and Manners wou'd permit. And he is so gratefully sensible of that favourable Reception it hath met with from the Public, that in every future Attempt, he will assuredly labour to merit their farther Regards, by keeping in his Eye the same great Originals,



BARBAROSSA.

A C T I.

Enter OTHMAN *and a* SLAVE.

OTHMAN.

Stranger, say'st thou, that enquires of OTHMAN?

SLAVE.

He does; and waits Admittance.

OTHMAN.

Did he tell

His Name and Quality?

SLAVE.

That, he declin'd;

But call'd himself thy Friend.

OTHMAN.

Where didst thou see him?

SLAVE.

Ev'n now while Twilight clos'd the Day, I spy'd him
Musing amid' the Ruins of yon Tow'r
That overhangs the Flood. On my Approach,
With Aspect stern, and Words of Import dark,
He question'd me of OTHMAN. Then the Tear

8 B A R B A R O S S A.

Stole from his Eye. But when I talk'd of Pow'r
And courtly Honours here conferr'd on thee,
His Frown grew darker: All I wish, he cry'd,
Is to confer with him, and then to die.

O T H M A N.

What may this mean?---Conduct the Stranger to me.

[Exit Slave.

Perhaps some worthy Citizen, return'd
From voluntary Exile to ALGIERS,
Once known in happier Days.

Enter S A D I.

Ah, SADI here!

My honour'd Friend!

S A D I.

Stand off---pollute me not.

These honest Arms, tho' worn with Want, disdain
Thy gorgeous Trappings, earn'd by foul Dishonour.

O T H M A N.

Forbear thy rash Reproaches: for beneath
This Habit, which to thy mistaken Eye
Bespeaks my Guilt, I wear a Heart as true
As SADI's to my King.

S A D I.

Why then beneath

This cursed Roof, this black Usurper's Palace,
Dar'st thou to draw infected Air, and live
The Slave of Insolence! Why lick the Dust
Beneath his Feet, who laid ALGIERS in Ruin?
But Age, which shou'd have taught thee honest Caution,
Has taught thee Treachery!

O T H M A N.

Mistaken Man!

Cou'd Passion prompt me to licentious Speech
Like thine—

SADI.

S A D I.

Peace, false one! Peace! The Slave to Pow'r
 Still wears a pliant Tongue.---O Shame to dwell
 With Murder, Lust, and Rapine! did he not
 Come from the Depths of BARCA'S Solitude,
 With fair Pretence of Faith and firm Alliance?
 Did not our grateful King, with open Arms,
 Receive him as his Guest? O fatal Hour!
 Did he not then with hot, adult'rous Eye,
 Gaze on the Queen ZAPHIRA? Yes, 'twas Lust,
 Lust gave th' infernal Whisper to his Soul,
 And bade him murder, if he would enjoy!
 O, complicated Horrors! hell-born Treach'ry!
 Then fell our Country, when good SELIM dy'd!
 Yet thou, pernicious Traitor, unabash'd
 Can't wear the Murd'rer's Badge,

O T H M A N.

Yet hear me, SADI---

S A D I.

What can Dishonour plead?

O T H M A N.

Yet blame not Prudence.

S A D I.

Prudence! the stale Pretence of ev'ry Knave!
 The Traitor's ready Mask!

O T H M A N.

Yet still I love thee:

Yet unprovok'd by thy intemperate Zeal.
 Bethink thee!--- might I not insult thy Flight
 With the foul Names of Fear or Perfidy?
 Didst thou not fly, when BARBAROSSA'S Sword
 Reek'd with the Blood of thy brave Countrymen?
 What then did I?---Beneath this hated Roof,
 In Pity to my widow'd Queen---

S A D I.

In Pity?

O T H M A N.

O T H M A N.

Yes, SADI: Heav'n is Witness, Pity sway'd me.

S A D I.

Words, Words! Dissimulation all, and Guilt!

O T H M A N.

With honest Guile I did inroll my Name
 In the black List of BARBAROSSA's Friends:
 In hope, that some propitious Hour might rise,
 When Heav'n would dash the Murd'rer from his Throne,
 And give young SELIM to his orphan'd People.

S A D I.

Indeed! can't thou be true?

O T H M A N.

By Heav'n, I am.

S A D I.

Why then dissemble thus?

O T H M A N.

Have I not told thee?

I held it vain, to stem the Tyrant's Pow'r
 By the weak Sallies of an ill-tim'd Rage.

S A D I.

Enough: I find thee honest: And with Pride
 Will join thy Counsels. This, my faithful Arm,
 Wasted with Misery, shall gain new Nerves
 For brave Resolves. Can aught, my Friend, be done?
 Can aught be dar'd?

O T H M A N.

We groan beneath the Scourge,
 This very Morn, on false Pretence of Vengeance,
 For the foul Murder of our honor'd King,
 Five guiltless Wretches perish'd on the Rack.
 Our long-lov'd Friends, and bravest Citizens,
 Self-banish'd to the Desert, mourn in Exile:
 While the fell Tyrant lords it o'er a Crew
 Of abject Sycophants, the needy Tools
 Of Pow'r usurp'd: and a degenerate Train
 Of Slaves in Arms.

SADI.

O my devoted Country!

But say, the widow'd Queen---my Heart bleeds for her.

OTHMAN.

If Pain be Life, she lives : But in such Woe,
 As Want and Slavery might view with Pity,
 And blest their happier Lot ! Hemm'd round by Terrors,
 Within this cruel Palace, once the Seat
 Of ev'ry Joy, thro' sev'n long tedious Years,
 She weeps her murder'd Lord, her exil'd Son,
 Her People fall'n : the Murd'rer of her Lord,
 Returning now from Conquest o'er the MOORS,
 Tempts her to Marriage : spurr'd at once by Lust,
 And black Ambition. But with noble Firmness,
 Surpassing Female, she rejects his Vows,
 Scorning the horrid Union. Meantime he,
 With ceaseless Hate, pursues her exil'd Son ;
 And---Oh ! detested Monster ! [He weeps.]

SADI.

Yet more Deeds
 Of Cruelty ! Just Heav'n !

OTHMAN.

His Rage pursues
 The virtuous Youth, ev'n into foreign Climes.
 Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring Ruffian
 Is sent to watch his Steps, and plunge the Dagger
 Into his guiltless Breast.

SADI.

Is this thy Faith !
 Tamely to witness to such Deeds of Horror !
 Give me thy Poignard ; lead me to the Tyrant.
 What tho' surrounding Guards---

OTHMAN.

Repress thy Fury.
 Thou wilt alarm the Palace, wilt involve
 Thyself, thy Friend, in Ruin. Haste thee hence ;

Haste

Haste to the Remnant of our loyal Friends,
And let maturer Councils rule thy Zeal.

SADI.

Yet let us n'er forget our Prince's Wrongs.
Remember, OTHMAN, (and let Vengeance rise)
How in the Pangs of Death, and in his Gore
Welt'ring, we found our Prince! The deadly Dagger
Deep in his Heart was fix'd! His Royal Blood,
The Life-blood of his People, o'er the Bath
Ran purple! O remember! and revenge!

OTHMAN.

Doubt not my Zeal, But haste, and seek our Friends,
Near to the western Port ALMANZOR dwells,
Yet uneduc'd by BARBAROSSA's Power.
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard
Of SELIM's Safety, or (what more I dread)
Of SELIM's Death, Thence best may our Resolves
Be drawn hereafter. But let Caution guide thee.
For in these Walks, where Tyranny and Guilt
Usurp the Throne, wakeful Suspicion dwells,
And squint-ey'd Jealousy, prone to pervert
Ev'n Looks and Smiles to Treason.

SADI.

I obey thee.

Near to the western Port, thou say'st.

OTHMAN

Ev'n there.

Close by the blasted Palm-tree, where the Mosque
O'erlooks the City. Haste thee hence, my Friend.
I would not have thee found within these Walls,

[Flourish,

And hark---these warlike Sounds proclaim th' Approach
Of the proud BARBAROSSA, with his Train.
Begone---

SADI.

May dire Disease and Pestilence

Hang

Hang o'er his Steps!---Farewel--Remember, OTHMAN,
Thy Queen's, thy Prince's, and thy Country's Wrong.
[Exit SADI.

OTHMAN.

When I forget them, be Contempt my Lot!
Yet, for the Love I bear them, I must wrap
My deep Resentments in the specious Guise
Of Smiles, and fair Deportment.

Enter BARBAROSSA, Guards, &c.

BARBAROSSA.

Valiant OTHMAN,

Are these vile Slaves impal'd?

OTHMAN.

My Lord, they are.

BARBAROSSA.

Did not the Rack extort Confession from them?

OTHMAN.

They dy'd obdurate: While the melting Crowd
Murmur'd out Pity for their Groans and Anguish,

BARBAROSSA.

Curse on their womanish Hearts! what, pity Slaves
Whom my supreme Decree condemn'd to Torture?
Are ye not all my Slaves, to whom my Nod
Gives Life or Death?

OTHMAN.

To doubt thy Will is Treason.

BARBAROSSA.

I love thee, faithful OTHMAN: But why fits
That Sadness on thy Brow? For oft' I find thee
Musing and sad; while Joy for my Return,
My Sword victorious, and the MOORS o'erthrown,
Resounds through all my Palace.

OTHMAN.

Mighty Warrior!

The Soul, intent on Offices of Love,

Will

Will oft' neglect, or scorn the weaker Proof
Which Smiles or Speech can give.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Well: be it so.

To guard ALGIERS from Anarchy's Misrule,
I sway the regal Scepter. Who deserves,
Shall meet Protection: And who merits not,
Shall meet my Wrath in Thunder.---But 'tis strange,
That when with open Arms, I wou'd receive
Young SELIM; wou'd restore the Crown, which Death
Rest from his Father's Head---He scorns my Bounty,
Shuns me with fullen and obdurate Hate,
And proudly kindles War in foreign Climes,
Against my Pow'r, who sav'd his bleeding Country.

O T H M A N.

'Tis strange, indeed—

Enter ALADIN.

ALADIN.

Brave Prince, I bring thee Tydings
Of high Concernment to ALGIERS and Thee.
Young SELIM is no more.

O T H M A N.

Indeed—!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Indeed!—why that Astonishment?
He was our bitterest Foe.

O T H M A N.

So perish all

Thy causeless Enemies!

B A R B A R O S S A.

What says the Rumour?
How dy'd the Prince, and where?

ALADIN.

The Rumour tells,
That flying to ORAN, he there begg'd Succours
From FERDINAND of SPAIN, t'invade ALGIERS.

B A R -

B A R B A R O S S A.

From Christian Dogs!

O T H M A N.

How! league with Infidels!

A L A D I N.

And there held Council with the haughty SPANIARD,
To conquer and dethrone thee: But in vain:
For in a dark Encounter with two Slaves,
Wherein the one fell by his dauntless Valour,
SELIM at length was slain.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Ungrateful Boy!

Oft' have I courted him to meet my Kindness;
But still in vain; he shunn'd me like a Pestilence:
Nor cou'd I e'er behold him, since the Down
Cover'd his manly Cheek.---How many Years
Number'd he?

O T H M A N.

I think, scarce thirteen, when his Father dy'd,
And now, some twenty.

B A R B A R O S S A.

O T H M A N, now for Proof

Of undissembled Service.---Well I know,
Thy long experienc'd Faith hath plac'd thee high
In the Queen's Confidence: The Crown I wear
Yet totters on my Head, till Marriage-Rites
Have made her mine. O T H M A N, she must be won.
Plead thou my Cause of Love: Bid her dry up
Her fruitless Tears: Paint forth her long Delays,
Wake all thy Eloquence: Make her but mine,
And such unsought Reward shall crown thy Zeal,
As shall out-soar thy Wishes.

O T H M A N.

Mighty King,

Where Duty bids, I go.

B A R -

BARBAROSSA.

Then haste thee; OTHMAN,
Ere yet the Rumour of her Son's Decease,
Hath reach'd her Ear; ere yet the mournful Tale
Hath whelm'd her in a new Abyfs of Woe,
And quench'd all soft Affection, save for him.
Tell her, I come, borne on the Wings of Love?---
Haste---fly---I follow thee. [Exit OTHMAN]

Now, ALADIN,

Now Fortune bears us to the wish'd-for Port:
We ride secure, on her most prosp'rous Billow.
This was the Rock I dreaded. Dost not think
Th' Attempt was greatly daring?

ALADIN.

Ay; and necessary.
What boot'd it, to cut the old Serpent off,
While the young Adder nested in his Place?

BARBAROSSA.

True: We have conquer'd now. ALGIERS is mine,
Without a Rival. Thus great Souls aspire;
And boldly snatch at Crowns, beyond the Reach
Of coward Conscience.---Yet I wonder much,
OMAR returns not: OMAR, whom I sent
On this high Trust. I fear, 'tis he hath fall'n.
Didst thou not say two Slaves encounter'd SELIM?

ALADIN.

Ay, two; 'tis rumour'd so.

BARBAROSSA.

And that one fell?

ALADIN.

Ev'n so: By SELIM's Hand; while his Companion
Planted his happier Steel in SELIM's Heart.

BARBAROSSA.

OMAR, I fear, is fall'n. From my Right-hand
I gave my Signet to the trusty Slave:
And bade him send it, as the certain Pledge

Of SELIM's Death; if Sickness or Captivity,
Or wayward Fate, shou'd thwart his quick Return.

ALADIN.

The Rumour yet is young; perhaps foreruns
The trusty Slave's Approach.

BARBAROSSA.

We'll wait th' Event.

Mean time give out, that now the widow'd Queen
Hath dry'd her Tears, prepar'd to crown my Love
By Marriage-Rites: Spread wide the flatt'ring Tale:
For if Persuasion win not her Consent,
Pow'r shall compel.

ALADIN.

It is indeed a Thought,
Which Prudence whispers.

BARBAROSSA.

Thou, brave ALADIN,
Hast been the firm Companion of my Deeds:
Soon shall my Friendship's Warmth reward thy Faith.
This Night my Will devotes to Feast and Joy,
For Conquest o'er the MOOR. Hence, ALADIN:
And see the Night-Watch close the Palace round.

[Exit ALADIN.

Now to the Queen. My Heart expands with Hope,
Let high Ambition flourish: In SELIM's Blood
It's Root is struck: From this, the rising Stem
Proudly shall branch o'er AFRIC's Continent,
And stretch from Shore to Shore.

Enter IRENE.

What, drown'd in Tears? still with thy Folly thwart
Each purpose of my Soul? When Pleasures spring
Beneath our feet, thou spurn'st the proffer'd Boon,
To dwell with Sorrow.---Why these sullen Tears?

IRENE.

Let not these Tears offend my Father's Eye:
They are the Tears of Pity. From the Queen
I come, thy Suppliant.

B

BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

On some rude Request.

What wou'dst thou urge?

IRENE.

Thy dread Return from War,
 And proffer'd Love, have open'd ev'ry Wound
 The soft and lenient Hand of Time had clos'd.
 If ever gentle Pity touch'd thy Heart,
 Now let it melt! Urge not thy harsh Command
 To see her! Her distracted Soul is bent
 To mourn in Solitude. She asks no more.

BARBAROSSA.

She mocks my Love. How many tedious Years
 Have I endur'd her Coynefs? Had not War
 And great Ambition, call'd me from ALGIERS,
 Ere this, my Pow'r had reap'd what she denies.
 But there's a Cause, which touches on my Peace,
 And bids me brook no more her false Delays.

IRENE.

O, frown not thus! Sure, Pity ne'er deserv'd
 A Parent's Frown! Then look more kindly on me,
 Let thy consenting Pity mix with mine,
 And heal the Woes of weeping Majesty!
 Unhappy Queen!

BARBAROSSA.

What means that gushing Tear?

IRENE.

Oh never shall IRENE taste of Peace,
 While poor ZAPHIRA mourns!

BARBAROSSA.

Is this my Child?
 Perverse and stubborn!—As thou lov'st thy Peace,
 Dry up thy Tears. What! damp the general Triumph
 That ecchoes through ALGIERS! which now shall pierce
 The vaulted Heav'n, as soon as Fame shall spread
 Young SELIM's Death, my Empire's bitterest foe.

IRENE.

I R E N E.

O, generous SELIM!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Ah! There's more in this!

Tell me, I R E N E: On thy Duty, tell me:
As thou dost wish, I would not cast thee off,
With an incens'd Father's Curses on thee,
Now tell me why, at this detested Name,
A fresh thy Sorrow streams?

I R E N E.

Yes, I will tell thee,

For he is gone! and dreads thy Hate no more!
My Father knows, that scarce five Moons are past,
Since the Moors seiz'd, and sold me at ORAN,
A hopeless Captive in a foreign Clime!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Too well I know, and rue the fatal Day.
But what of this?

I R E N E.

Why shou'd I tell, what Horrors
Did then beset my Soul?—Oft' have I told thee,
How midst the Throng, a Youth appear'd: His Eye
Bright as the Morning Star!

B A R B A R O S S A.

And was it SELIM?

Did he redeem thee?

I R E N E.

With unsparing Hand
He paid th' allotted Ransom: And o'erbade
Av'rice and Appetite. At his Feet I wept,
Dissolv'd in Tears of Gratitude and Joy.
But when I told my Quality and Birth,
He started at the Name of BARBAROSSA;
And thrice turn'd pale! Yet, with Recovery mild,
Go to ALGIERS, he cry'd, protect my Mother,
And be to Her, what SELIM is to Thee.

BT 2

Ev'n

B A R B A R O S S A .

Ev'n such, my Father, was the gen'rous Youth,
Who, by the Hands of bloody, bloody Men,
Lies number'd with the Dead.

BARBAROSSA.

Amazement chills me !

Was this thy unknown Friend, conceal'd from me ?
False, faithless Child !

I R E N E .

Cou'd Gratitude do less !

He said thy Hate pursu'd him ; thence conjur'd me,
Not to reveal his Name.

BARBAROSSA.

Thou treacherous Maid !
To stoop to Freedom from thy Father's Foe !

I R E N E .

Alas, my Father !

He never was thy Foe.

BARBAROSSA.

What ! plead for SELIM !

Away. He merited the Death he found !
Oh Coward ! Traitors to thy Father's Glory !
Thou shou'dst have liv'd a Slave,---been sold to Shame,
Been banish'd to the Depth of howling Desarts,
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot
A Father's Honour by a Deed so vile :---
Hence, from my Sight.--Hence, thou unthankful Child !
Beware thee ! Shun the Queen : nor taint her Ear
With SELIM's Fate. Yes, she shall crown my Love ;
Or by our Prophet, she shall dread my Pow'r.

[Exit BARBAROSSA.

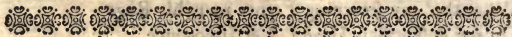
I R E N E .

Unhappy Queen !

To what new Scenes of Horror art thou doom'd !
O cruel Father ! Hapless Child ! whom Pity
Compels to call him cruel ! Gen'rous SELIM !
Poor injur'd Queen ! who but intreats to die
In her dear Father's Tents ! Thither, good Queen,

My Care shall speed thee, while Suspicion sleeps.
 What tho' my frowning Father pour his Rage
 On my defenceless Head? Yet Innocence
 Shall yield her firm Support; and conscious Virtue
 Gild all my Days. Cou'd I but save ZAPHIRA,
 Let the Storm beat. I'll weep and pray, till she
 And Heav'n forget, my Father e'er was cruel. [Exit.





A C T II.

Z A P H I R A and Female Slaves discover'd.

Z A P H I R A.

W H E N shall I be at Peace !---O, righteous Heav'n,
 Strengthen my fainting Soul, which fain wou'd rise
 To Confidence in thee !---But Woes on Woes
 O'erwhelm me ! First my Husband ! now, my Son !
 Both dead ! both slaughter'd by the bloody Hand
 Of BARBAROSSA ! Sweet Content, farewell !
 Farewel, sweet Hope ! Grief is my Portion here !
 O dire Ambition ! what infernal Pow'r
 Unchain'd thee from thy native Depth of Hell,
 To stalk the Earth with thy destructive Train,
 Murder and Lust ! to waste domestic Peace,
 And ev'ry Heart-felt Joy !

Enter O T H M A N.

O faithful O T H M A N !

Our Fears were true ! My SELIM is no more !

O T H M A N,

Has then the fatal Story reach'd thine Ear?
 Inhuman Tyrant !

Z A P H I R A.

Strike him, Heav'n, with Thunder !
 Nor let Z A P H I R A doubt thy Providence.

O T H M A N.

'Twas what we fear'd. Accuse not Heav'n's high Will,
 Nor struggle with the ten-fold Chain of Fate.
 That links thee to thy Woes ! O, rather yield,
 And wait the happier Hour, when Innocence
 Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing Hope,
 And yield thyself to Heav'n.---My honour'd Queen,
 The King---

Z A P H I R A.

Z A P H I R A.

Whom stil'ft thou King?

O T H M A N.

'Tis BARBAROSSA.

He means to see thee,---

Z A P H I R A.

Curfes blaff the Tyrant!

Does he affume the Name of King?

O T H M A N.

He does.

Z A P H I R A.

O Title vilely purchas'd! by the Blood
 Of Innocence! By Treachery and Murder!
 May Heav'n incens'd pour down its Vengeance on him;
 Blaff all his Joys, and turn them into Horror;
 Till Phrenzy rise, and bid him curse the Hour
 That gave his Crimes their Birth! My faithful OTHMAN,
 My sole surviving Prop! Canst thou devise
 No secret Means, by which I may escape
 This hated Palace! with undaunted Step
 I'd roam the Waste, to reach my Father's Vales
 Of dear MUTIJA!--Can no means be found,
 To fly these black'ning Horrors that surround me?

O T H M A N.

That Hope is vain! The Tyrant knows thy Hate,
 Hence, Day and Night, his watchful Guards surround thee,
 Impenetrable as Walls of Adamant.
 Curb then thy mighty Griefs: Justice and Truth
 He mocks as Shadows: Rouse not then, his Anger;
 Let soft Persuasion and mild Eloquence,
 Redeem that Liberty, which stern Rebuke
 Wou'd rob thee of for ever.

Z A P H I R A.

Cruel Task!

For Royalty to bow,---an injur'd Queen

To kneel for Liberty ! And, Oh ! to whom !
 Ev'n to the Murd'rer of her Lord and Son !
 O perish first, ZAPHIRA ! Yes, I'll die !
 For what is Life to me ! My dear, dear Lord !
 My hapless Child ! Yes, I will follow you,

OTHRMAN.

Wilt thou not see him, then ?

ZAPHIRA.

I will not, OTHMAN,

Or if I do, with bitter Imprecation,
 More keen than Poison shot from Serpents Tongues,
 I'll pour my Curses on him !

OTHRMAN.

Will ZAPHIRA

Thus meanly sink in Woman's fruitless Rage,
 When she should wake Revenge ?

ZAPHIRA.

Revenge ? -- O tell me ---

Tell me but how ! what can a helpless Woman ?

OTHRMAN.

Gain but the Tyrant's leave, and reach thy Father ;
 Pour thy Complaints before him : Let thy Wrongs
 Kindle his Indignation, to pursue
 This vile Ufurper, till unceasing War
 Blast his ill-gotten Pow'r.

ZAPHIRA.

[*Rising.*

Ah ! -- say'st thou, OTHMAN ?

Thy Words have shot like Lightning thro' my Frame ;
 And all my Soul's on Fire ! -- Thou faithful Friend !
 Yes ; with more gentle Speech I'll sooth his Pride ;
 Regain my Freedom ! seek my Father's Tents ;
 There paint my countless Woes. His kindling Rage
 Shall wake the Vallies into honest Vengeance :
 The sudden Storm shall pour on BARBAROSSA ;
 And ev'ry glowing Warrior steep his Shaft
 In deadlier Poison, to revenge my Wrongs.

OTH-

O T H M A N.

There spoke the Queen. But as thou lov'st thy
Freedom,

Touch not on SELIM's Fate. Thy Soul will kindle,
And Passion mount in Flames that will consume thee.

Z A P H I R A.

My murder'd Son!---Yes, to revenge thy Death,
I'll speak a Language which my Heart disdains.

O T H M A N.

Peace, Peace! The Tyrant comes: Now injur'd Queen,
Plead for thy Freedom, hope for just Revenge,
And check each rising Passion! [Exit OTHMAN.

Enter B A R B A R O S S A.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Hail, sov'reign Fair! Thrice Honor'd Queen! in whom
Beauty and Majesty conspire to charm!
Behold the Conqu'ror, whose deciding Voice
Can speak the Fate of Kingdoms, at thy Feet
Lies conquer'd by thy Pow'r!

Z A P H I R A.

O B A R B A R O S S A!

No more the Pride of Conquest e'er can charm
My widow'd Heart! With my departed Lord
My Love lies bury'd! I should meet thy Flame
With sullen Tears, and cold Indifference.
Then turn thee to some happier Fair, whose Heart
May crown thy growing Love, with Love sincere;
For I have none to give!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Love ne'er should die:

'Tis the Soul's Cordial: 'Tis the Fount of Life;
Therefore shou'd spring eternal in the Breast.
One Object lost, another shou'd succeed;
And all our Life be Love.

Z A P H I R A.

Urge me no more:---Thou might'st with equal Hope
Weep the cold Marble weeping o'er a Tomb,

To meet thy Wishes ! But if gen'rous Love
 Dwell in thy Breast, vouchsafe me Proof sincere :
 Give me safe Convoy to my native Vales
 Of dear M U T I J A, where my Father reigns.

B A R B A R O S S A.

O blind to proffer'd Bliss ? what, fondly quit
 This lofty Palace, and the envy'd Pomp
 Of Empire, for an Arab's wand'ring Tent !
 Where the mock Chieftain leads his vagrant Tribes
 From Plain to Plain, as Thirst or Famine sways ;
 Obscurely vain ! and faintly shadows out
 The Majesty of Kings ! -- Far other Joys
 Here shall attend thy Call : The winged Bark
 For thee shall traverse Seas ; and ev'ry Clime
 Be tributary to Z A P H I R A's Charms.
 To Thee, exalted Fair, submissive Realms
 Shall bow the Neck ; and swarthy Kings and Queens,
 From the far-distant N I G E R and the N I L E,
 Drawn captive at my conqu'ring Chariot-wheels,
 Shall kneel before thee.

Z A P H I R A.

Pomp and Pow'r are Toys,
 Which ev'n the Mind at Ease may well disdain,
 But, ah ! what Mockery is the tinsel Pride
 Of Splendor, when by wasting Woes, the Mind
 Lies desolate within ! -- Such, such, is mine !
 O'erwhelm'd with Ills, and dead to every Joy,
 Envy me not this last Request, to die
 In my dear Father's Tents !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Thy Suit is vain---

Z A P H I R A.

Thus kneeling at thy Feet---

B A R B A R O S S A.

Thou thankless Fair !

Thus to repay the Labours of my Love !
 Had I not seiz'd the Throne when S E L I M dy'd,

Ere this, thy Foes had laid ALGIERS in Ruin :
I check'd the warring Pow'rs, and gave you Peace.

ZAPHIRA.

Peace dost thou call it ! what can worse be fear'd
From the War's Rage, than Violence and Blood ?
Have not unceasing Horrors mark'd thy Reign ;
Thro' sev'n long Years, thy slaught'ring Sword hath reek'd
With guiltless Blood.

BARBAROSSA.

With guiltless Blood ?---Take heed---
Rouse not my slumb'ring Rage : Nor vindicate
Thy Country's Guilt and Treason.

ZAPHIRA.

Where Violence reigns, there Innocence is Guilt,
And Virtue, Treason.---Know, ZAPHIRA scorns
Thy Menace,---Yes,---thy slaught'ring Sword hath reek'd
With guiltless Blood. Through thee, Exile and Death
Have thin'd ALGIERS. Is this thy boasted Peace ?
So might the Tyger boast the Peace he brings,
When he o'erleaps by Stealth, and wastes the Fold.

BARBAROSSA.

Ungrateful Queen ! I'll give thee Proof of Love,
Beyond thy Sex's Pride ! But make thee mine,
I will descend the Throne, and call thy Son
From Banishment to Empire.

ZAPHIRA,

Oh, my Heart !

Can I bear this !---
Inhuman Tyrant ! Curses on thy Head !
May dire Remorse and Anguish haunt thy Throne,
And gender in thy Bosom fell Despair !
Despair as deep as mine !

BARBAROSSA.

What means ZAPHIRA ?
What means this Burst of Grief ?

ZAPHIRA.

Thou fell Destroyer !

I Had

Had not Guilt steel'd thy Heart, awak'ning Conscience
 Wou'd flash Conviction on thee, and each Look,
 Shot from these Eyes, be arm'd with Serpent-horrors,
 To turn thee into Stone!---Relentless Man!
 Who did the bloody Deed? Oh, tremble Guilt,
 Where'er thou art!---Look on me!---Tell me, Tyrant,--
 Who slew my blameless Son?

BARBAROSSA.

What envious Tongue,
 My Foe, hath dar'd to taint my Name with Slander?
 This is the Rumour of some coz'ning Slave,
 Who thwarts my Peace. Believe it not, ZAPHIRA.
 Thy SELIM lives: Nay more, he soon shall reign,
 If thou consent to bless me.

ZAPHIRA.

Never! Oh, never---Sooner wou'd I roam
 An unknown Exile through the torrid Climes
 Of AFRIC, sooner dwell with Wolves and Tygers,
 Than mount with thee my murder'd SELIM's Throne!

BARBAROSSA.

Rash Queen, forbear; Think on thy Captive-state:
 Remember, that within these Palace-walls,
 I am omnipotent: That every Knee
 Bends at my dread Approach: That Shame and Honour,
 Reward and Punishment, await my Nod,
 The Vassals of my Pleasure.---Yield thee then;
 Avert the gath'ring Horrors that surround thee,
 And dread my Pow'r incens'd.

ZAPHIRA,

Dares thy licentious Tongue pollute mine Ear
 With that foul Menace?---Tyrant! Dread'st thou not
 Th' all-seeing Eye of Heav'n, its lifted Thunder,
 And all the red'ning Vengeance which it stores
 For Crimes like thine? Yet know, thy Threats are vain,
 Tho' robb'd by thee of ev'ry dear Support,
 No Tyrant's Threat can awe the free-born Soul,
 That greatly dares to die.

[Exit ZAPHIRA.

BAR-

BARBAROSSA.

Where should she learn the Tale of SELIM's Death!
 Cou'd OTHMAN dare to tell it? If he did,
 My Rage shall sweep him, swifter than the Whirlwind,
 To instant Death!---Curse on her Steadiness!
 She lords it o'er my Heart. There is a Charm
 Of Majesty in Virtue, that disarms
 Reluctant Pow'r, and bends the struggling Will
 From her most firm Resolve.

Enter ALADIN.

Oh, ALADIN!
 Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring Thought,
 That swells with Indignation and Despair.
 This stubborn Woman---

ALADIN.

What, unconquer'd still?

BARBAROSSA.

The News of SELIM's Fate hath reach'd her Ear.
 Whence could this come!

ALADIN.

I can resolve the Doubt.
 A female Slave, Attendant on ZAPHIRA,
 O'erheard the Messenger who brought the Tale,
 And gave it to her Ear.

BARBAROSSA.

Perdition seize her!
 Nor Threat can move, nor Promise now allure
 Her haughty Soul: Nay, she defies my Pow'r,
 And talks of Death, as if her female Form
 Inshrin'd some Hero's Spirit.

ALADIN.

Let her Rage foam.
 I bring thee Tydings that will ease thy Pain.

BARBAROSSA.

Say'st thou?---Speak on---O give me quick Relief!---

ALADIN.

The gallant Youth is come, who slew her Son.

BARBAROSSA.

Who? OMAR!

ALADIN.

No; unhappy OMAR fell
By SELIM's Hand. But ACHMET, whom he join'd
His brave Associate, so the Youth bids tell thee,
Revenge'd his Death by SELIM's.

BARBAROSSA.

Gallant Youth!

Bears he the Signet?

ALADIN.

Ay.

BARBAROSSA.

That speaks him true.---Conduct him, ALADIN.

[Exit ALADIN.]

This is beyond my Hope. The secret Pledge
Restor'd, prevents Suspicion of the Deed,
While it confirms it done.

Enter ACHMET and ALADIN.

ACHMET.

Hail, mighty BARBAROSSA! As the Pledge [Kneels.
Of SELIM's Death, behold thy Ring restored:
That Pledge will speak the Rest.

BARBAROSSA.

Rise, valiant Youth!

But first, no more a SLAVE---I give thee Freedom.
Thou art the Youth whom OMAR (now no more)
Join'd his Companion in this brave Attempt?

ACHMET.

I am.

BARBAROSSA.

Then tell me how you sped.---Where found ye
That Insolent!

ACHMET.

We found him at ORAN,
Plotting deep Mischief to thy Throne and People

BAR-

BARBAROSSA.

Well ye repaid the Traitor.---

ACHMET.

As we ought.

While Night drew on, we leapt upon our Prey.
Full at his Heart brave OMAR aim'd the Poignard,
Which SELIM shunning, wrench'd it from his Hand,
Then plung'd it in his Breast. I hasted on.
Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my Friend:
My thirsty Dagger, with repeated Blow,
Search'd every Artery: They fell together,
Gasping in Folds of mortal Enmity;
And thus in Frowns expir'd.

BARBAROSSA.

Well hast thou sped.

Thy Dagger did its Office, faithful ACHMET;
And high Reward shall wait thee.---One Thing more---
Be the Thought fortunate!--Go, seek the Queen.
For know the Rumour of her SELIM's Death
Hath reach'd her Ear: Hence dark Suspicions rise,
Squinting at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st
Her Son expire; that with his dying Breath,
He did conjure her to receive my Vows,
And give her Country Peace.---That, sure will lull
Suspicion. ALADIN, that sure will win her.

ALADIN.

'Tis wisely thought.---It must.

Enter OTHMAN.

BARBAROSSA

Most welcome, OTHMAN.

Behold this gallant Stranger. He hath done
The State good Service. Let some high Reward
Await him, such as may o'erpay his Zeal.
Conduct him to the Queen; for he hath Tydings
Worthy her Ear, from her departed Son;
Such as may win her Love---Come, ALADIN:
The Banquet waits our Presence: Festal Joy

Laughs

Laughs in the manting Goblet; and the Night,
 Illumin'd by the Taper's dazzling Beam,
 Rivals departed Day. [Ext. BARB. and ALAD.

ACHMET.

What anxious Thought
 Rolls in thine Eye, and heaves thy lab'ring Breast?
 Why join'ft thou not the loud Excefs of Joy,
 That riots thro' the Palace?

OTHMAN.

Dar'ft thou tell me,
 On what dark Errand thou art here?

ACHMET.

I dare.
 Dost thou not see the savage Lines of Blood,
 Deform my Vifage? Read'ft not in mine Eye
 Remorfelefs Fury?---I am SELIM's Murd'rer.

OTHMAN.

His Murd'rer!

ACHMET.

Start not from me.
 My Dagger thirsts not but for regal Blood.
 Why this Amazement?

OTHMAN.

Amazement?---No---'Tis well.---'tis as it should be.--
 He was indeed a Foe to BARBAROSSA.

ACHMET.

And therefore to ALGIERS:---Was it not so?
 Why dost thou pause? What Passion shakes thy Frame?

OTHMAN.

Fate, do thy worst! I can no more dissemble!--
 Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring Ruffian,
 Smear'd with my Prince's Blood!--Go, tell the Tyrant,
 OTHMAN defies his Pow'r; that, tir'd with Life,
 He dares his bloody Hand, and pleads to die.

ACHMET.

What, didst thou love this SELIM?

OTHMAN.

All Men lov'd him.

He

He was of such unmix'd and blameless Quality,
That Envy, at his Praise stood mute, nor dar'd
To sully his fair Name! Remorseless Tyrant!

ACHMET.

I do commend thy Faith. And since thou lov'st him,
I'll whisper to thee, that with honest Guile
I have deceiv'd this Tyrant BARBAROSSA;
SELIM is yet alive.

OTHMAN.

Alive!

ACHMET.

Nay, more—

SELIM is in ALGIERS.

OTHMAN.

Impossible!

ACHMET.

Why, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither, straight.

OTHMAN,

Net for an Empire!

Thou might'st as well bring the devoted Lamb
Into the Tyger's Den.

ACHMET.

Nay, but I'll bring him

Hid in such deep Disguise, as shall deride
Suspicion, tho' she wear the Lynx's Eye.
Not ev'n thyself couldst know him.

OTHMAN.

Yes, sure: too sure, to hazard such an awful
Trial!

ACHMET.

Yet seven revolving Years, worn out
In tedious Exile, may have wrought such Change
Of Voice and Feature, in the State of Youth,
As might elude thine Eye.

OTHMAN.

No Time can blot

The Mem'ry of his sweet majestic Mien,
The Lustre of his Eye! Nay, more, he wears

A Mark indelible, a beauteous Scar,
 Made on his Forehead by a furious Pard,
 Which, rushing on his Mother, SELIM slew.

ACHMET.

A Scar!

OTHMAN.

Ay, on his Forehead,

ACHMET.

What, like this?

[*Lifting his Turban.*]

OTHMAN.

Whom do I see!--am I awake!--my Prince! [*Kneels.*
 My honour'd, honour'd King!

SELIM.

Rise, faithful OTHMAN.

Thus let me thank thy Truth! [*Embraces him.*]

OTHMAN.

Oh, happy Hour!

SELIM.

Why dost thou tremble thus? Why grasp my Hand?
 And why that ardent Gaze? Thou canst not doubt me?

OTHMAN.

Ah, no! I see thy Sire in ev'ry Line.—

How did my Prince escape the Murd'rer's Hand?

SELIM.

I wrench'd the Dagger from him; and gave back
 That Death he meant to bring. The Ruffian wore
 The Tyrant's Signet:—Take this Ring, he cry'd,
 The sole Return my dying Hand can make thee
 For its accurs'd Attempt: This Pledge restor'd,
 Will prove thee slain: Safe may'st thou see ALGIERS,
 Unknown to all.—This said, th' Assassin dy'd.

OTHMAN.

But how to gain Admittance, thus unknown?

SELIM.

Disguis'd as SELIM's Murderer I come:
 Th' Accomplice of the Deed: The Ring restor'd,
 Gain'd Credence to my Words.

O T H M A N.

Yet ere thou cam'st, thy Death was rumour'd here.

S E L I M.

I spread the flatt'ring Tale, and sent it hither;
That babbling Rumour, like a lying Dream,
Might make Belief more easy. Tell me, O T H M A N,
And yet I tremble to approach the Theme,—
How fares my Mother? does she still sustain
Her native Greatness?

O T H M A N.

Still: In vain the Tyrant
Tempts her to Marriage, tho' with impious Threats
Of Death or Violation.

S E L I M.

May kind Heav'n
Strengthen her Virtue, and by me reward it!
When shall I see her, O T H M A N?

O T H M A N.

Yet, my Prince,
I tremble for thy Presence.

S E L I M.

Let not Fear
Sully thy Virtue: 'Tis the Lot of Guilt
To tremble. What hath Innocence to do with Fear?

O T H M A N.

Yet think—should BARBAROSSA—

S E L I M.

Dread him not—
Thou know'st, by his Command, I see ZAPHIRA,
And wrapt in this Disguise, I walk secure,
As if from Heav'n some guardian Pow'r attending,
Threw ten-fold Night around me.

O T H M A N.

Still my Heart
Forebodes some dire Event!—O quit these Walls!

S E L I M.

Not till a Deed be done, which ev'ry Tyrant
Shall tremble when he hears.

O T H M A N.

What means my Prince ?

S E L I M.

To take just Vengeance for a Father's Blood,
A Mother's Suff'rings, and a People's Groan.

O T H M A N.

Alas, my Prince! Thy single Arm is weak
To combat Multitudes!

S E L I M.

Therefore I come,
Clad in this Murd'ers Guise—Ere Morning shines,
This, O T H M A N—this—shall drink the Tyrant's Blood.
[Shews a Dagger.]

O T H M A N.

Heav'n shield thy precious Life—Let Caution rule
Thy headlong Zeal!

S E L I M.

Nay, think not that I come
Blindly impell'd by Fury or Despair:
For I have seen our Friends, and parted now
From SADI and ALMANZOR.

O T H M A N.

Say—what Hope ?
My Soul is all Attention.—

S E L I M.

Mark me, then
A chosen Band of Citizens this Night
Will storm the Palace; while the glutted Troops
Lie drench'd in Surfeit; the confed'rate City,
Bold thro' Despair, have sworn to break their Chain
By one wide Slaughter. I, mean time, have gain'd
The Palace, and will wait th' appointed Hour,
To guard ZAPHIRA from the Tyrant's Rage,
Amid' the deathful Uproar.

O T H M A N.

Heav'n protect thee—
'Tis dreadful—What's the Hour!

S E L I M.

I left our Friends

In secret Council. Ere the dead of Night
Brave SADI will report their last Resolves.—
Now lead me to the Queen.—

O T H M A N.

Brave Prince, beware!

Her Joy's or Fear's Excess, wou'd sure betray thee.
Thou shalt not see her, till the Tyrant perish!

S E L I M.

I must.—I feel some secret Impulse urge me.
Who knows that 'tis not the last parting Interview,
We ever shall obtain?

O T H M A N.

Then, on thy Life,
Do not reveal thyself.—Assume the Name
Of SELIM's Friend; sent to confirm her Virtue,
And warn her that he lives.

S E L I M.

It shall be so: I yield me to thy Will.

O T H M A N.

Thou greatly daring Youth! May Angels watch,
And guard thy upright Purpose! That ALGIERS
May reap the Blessings of thy virtuous Reign,
And all thy Godlike Father shine in thee!

S E L I M,

Oh, thou hast rouz'd a Thought, on which Revenge
Mounts with redoubled Fire!—Yes, here, ev'n here,—
Beneath this very Roof, my honor'd Father
Shed round his Blessings, till accursed Treach'ry
Stole on his peaceful Hour! O, blessed Shade!
If yet thou hover'st o'er thy once-lov'd Cline,
Now aid me to redress thy bleeding Wrongs!
Infuse thy mighty Spirit into my Breast,
Thy firm and dauntless Fortitude, unaw'd
By Peril, Pain, or Death! that undismay'd,
I may pursue the just Intent: and dare
Or bravely to revenge, or bravely die.

[Exeunt.

Q3V29



A C T III.

Enter IRENE.

CAN Air-drawn Visions mock the waking Eye?—
 Sure 'twas his Image!—Yet, his Presence here—
 After full Rumour had confirm'd him dead!
 Beneath this hostile Roof to court Destruction!
 It staggers all Belief! Silent he shot
 Athwart my View, amid' the glimmering Lamps,
 With swift and Ghost-like Step, that seem'd to shun
 All human Converse. This way, sure he mov'd.
 But oh, how chang'd! He wears no gentle Smiles,
 But Terror in his Frown. He comes.—'Tis He:—
 For OTHMAN points him thither, and departs.
 Disguis'd, he seeks the Queen: Secure, perhaps,
 And heedless of the Ruin that surrounds him.
 O generous SELIM! can I see thee thus;
 And not forewarn such Virtue of its Fate!
 Forbid it Gratitude!

Enter SELIM.

SELIM.

Be still, ye Sighs!

Ye struggling Tears of filial Love, be still.
 Down, down fond Heart!

IRENE.

Why, Stranger, dost thou wander here?

SELIM.

Oh, Ruin!

[Shunning her,

IRENE.

Blest, is IRENE! Blest if SELIM lives!

SELIM.

SELIM.

Am I betray'd!

IRENE.

Betray'd to whom? To Her
Whose grateful Heart would rush on Death to save thee.

SELIM.

It was my Hope,
That Time had veil'd all Semblance of my Youth,
And thrown the Mask of Manhood o'er my Visage.—
Am I then known?

IRENE.

To none, but Love and Me.—

To me, who late beheld thee at ORAN;
Who saw thee here, beset with unseen Peril,
And flew to save the Guardian of my Honour.

SELIM.

Thou Sum of ev'ry Worth! Thou Heav'n of Sweetness!
How cou'd I pour forth all my Soul before thee,
In Vows of endless Truth!—It must not be!—
This is my destin'd Goal!—The Mansion drear,
Where Grief and Anguish dwell! where bitter Tears,
And Sighs, and Lamentations, choak the Voice,
And quench the Flame of Love!

IRENE.

Yet, virtuous Prince,
Tho' Love be silent, Gratitude may speak,
Hear then her Voice, which warns thee from these Walls,
Mine be the grateful Task, to tell the Queen,
Her SELIM lives. Ruin and Death inclose thee.
O speed thee hence, while yet Destruction sleeps!

SELIM.

Too generous Maid! Oh, Heav'n! that BARBAROSSA
Shou'd be IRENE's Father.

IRENE.

Injur'd Prince!
Lose not a Thought on me! I know thy Wrongs,

And merit not thy Love. No, learn to hate me,
Or if IRENE e'er can hope such Kindness,
First pity, then forget me!

SELIM.

When I do,
May Heav'n pour down its righteous Vengeance on me!

IRENE.

Hence! haste thee, hence!

SELIM.

Wou'd it were possible!

IRENE.

What can prevent it?

SELIM.

Justice! Fate, and Justice!
A murder'd Father's Wrongs!

IRENE.

Ah, Prince, take heed!

I have a Father too!

SELIM.

What did I say?—my Father?—not my Father.—
Can I depart till I have seen ZAPHIRA?—

IRENE.

Justice, said'st thou?

That Word hath struck me, like a Peal of Thunder!
Thine Eye, which wont to melt with gentle Love,
Now glares with Terror! Thy Approach by Night—
Thy dark Disguise, thy Looks, and fierce Demeanor,
Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost!
Think, SELIM, what IRENE must indure,
Shou'd she be guilty of a Father's Blood!

SELIM.

A Father's Blood!

IRENE.

Too sure. In vain thou hid'st
Thy dire Intent! Forbid it, Heav'n, IRENE

Shou'd

Should see Destruction hov'ring o'er her Father,
And not prevent the Blow!

SELIM.

Is this thy Love,
Thy Gratitude to him who sav'd thy Honour?

IRENE.

'Tis Gratitude to him who gave me Life:
He who preserv'd me claims the second Place,

SELIM.

Is he not a Tyrant, Murderer?

IRENE.

O spare my Shame! I am his Daughter still!

SELIM.

Wou'dst thou become the Partner of his Crimes?

IRENE.

Forbid it, Heav'n!---Yet I must save a Father!

SELIM.

Come on then. Lead me to him. Glut thine Eye
With SELIM's Blood---

IRENE.

Was e'er Distress like mine!

O SELIM can I see my Father perish!

Wou'd I had ne'er been born!

[Weeps.]

SELIM.

Thou virtuous Maid!

My Heart bleeds for thee!

IRENE.

Quit, O quit these Walls!

Heav'n will ordain some gentler, happier Means,
To heel thy Woes! Thy dark Attempt is big
With Horror and Destruction! Generous Prince!
Relinquish thy dreadful Purpose, and depart!

SELIM.

May not I see ZAPHIRA, ere I go?
Thy gentle Pity will not, sure, deny us
The mournful Pleasure of a parting Tear?

IRENE

I R E N É.

Go, then, and give her Peace. But fly these Walls,
 As soon as Morning shines :---Else, tho' Despair
 Drives me to Madness ;---yet---to save a Father !---
 O SELIM ! spare my Tongue the horrid Sentence !
 Fly ! ere Destruction seize thee ! *Exit IRENE.*

S E L I M.

Death and Ruin !
 Must I then fly ?---what !---Coward-like betray
 My Father, Mother, Friends ?---Vain Terrors, hence !
 Danger looks big, to Fear's deluded Eye.
 But Courage, on the Heights and Steeps of Fate,
 Dares snatch her glorious Purpose from the Edge
 Of Peril : And while sick'ning Caution shrinks,
 Or self-betray'd, falls headlong down the Steep ;
 Calm Resolution, unappal'd, can walk
 The giddy Brink, secure.---Now to the Queen.---
 How shall I dare to meet her thus unknown !
 How stifle the warm Transports of my Heart,
 Which pants at her Approach !--Who waits ZAPHIRA ?--

Enter a female SLAVE

S L A V E.

Whence this Intrusion, Stranger ? at an Hour
 Destin'd to Rest ?

S E L I M.

I come, to seek the Queen,
 On Matter of such Import, as may claim
 Her speedy Audience.

S L A V E.

Thy Request is vain
 Ev'n now the Queen hath heard the mournful Tale
 Of her Son's Death, and drown'd in Grief she lies.
 Thou canst not see her.

S E L I M.

Tell the Queen, I come
 On Message from her dear, departed Son ;
 And bring his last Request

S L A V E.

SLAVE.

I'll haste to tell her.

With all a Mother's tend'rest Love she'll fly,
To meet that Name. [Exit SLAVE.]

SELIM.

O ill-diffembling Heart!--My ev'ry Limb
Trembles with grateful Terror!--Wou'd to Heav'n
I had not come! Some Look, or starting Tear,
Will sure betray me.---Honest Guile assist
My fault'ring Tongue!

Enter ZAPHIRA.

ZAPHIRA.

Where is this pious Stranger?
Say, generous Youth, whose Pity leads thee thus
To seek the weeping Mansions of Distress!
Did'st thou behold in Death my hapless Son?
Did'st thou receive my SELIM's parting Breath?
Did he remember me?

SELIM.

Most honour'd Queen!
Thy Son,---Forgive these gushing Tears, which flow
To see Distress like thine!

ZAPHIRA.

I thank thy Pity!
'Tis generous thus to feel for others Woe.—
What of my Son? Say, didst thou see him die?

SELIM.

By BARBAROSSA's dread Command I come,
To tell thee, that these Eyes alone beheld
Thy Son expire.

ZAPHIRA.

Oh Heav'n!--my Child! my Child!

SELIM.

That ev'n in Death, the pious Youth remember'd
His royal Mother's Woes.

ZAPHIRA.

Where, where was I?
Relentless

Relentless Fate!—that I shou'd be deny'd
 The mournful Privilege, to see him die!
 To clasp him in the Agony of Death,
 And catch his parting Soul! O tell me all,
 All that he said and look'd; Deep in my Heart
 That I may treasure ev'ry parting Word,
 Each dying Whisper of my dear, dear Son!

SELIM.

Let not my Words offend.—What if he said,
 Go, tell my hapless Mother, that her Tears
 Have stream'd too long; Then bid her weep no more;
 Bid her forget the Husband and the Son,
 In BARBAROSSA'S Arms!

ZAPHIRA.

O, false as Hell!
 Thou art some creeping Slave to BARBAROSSA,
 Sent to surprise my unsuspecting Heart!
 False Slave, begone!—My Son betray me thus!—
 Could he have e'er conceiv'd so base a Purpose,
 My Griefs for him shou'd end in great Disdain!—
 But he was brave; and scorn'd a Thought so vile!
 Wretched ZAPHIRA! How art thou become
 The Sport of Slaves!—O Griefs incurable!

SELIM.

Yet hope for Peace, unhappy Queen! Thy Woes
 May yet have End.

ZAPHIRA.

Why weep'st thou, Crocodile?
 Thy treacherous Tears are vain.

SELIM.

My Tears are honest,
 I am not what thou think'st.

ZAPHIRA.

Who art thou then?

SELIM.

Oh, my full Heart!—I am—thy Friend, and SELIM'S,
 I come not to insult but heal thy Woes—

Now

Now check thy Heart's wild Tumult, while I tell thee—
Perhaps—thy Son yet lives.

ZAPHIRA.

O, gracious Heav'n!

Do I not dream? say, Stranger,—didst thou tell me,
Perhaps my SELIM lives?—What do I ask?
Fond, fond, and fruitless Hope!—What mortal Pow'r
Can e'er re-animate his mangled Coarse,
Shoot Life into the cold and silent Tomb,
Or bid the ruthless Grave give up its Dead!

SELIM.

O pow'rful Nature, thou wilt sure betray me! [*Aside.*
Thy SELIM lives: For since his rumour'd Death,
I saw him at ORAN.

ZAPHIRA.

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs!—

Didst thou not say, thou saw'st my Son expire?
Didst not ev'n now relate his dying Words?

SELIM.

It was an honest Falshood, meant to prove
ZAPHIRA's unstain'd Virtue.

ZAPHIRA.

Why—but OTHMAN.—

OTHMAN affirm'd that my poor Son was dead:
And I have heard, the Murderer is come,
In triumph o'er his dear and innocent Blood.

SELIM.

I am that Murderer.—Beneath this Guise,
I spread th' abortive Tale of SELIM's Death,
And haply won the Tyrant's Confidence.
Hence gain'd Access: And from thy SELIM tell thee,
SELIM yet lives; and honours all thy Virtues.

ZAPHIRA.

O, generous Youth, who art thou?—From what Clime
Comes such exalted Virtue, as dares give

A Pause

46. B A R B A R O S S A.

A Pause to Griefs like mine !—As dares approach,
 And prop the Ruin tott'ring on its Base,
 Which selfish Caution shuns !—Oh, say—who art thou ?

SELIM.

A friendless Youth, self-banish'd with thy Son ;
 Long his Companion in Distress and Danger :
 One who rever'd thy Worth in prosp'rous Days :
 And more reveres thy Virtue in Distress.

ZAPHIRA.

O tell me then—mock not my Woes,
 But tell me truly,—does my SELIM live ?

SELIM.

He does, by Heav'n !

ZAPHIRA.

And does he still remember
 His Father's Wrongs, and mine !

SELIM.

He bade me tell thee,
 That in his Heart indelibly are stamp'd
 His Father's Wrongs, and Thine : That he but waits
 'Till awful Justice may unsheath her Sword,
 And Lust and Murder tremble at her Frown !
 That till the Arrival of that happy Hour,
 Deep in his Soul the hidden Fire shall glow,
 And his Breast labour with the great Revenge !

ZAPHIRA.

Eternal Blessings crown my virtuous Son !
 I feel my Heart revive ! Here, Peace once more
 Begins to dawn.

SELIM.

Much honor'd Queen, farewell.

ZAPHIRA.

Not, yet,—not yet ;—indulge a Mother's Love !
 In thee, the kind Companion of his Griefs,
 Methinks I see my SELIM stand before me.
 Depart not yet. A thousand fond Requests

Croud.

Croud on my Mind. Wishes, and Pray'rs and Tears,
Are all I have to give. O bear him these!

S E L I M.

Take Comfort then; for know thy Son, o'erjoy'd
To rescue thee, wou'd bleed at ev'ry Vein!—
Bid her, he said, yet hope we may be blest!
Bid her remember that the Ways of Heav'n,
Tho' dark, are just: That oft some Guardian Pow'r
Attends unseen to save the Innocent!
But if high Heav'n decrees our Fall,—O bid her
Firmly to wait the Stroke, prepar'd alike
To live or die! and then he wept, as I do.

Z A P H I R A.

O righteous Heav'n! Thou hast at length o'erpay'd
My bitt'rest Pangs; if my dear SELIM lives,
And lives for me!—hear my departing Pray'r! [*Kneels.*
O spare my Son!—Protect his tender Years!
Be thou his Guide through Dangers and Distress!
Soften the Rigours of his cruel Exile,
And lead him to his Throne!—when I am gone,
Bless thou his peaceful Reign! Oh, early bless him
With the sweet Pledges of connubial Love;
That he may win his Virtue's just Reward,
And taste the Raptures which a Parent's Heart
Reaps from a Child like him! Not for myself,—
But my dear Son,---accept my parting Tears!

[*Exit ZAPHIRA.*

S E L I M.

Now, swelling Heart,
Indulge the Luxury of Grief! Flow Tears!
And rain down Transport in the Shape of Sorrow!
Yes, I have sooth'd her Woes; have found her noble:
And to have giv'n this Respite to her Pangs,
O'erpays all Pain and Peril!---Pow'rful Virtue!
How infinite thy Joys, when ev'n thy Grievs
Are pleasing!---Thou, superior to the Frowns

Of Fate, canst pour thy Sunshine o'er the Soul,
And brighten Woe to Rapture!

Enter OTHMAN and SADI.

Honor'd Friends!

How goes the Night!

SADI.

'Tis well nigh Midnight.

OTHMAN;

What—in Tears, my Prince?

SELIM,

But Tears of Joy: For I have seen ZAPHIRA;
And pour'd the Balm of Peace into her Breast:
Think not these Tears unnerve me, valiant Friends;
They have but harmoniz'd my Soul; and wak'd
All that is Man within me, to disdain
Peril, or Death.—What Tydings from the City?

SADI.

All, all is ready. Our confed'rate Friends
Burn with Impatience, till the Hour arrive.

SELIM.

What is the Signal of th' appointed Hour?

SADI.

The Midnight Watch gives Signal of our Meeting;
And when the second Watch of Night is rung,
The Work of Death begins.

SELIM.

Speed, speed ye Minutes!
Now let the rising Whirlwind shake ALGIERS,
And Justice guide the Storm! Scarce two Hours hence—

SADI,

Scarce more than one.

SELIM.

But as ye love my Life,
Let your Zeal hasten on the great Event:
The Tyrant's Daughter found, and knew me here;
And half suspects the Cause.

OTHMAN.

O T H M A N.

Too daring Prince,
Retire with us ! Her Fears will sure betray thee !

S E L I M.

What ? leave my helpless Mother here a Prey
To Cruelty and Lust—I'll perish first :
This very Night the Tyrant threatens Violence :
I'll watch his Steps : I'll haunt him thro' the Palace :
And, shou'd he meditate a Deed so vile,
I'll hover o'er him like an unseen Pestilence,
And blast him in his Guilt !

S A D I.

Intrepid Prince !
Worthy of Empire !—Yet accept my Life,
My worthless Life : Do thou retire with O T H M A N ;
I will protect Z A P H I R A,

S E L I M.

Think'it thou, S A D I,
That when the trying Hour of Peril comes,
S E L I M will shrink into a common Man !
Worthless were he to rule, who dares not claim
Pre-eminence in Danger. Urge no more.
Here shall my Station be : And if I fall,
O Friends let me have Vengeance !—Tell me now,
Where is the Tyrant ?

O T H M A N.

Revelling at the Banquet.

S E L I M.

'Tis good.—Now tell me how our Pow'rs are destin'd ?

S A D I.

Near ev'ry Port, a secret Band is posted :
By these the watchful Centinels must perish :
The rest is easy : For the glutted Troops
Lie drown'd in Sleep ; the Dagger's cheapest Prey.
A L M A N Z O R, with his Friends, will circle round
The Avenues of the Palace. O T H M A N and I
Will lead our brave Confederates (all sworn

To conquer or to die) and burst the Gates
Of this foul Den. Then tremble, BARBAROSSA !
SELIM.

Oh, how the Approach of this great Hour
Fires all my Soul ! But, valiant Friends, I charge you,
Reserve the Murd'rer to my just Revenge ;
My Poignard claims his Blood.

OTHTMAN.

Forgive me Prince !

Forgive my Doubts !—Think—shou'd the fair IRENE—
SELIM.

Thy Doubts are vain. I wou'd not spare the Tyrant,
Tho' the sweet Maid lay weeping at my Feet !
Nay, shou'd he fall by any Hand but mine,
By Heav'n I'd think my honor'd Father's Blood
Scarce half reveng'd ! My Love indeed is strong !
But Love shall yield to Justice !

SADI.

Gallant Prince !

Bravely resolv'd !

SELIM.

But is the City quiet ?

SADI.

All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty Streets,
Nor Voice, nor sound. As if th' Inhabitants,
Like the presaging Herds that seek the Covert
Ere the loud Thunder rolls, had inly felt
And shunn'd th' impending Uproar.

OTHTMAN.

There is a solemn Horror in the Night too,
That pleases me : A general Pause thro' Nature :
The Winds are hush'd—

SADI.

And as I pass'd the Beach,
The lazy Billow scarce cou'd lash the Shore :
No Star peeps thro' the Firmament of Heav'n---

SELIM.

SELIM.

And lo---where Eastward, o'er the fullen Wave,
The waining Moon, depriv'd of half her Orb,
Rises in Blood: Her Beam, well-nigh extinct,
Faintly contends with Darknefs--- [Bell tolls.

Hark!---what meant

That tolling Bell?

OTHMAN.

It rings the Midnight Watch.

SADI.

This was the Signal---

Come, OTHMAN, we are call'd: The passing Minutes
Chide our Delay: Brave OTHMAN, let us hence.

SELIM.

One last Embrace!---nor doubt, but crown'd with Glory,
We soon shall meet again. But oh, remember,--
Amid' the Tumult's Rage, remember Mercy!
Stain not a righteous Cause with guiltless Blood!
Warn our brave Friends, that we unsheath the Sword,
Not to destroy, but save! Nor let blind Zeal,
Or wanton Cruelty, e'er turn its Edge
On Age or Innocence! or bid us stab,
Where the most pitying Angel in the Skies
That now looks on us from his blest Abode,
Wou'd wish that we should spare.

OTHMAN.

So may we prosper,

As Mercy shall direct us!

SELIM.

Farewel, Friends!

Intrepid Prince, Farewel! [Exe. OTH. and SADI.

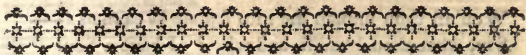
SELIM.

Now Sleep and Silence

Brood o'er the City.---The devoted Centinel
Now takes his lonely Stand; and idly dreams,
Of that To-morrow, which shall never come!

In this dread Interval, O busy Thought,
 From outward Things descend into thyself!
 Search deep my Heart! Bring with thee awful Conscience,
 And firm Resolve! That in th' approaching Hour
 Of Blood and Horror, I may stand unmov'd;
 Nor fear to strike where Justice calls, nor dare
 To strike where she forbids!---Why bear I then
 This dark, insidious Dagger?---'Tis the Badge
 Of vile Assassins; of the Coward Hand
 That dares not meet its Foe---Detested Thought!
 Yet,---as foul Lust and Murder, tho' on Thrones
 Triumphant, still retain their hell-born Quality;
 So Justice, groaning beneath countless Wrongs,
 Quits not her spotless and celestial Nature;
 But in th' unhallow'd Murderer's Disguise,
 Can sanctify this Steel!
 Then be it so:---Witness, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n,
 That not from you, but from the Murd'rer's Eye,
 I wrap myself in Night!---To you I stand
 Reveal'd in Noon-tide Day!---Oh, cou'd I arm
 My Hand with War! Then, like to you, array'd
 In Storm and Fire, my swift-avenging Thunder
 Shou'd blast this Tyrant. But since Fate denies
 That Privilege, I'll seize on what it gives:
 Like the deep-cavern'd Earthquake, burst beneath him,
 And whelm his Throne, his Empire, and himself,
 In one prodigious Ruin!





ACT IV.

Enter IRENE and ALADIN.

IRENE.

BUT didst thou tell him, ALADIN, my Fears
Brook no Delay?

ALADIN.

I did.

IRENE.

Why comes he not!

Oh, what a dreadful Dream!--'Twas surely more
Than troubled Fancy: Never was my Soul
Shook with such hideous Phantoms!--Still he lingers! |
Return, return: And tell him that his Daughter
Dies, till she warn him of his threaten'g Ruin.

ALADIN.

Behold, he comes.

[*Exit ALADIN.*]

Enter BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

Thou Bane of all my Joys!

Some gloomy Planet surely rul'd thy Birth!
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd Fear suspends the Banquet,
And damps the festal Hour.

IRENE

Forgive my Fear!

BARBAROSSA.

What Fear, what Phantom hath possess'd thy Brain?

IRENE,

Oh guard thee from the Terrors of this Night;
For Terrors lurk unseen;

BARBAROSSA.

What Terror? speak,
Wou'dst thou unman me into female Weakness?—
Say, what thou dread'st, and why? I have a Soul
To meet the blackest Dangers undismay'd.

IRENE.

Let not my Father check with stern Rebuke
The warning Voice of Nature. For ev'n now,
Retir'd to Rest, soon as I clos'd mine Eyes,
A horrid Vision rose---Methought I saw
Young SELIM rising from the silent Tomb:
Mangled and bloody was his Coarse: His Hair
Clotted with Gore; his glaring Eyes on Fire!
Dreadful he shook a Dagger in his Hand.
By some mysterious Pow'r he rose in Air.
When lo,---at his Command, this yawning Roof
Was cleft in Twain, and gave the Phantom Entrance!
Swift he descended with terrific Brow,
Rush'd on my guardless Father at the Banquet,
And plung'd his furious Dagger in thy Breast!

BARBAROSSA.

Wouldst thou appal me by a brain-sick Vision?
Get thee to Rest.---Sleep but as sound till Morn,
As SELIM in his Grave shall sleep for ever,
And then no haggard Dreams shall ride thy Fancy!

IRENE.

Yet hear me, dearest Father!

BARBAROSSA.

To the Couch!
Provoke me not.---

IRENE.

What shall I say to move him!
Merciful Heav'n, instruct me what to do!

Enter ALADIN.

BARBAROSSA.

What mean thy Looks?--why dost thou gaze so wildly?

ALADIN.

ALADIN.

I hasten to inform thee, that ev'n now,
Rounding the Watch, I met the brave ABDALLA,
Breathless with Tydings of a Rumour dark,
Which runs throughout the City, that young SELIM
Is yet alive---

BARBAROSSA

May Plagues consume the Tongue
That broach'd the Falshood!—'Tis not possible—
What did he tell thee further?

ALADIN.

More he said not:
Save only, that the spreading Rumour wak'd
A Spirit of Revolt.

IRENE.

O gracious Father!—

BARBAROSSA.

The Rumour lies.—And, yet, your Coward Fears
Infect me!—What!—shall I be terrify'd
By midnight Visions?—Can the troubled Brain
Of Sleep out-stretch the Reason's waking Eye?
I'll not believe it.

ALADIN.

But this gath'ring Rumour—
Think but on that, my Lord!

BARBAROSSA.

Infernal Darkness
Swallow the Slave that rais'd it!—Yet, I'll do
What Caution dictates.—Hark thee, ALADIN—
Slave, hear my Will,---See that the Watch be doubled--
Seek out this Stranger, ACHMET; and forthwith
Let him be brought before me.

IRENE.

O my Father!
I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy Life,
Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful Guards---
See not this ACHMET!

BARBAROSSA.

Not see him?---Death and Torment!---
 Think'st thou, I fear a single Arm that's mortal?
 Not see him?---Forthwith bring the Slave before me,---
 If he prove false,---if hated SELIM live,
 I'll heap such Vengeance on him---

IRENE.

Mercy! Mercy!

BARBAROSSA.

Mercy.---To whom?

IRENE.

To me:---and to thyself:
 To him---to all---Thou think'st I rave; yet true
 My Visions are, as ever Prophet utter'd,
 When Heav'n inspires his Tongue!

BARBAROSSA.

Ne'er did the Moon-struck Madman rave with Dreams
 More wild than thine!---Get thee to rest; e'er yet
 Thy Folly wake my Rage,---Call ACHMET hither,

IRENE.

Thus prostrate on my Knees!---O see him not,
 SELIM is dead:---Indeed the Rumour lies!---
 There is no Danger near:---Or, if there be,
 ACHMET is innocent!

BARBAROSSA.

Off, frantic Wretch!

This Idiot-Dream hath turn'd her Brain to Madness!
 Hence---to thy Chamber, till returning Reason
 Hath calm'd this Tempest,---On thy Duty hence!

IRENE.

Yet hear the Voice of Caution!---Cruel Fate!
 What have I done!---Heav'n shield my dearest Father!
 Heav'n shield the Innocent!---Undone IRENE!
 Whate'er the Event, thy Doom is Misery. [Exit IRENE.

BARBAROSSA.

Her Words are wrapt in Darkness,---ALADIN.
 Forthwith send ACHMET hither,---Mark him well,---

His

His Countenance and Gesture---Then with speed.
 Double the Centinels [Exit ALADIN.

Infernal Guilt!

How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous Shape,
 Of Rage and Doubt, Suspicion and Despair,
 To rend my Soul! more wretched far than they,
 Made wretched by my Crimes!---Why did I not
 Repent, while yet my Crimes were delible!
 Ere they had struck their Colours thro' my Soul,
 As black as Night or Hell!---'Tis now too late!--
 Hence then, ye vain Repinings!---Take me all,
 Unfeeling Guilt! O banish, if thou canst,
 This fell Remorse, and ev'ry fruitless Fear!
 Be this my Glory,---to be great in Evil!
 To combat my own Heart, and, scorning Conscience,
 Rise to exalted Crimes!

Enter SELIM.

Come hither, Slave:---
 Hear me, and tremble:--Art thou what thou seem'st?
 SELIM.

Ha!--

B A R B A R O S S A.

Dost thou pause?---By Hell, the Slave's confounded!
 SELIM.

That B A R B A R O S S A shou'd suspect my Truth!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Take heed! For by the hov'ring Pow'rs of Vengeance,
 If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee
 To death and Torment, such as human Thought
 Ne'er yet conceiv'd! Thou com'st beneath the Guise
 Of SELIM's Murderer.---Now tell me:--Is not
 That SELIM yet alive?

S E L I M.

SELIM alive!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Perdition on thee! Dost thou echo me!
 Answer me quick, or Die! [Draws his Dagger.

SELIM.

Yes, freely strike—

Already hast thou giv'n the fatal Wound,
 And pierc'd my Heart with thy unkind Suspicion!
 Oh, cou'd thy Dagger find a Tongue, to tell
 How deep it drank his Blood!—But since thy Doubt
 Thus wrongs my Zeal,—Behold my Breast—strike here—
 For bold is Innocence.

BARBAROSSA.

I scorn the Task. [*Puts up his Dagger.*
 Time shall decide thy Doom.---Guards, mark me well.
 See that ye watch the Motions of this Slave:
 And if he meditates t'escape your Eye,
 Let your good Sabres cleave him to the Chine.

SELIM.

I yield me to thy Will, and when thou know'st
 That SELIM lives, or feest his hated Face,
 Then wreak thy Vengeance on me.

BARBAROSSA.

Bear him hence.—

Yet, on your Lives, await me within Call.—
 I will have deeper Inquisition made:
 Haply some Witness may confront the Slave,
 And drag to Light his Falshood.

[*Exeunt SELIM and Guards.*Call ZAPHIRA. [*Exit a SLAVE.*

If SELIM lives --then what is BARBAROSSA?
 My Throne's a Bubble, that but floats in Air,
 Till Marriage-Rites declare ZAPHIRA mine.
 Fool that I am! To wait the weak Effects
 Of slow Persuasion: when unbounded Pow'r
 Can give me all I wish!---Slave, hear my Will,—
 Fly,---bid the Priest prepare the Marriage-Rites,
 Let Incense rise to Heav'n; and choral Songs
 Attend ZAPHIRA to the nuptial Bed. [*Exit SLAVE.*
 I will not brook Delay.---By Love and Vengeance,
 This Hour decides her Fate!

Enter

Enter ZAPHIRA.

Well, haughty Fair!—
Hath Reason yet subdu'd thee? Wilt thou hear
The Voice of Love?

ZAPHIRA.

Why dost thou vainly urge me!
Thou know'st my fix'd resolve.

BARBAROSSA.

Can aught but Phrenzy
Rush on Perdition?

ZAPHIRA.

Therefore shall no Pow'r
E'er make me thine.

BARBAROSSA.

Nay, sport not with my Rage;
Tho' yon suspected Slave affirms him dead;
Yet Rumour whispers, that young SELIM lives.

ZAPHIRA.

Cou'd I but think him so! my earnest Pray'r
Shou'd rise to Heav'n, to keep him far from thee!

BARBAROSSA.

Therefore, lest Treach'ry undermine my Pow'r,
Know, that thy final Hour of Choice is come!

ZAPHIRA.

I have no Choice.---Think'st thou I e'er will wed
The Murderer of my Lord?

BARBAROSSA.

Take heed, rash Queen!
Tell me thy last Resolve.

ZAPHIRA.

Then hear me, Heav'n!
Hear all ye Pow'rs that watch o'er Innocence!
Angels of Light! And thou, dear honor'd Shade
Of my departed Lord! attend, while here
I ratify with Vows my last Resolve!
If e'er I wed this Tyrant Murderer,
If I pollute me with this horrid Union,

Black as Adultery or damned Incest,
 May ye, the Ministers of Heav'n, depart,
 Nor shed your Influence on the guilty Scene!—
 May Horror blacken all our Days and Nights!
 May Discord light the Nuptial Torch! and rising
 From Hell, may swarming Fiends in Triumph howl
 Around th' accursed Bed!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Begone, Remorse!—
 Guards do your Office; Drag her to the Altar.
 Heed not her Tears or Cries.—What?—dare ye doubt?
 Instant obey my Bidding;—or, by Hell,
 Torment and Death shall overtake you all!

[Guards go to seize ZAPHIRA,

Z A P H I R A,

O spare me!--Heav'n protect me!--O my Son,
 Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless Mother!--
 What shall I do!--Undone, undone ZAPHIRA!

Enter S E L I M,

S E L I M.

Who call'd on ACHMET?—Did not BARBAROSSA
 Require me here?

B A R B A R O S S A.

Officious Slave retire!

I call'd thee not.

Z A P H I R A.

O kind and gen'rous Stranger, lend thy Aid!
 O rescue me from these impending Horrors!
 Heav'n will reward thy Pity!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Drag her hence!

S E L I M.

Pity her Woes, O mighty BARBAROSSA!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Rouze not my Vengeance, Slave!

S E L I M.

Oh, hear me, hear me!

[Kneels.

B A R-

BARBAROSSA.

Curse on thy forward Zeal!—

SELIM.

Yet, yet have Mercy.

[Lays hold of BARBAROSSA's Garment.

BARBAROSSA.

Prefuming Slave, begone! [Strikes SELIM.

SELIM.

Nay, then,—die, Tyrant.

[Rises, and aims to stab BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA wrests his Dagger from him.

BARBAROSSA.

Ah, Traitor, have I caught thee.--Hold--forbear--

[To Guards who offer to kill SELIM.

Kill him not yet,--I will have greater Vengeance.—

Perfidious Wretch, who art thou?--Bring the Rack:

Let that extort the Secrets of his Heart.

SELIM.

Thy impious Threats are lost! I know that Death
 And Torments are my Doom.--Yet, ere I die,
 I'll strike thy Soul with Horror.--Off, vile Habit!—
 Let me emerge from this dark Cloud that hides me,
 And make my Setting glorious!—If thou dar'st,
 Now view me!--Hear me, Tyrant!--while with Voice
 More dreadful than of Thunder, I proclaim,
 That he who aim'd the Dagger at thy Heart,
 Is SELIM!

ZAPHIRA.

O Heav'n! my Son! my Son! [She faints.

SELIM.

Unhappy Mother! [Runs to embrace her.

BARBAROSSA.

Tear them asunder. [Guards separate them.

SELIM.

Barb'rous, barb'rous Ruffians!

BARBAROSSA.

Slaves, seize the Traitor. [They offer to seize him.

SELIM.

SELIM.

Off, ye vile Slaves! I am your King! -Retire,
And tremble at my Frowns! That is the Traitor;
That is the Murd'rer, Tyrant, Ravisher: Seize him,
And do your Country Right!

BARBAROSSA.

Ah, Coward Dogs!
Start ye at Words!—or seize him, or by Hell,
This Dagger ends you all. *[They seize him.]*

SELIM.

'Tis done!—Dost thou revive, unhappy Queen!
Now arm my Soul with Patience!

ZAPHIRA.

My dear Son!
Do I then live, once more to see my SELIM!
But Oh—to see thee thus!— *[Weeping.]*

SELIM.

Can thou behold
Her speechless Agonies, and not relent!

BARBAROSSA.

At length Revenge is mine!--Slaves, force her hence!
This Hour shall crown my Love.

ZAPHIRA.

O Mercy, Mercy!

SELIM.

Lo! BARBAROSSA! thou at length hast conquer'd!
Behold a hapless Prince, o'erwhelm'd with Woes, *[Kneels.]*
Prostrate before thy Feet!—Not for myself
I plead!—Yes, plunge the Dagger in my Breast!
Tear, tear me piecemeal! But, O spare ZAPHIRA!
Yet, yet relent! force not her Matron Honour!
Reproach not Heav'n—

BARBAROSSA.

Have I then bent thy Pride?
Why, this is Conquest ev'n beyond my Hope!—
Lie there, thou Slave! lie, till ZAPHIRA's Cries
Arouze thee from thy Posture!

SELIM.

Dost thou insult my Grievs?—unmanly Wretch!—

Curse

Curse on the Fear that cou'd betray my Limbs, [*Rising.*
 My Coward Limbs, to this dishonest Posture!
 Long have I scorn'd, I now defy thy Pow'r.

BARBAROSSA.

I'll put thy boasted Virtue to the Trial.—
 Slaves, bear him to the Rack.

ZAPHIRA.

O spare my Son!
 Sure filial Virtue never was a Crime!
 Save but my Son!—I yield me to thy Wish!—
 What do I say!--The Marriage Vow--O Horror!
 This Hour shall make me thine!—

SELIM.

What! doom thyself
 The guilty Partner of a Murderer's Bed,
 Whose Hands yet reek with thy dear Husband's Blood!--
 To be the Mother of destructive Tyrants,
 The Curses of Mankind!--By Heav'n, I swear,
 The guilty Hour that gives thee to the Arms
 Of that detested Murderer, shall end
 This hated Life!—

BARBAROSSA.

Or yield thee, or he dies!—

ZAPHIRA.

The Conflict's past.--I will resume my Greatness:
 We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd, with Honour!

[*Embracing.*

SELIM.

Now, Tyrant, pour thy fiercest Fury on us:—
 Now see, despairing Guilt! that Virtue still
 Shall conquer, tho' in Ruin.

BARBAROSSA.

Drag them hence:
 Her to the Altar: SELIM to his Fate.

ZAPHIRA.

O SELIM! O my Son!—Thy Doom is Death!
 Wou'd it were mine!

SELIM.

SELIM.

Wou'd I cou'd give it thee!

Is there no means to save her! Lend, ye Guards,
Ye Ministers of Death, in Pity lend
Your Swords, or some kind Weapon of Destruction!---
Sure the most mournful Boon, that ever Son
Ask'd for the best of Mothers!

ZAPHIRA.

Dearest SELIM!

BARBAROSSA.

I'll hear no more.--Guards, bear them to their Fate.

[Guards seize them.]

SELIM.

One last Embrace!
Farewel! Farewel for ever! *[Guards struggle with them.]*

ZAPHIRA.

One Moment yet!--Pity a Mother's Pangs!--
O SELIM!

SELIM.

O my Mother! *[Exeunt SELIM and ZAPHIRA.]*

BARBAROSSA.

My dearest Hopes are blasted!--What is Pow'r;
If stubborn Virtue thus out-soar its Flight!
Yet he shall die,--and she--

Enter ALADIN.

ALADIN.

Heav'n guard my Lord!

BARBAROSSA.

What mean'st thou, ALADIN?

ALADIN.

A Slave arrived,

Says that young SELIM lives: Nay, somewhere lurks
Within these Walls.

BARBAROSSA.

The lurking Traitor's found,
Convicted, and disarm'd.--Ev'n now he aim'd
This Dagger at my Heart.

ALADIN.

ALADIN.

Audacious Traitor!

The Slave says farther, that he brings the Tydings
Of dark Conspiracy, now hov'ring o'er us:

And claims thy private Ear.

BARBAROSSA.

Of dark Conspiracy?

Where?---Among whom?

ALADIN.

The secret Friends of SELIM,

Who nightly haunt the City.

BARBAROSSA.

Curse the Traitors!

Now speed thee, ALADIN.--Send forth our Spies:

Explore their Haunts. For, by th' infernal Pow'rs,

I will let loose my Rage.---The furious Lion

Now foams indignant, scorning Tears and Cries.

Let SELIM forthwith die.---Come, mighty Vengeance!

Stir me to Cruelty! The Rack shall groan

With new-born Horrors!--I will issue forth,

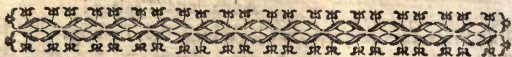
Like Midnight-Pestilence! My Breath shall strew

The Streets with Dead; and Havock stalk in Gore.

Hence, Pity!--Feed the milky Thought of Babes:

Mine is of bloodier Hue.





A C T V.

Enter BARBAROSSA and ALADIN,
BARBAROSSA.

IS the Watch doubled? Are the Gates secur'd
Against Surprize?

ALADIN.

They are, and mock th'Attempt
Of Force or Treachery.

BARBAROSSA.

This whisper'd Rumour
Of dark Conspiracy, on further Inquest,
Seems but a false Alarm. Our Spies, sent out,
And now return from Search, affirm that Sleep
Has wrap'd the City.

ALADIN.

But while SELIM lives,
Destruction lurks within the Palace Walls;
Nor Bars, nor Centinels can give us Safety.

BARBAROSSA.

Right, ALADIN. His Hour of Fate approaches.
How goes the Night?

ALADIN.

The second Watch is near.

BARBAROSSA.

'Tis well:---Whene'er it rings, the Traitor dies.
So hath my Will ordain'd.---I'll seize the Occasion,
While I may fairly plead my Life's Defence.

ALADIN.

True: For he aim'd his Dagger at thy Heart.

BARBAROSSA.

He did. Hence Justice uncompell'd, shall seem
To lend her Sword, and do Ambition's Work.

ALADIN.

ALADIN.

His bold Resolves have steel'd ZAPHIRA's Breast
Against thy Love: Thence he deserves to die.

BARBAROSSA.

And Death's his Doom—Yet first the Rack shall rend
Each Secret from his Heart; unless he give
ZAPHIRA to my Arms, by Marriage-Vows,
With full Consent; ere yet the second Watch
Toll for his Death.—Curse on this Woman's Weakness!
I yet wou'd win her Love! Haste, seek out OTHMAN;
Go, tell him, that Destruction and the Sword
Hang o'er young SELIM's Head, if swift Compliance
Plead not his Pardon. [Exit ALADIN.

Stubborn Fortitude!

Had he not interpos'd, Success had crown'd
My Love, now hopeless.—Then let Vengeance seize him.

Enter IRENE.

IRENE.

O Night of Horror!—Hear me, honour'd Father!
If e'er IRENE's Peace was dear to thee,
Now hear me!

BARBAROSSA.

Impious! Dar'st thou disobey?
Did not my sacred Will ordain thee hence?
Get thee to Rest; for Death is stirring here.

IRENE.

O fatal Words! By ev'ry sacred Tye,
Recal the dire Decree.—

BARBAROSSA.

What wou'dst thou say?

Whom plead for?

IRENE.

For a brave unhappy Prince,
Sentenc'd to die.

BARBAROSSA.

And justly!—But this Hour
The Traitor half fulfill'd thy Dream, and aim'd
His Dagger at my Heart.

E 2

IRENE.

IRENE.

Might Pity plead !

BARBAROSSA.

What !—plead for Treachery ?

IRENE.

Yet Pity might bestow a milder Name.

Wou'dst thou not love the Child, whose Fortitude
Shou'd hazard Life for thee ?—Oh, think on that :—

The noble Mind hates not a virtuous Foe :

His gen'rous Purpose was to save a Mother !

BARBAROSSA.

Damn'd was his Purpose : And accurst art Thou,

Whose Perfidy wou'd save the dark Assassin,

Who sought thy Father's Life !—Hence, from my Sight.

IRENE.

Oh, never, till thy Mercy spare my SELIM !

BARBAROSSA.

Thy SELIM ?—Thine ?

IRENE.

Thou know'st—by Gratitude

He 's mine.—Had not his generous Hand redeem'd me,

What then had been IRENE ?

BARBAROSSA.

Faithless Wretch !

Unhappy Father ! whose perfidious Child

Leagues with his deadliest Foe ; and guides the Dagger

Ev'n to his Heart !—Perdition catch thy Falshood !

And is it thus, a thankless Child repays me,

For all the Guilt in which I plung'd my Soul,

To raise her to a Throne !

IRENE.

O spare these Words,

More keen than Daggers to my bleeding Heart !

Let me not live suspected !—Dearest Father !—

Behold my Breast ! write thy Suspicion here :

Write them in Blood ; but spare the gen'rous Youth,

Who sav'd me from Dishonour !

BAR-

BARBAROSSA.

By the Pow'rs

Of great Revenge: Thy fond Intreaties seal
His instant Death.—In him, I'll punish thee.—
Away!

IRENE.

Yet hear me! Ere my tortur'd Soul
Rush on some Deed of Horror!

BARBAROSSA.

Seize her Guards, —

Convey the frantic Idiot from my Presence:
See that she do no Violence on herself.

IRENE.

O SELIM!---generous Youth!---how have my Fears
Betray'd thee to Destruction!---Slaves, unhand me!---
Think ye, I'll live to bear these Pangs of Grief,
These Horrors that oppress my tortur'd Soul?—
Inhuman Father!---Generous, injur'd Youth!---
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the Rack,
Hear thy expiring Groans:---O Horror! Horror!
What shall I do to save him!---Vain, alas!
Vain are my Tears and Pray'rs---At least, I'll die.
Death shall unite us yet! [Exit IRENE and Guards.

BARBAROSSA.

O Torment! Torment!

Ev'n in the midst of Pow'r!---the vilest Slave
More happy far than I!---The very Child,
Whom my Love cherish'd from her infant Years,
Conspires to blast my Peace!---O false Ambition,
Thou lying Phantom! whither hast thou lur'd me!
Ev'n to this giddy Height; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless! with not a Friend
In whom my Soul can trust;

Enter ALADIN.

Hast thou seen OTHMAN?

He will not, sure, conspire against my Peace?

ALADIN.

He's fled, my Lord. I dread some lurking Ruin.
 The Centinel on Watch says, that he pass'd
 The Gate, since Midnight, with an unknown Friend :
 And as they pass'd, OTHMAN in Whispers said,
 " Now farewell, bloody Tyrant."

BARBAROSSA.

Slave, thou ly'st.

He did not dare to say it ; or, if he did,
 Pernicious Slave, why dost thou wound my Ear
 By the foul Repetition ?---Gracious Pow'rs,
 Let me be calm !---O my distracted Soul !
 How am I rent in Pieces !---OTHMAN fled !---
 Why then may all Hell's Curses follow him !
 What's to be done ? some Mischief lurks unseen.

ALADIN.

Prevent it then---

BARBAROSSA.

By SELIM's instant Death---

ALADIN.

Ay, doubtless.

BARBAROSSA.

Is the Rack prepar'd ?

ALADIN.

'Tis ready.

Along the Ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with Chains.
 The Ministers of Death stand round ; and wait
 Thy last Command.

BARBAROSSA.

Once more I'll try to bend
 His stubborn Soul,---Conduct me forthwith to him :
 And if he now disdain my profer'd Kindness,
 Destruction swallows him ! [Exeunt.
 SELIM discover'd in Chains, Executioners, Officer, &c. and Rack.

SELIM.

I pray you, Friends,
 When I am dead, let not Indignity

Insult

Insult these poor Remains, see them interr'd
Close by my Father's Tomb! I ask no more.

OFFICER.

They shall.

SELIM.

How goes the Night?

OFFICER.

Thy Hour of Fate,

The second Watch is near.

SELIM.

Let it come on;

I am prepar'd.

Enter BARBAROSSA.

BARBAROSSA.

So—raise him from the Ground.— [*They raise him.*]

Perfidious Boy! Behold the just Rewards
Of Guilt and Treachery!—Didst thou not give
Thy forfeit Life, when'er I should behold
SELIM's detested Face?

SELIM.

Then take it, Tyrant.

BARBAROSSA.

Didst thou not aim a Dagger at my Heart?

SELIM.

I did.

BARBAROSSA.

Yet Heav'n defeated thy Intent;

And fav'd me from the Dagger.

SELIM.

'Tis not ours

To question Heav'n. Th' Intent and not the Deed
Is in our Pow'r: And therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly.

BARBAROSSA.

Yet bethink thee, stubborn Boy,

What Horrors now surround thee—

SELIM.

Think'st thou, Tyrant,
I came so ill prepar'd?---Thy Rage is weak,
Thy Torments pow'rless o'er the steady Mind:
He who cou'd bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

BARBAROSSA.

Yet, lo, I come, by Pity led, to spare thee.
Relent, and save ZAPHIRA!--For the Bell
Ev'n now expects the Centinel, to toll
The Signal of thy Death.

SELIM.

Let Guilt like thine
Tremble at Death: I scorn his darkest Frown.
Hence, Tyrant, nor profane my dying Hour!

BARBAROSSA.

Then take thy Wish.

[Bell tolls.]

There goes the fatal Knell.
Thy Fate is seal'd.---Not all thy Mother's Tears,
Nor Pray'rs, nor Eloquence of Grief, shall save thee
From instant Death. Yet ere the Assassin die,
Let Torment wring each Secret from his Heart.
The Traitor OTHMAN's fled;---Conspiracy
Lurks in the Womb of Night, and threatens Ruin.
Spare not the Rack, nor cease, till it extort
The lurking Treason; and this Murd'rer call
On Death, to end his Woes. [Exit BARBAROSSA.]

SELIM.

Come on then. [They bind him.]
Begin the Work of Death---what! bound with Cords,
Like a vile Criminal!--O, valiant Friends,
When will ye give me Vengeance!

Enter IRENE.

IRENE.

Stop, O stop!
Hold your accursed Hands!--On me, on me
Pour all your Torments;---How shall I approach thee;

SELIM.

SELIM.

These are thy Father's Gifts!—Yet thou art guiltless;
Then let me take thee to my Heart, thou best
Most amiable of Women!

IRENE.

Rather curse me,
As the Betrayer of thy Virtue!

SELIM.

Ah!

IRENE.

'Twas I,—my Fears, my frantic Fears betray'd thee!
Thus falling at thy Feet! may I but hope
For Pardon ere I die!

SELIM.

Hence, to thy Father!

IRENE.

Never, O never!—Crawling in the Dust,
I'll clasp thy Feet, and bathe them with my Tears!
Tread me to Earth! I never will complain;
But my last Breath shall bless thee!

SELIM.

Lov'd IRENE!

What hath my Fury done?

IRENE.

Indeed, 'twas hard!

But I was born to Sorrow!

SELIM.

Melt me not.

I cannot bear thy Tears;—They quite unman me!
Forgive the Transports of my Rage!

IRENE.

Alas!

The Guilt is mine:—Canst thou forgive those Fears
That first awak'd Suspicion in my Father!
Those Fears that have undone thee!--Heav'n is witness,
They meant not Ill to thee!

SELIM.

SELIM.

None; none, IRENE!

No; 'twas the generous Voice of filial Love:
That, only, prompted thee to save a Father.
Yes; from my inmost I do approve
That Virtue which destroys me.

IRENE.

Canst thou, then,

Forgive and pity me?

SELIM.

I do,—I do.

IRENE.

On my Knees,

Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd Prince!—
Oh Earth and Heav'n! that such unequal'd Worth
Shou'd meet so hard a Fate!--That I--That I--
Whom his Love rescu'd from the Depth of Woe,
Shou'd be th' accurst Destroyer!--Strike, in Pity;
And end this hated Life!

SELIM.

Cease, dear IRENE.

Submit to Heav'ns high Will.—I charge thee live;
And to thy utmost Pow'r, protect from Wrong
My helpless, friendless Mother!

IRENE.

With my Life

I'll shield her from each Wrong.--That Hope alone
Can tempt me to prolong a Life of Woe!

SELIM.

O my ungovern'd Rage!--To frown on Thee!
Thus let me expiate the cruel Wrong, [Embracing.
And mingle Rapture with the Pains of Death!

OFFICER.

No more.—Prepare the Rack.

IRENE.

Stand off, ye Fiends!

Here will I cling. No Pow'r on Earth shall part us,
Till I have sav'd my SELIM!

[A Noise.

O.F.

OFFICER.

Hark! what Noise

Strikes on mine Ear?

[A Noise.

SELIM.

Again!

ALADIN.

[Without.

Arm, arm!—Treach'ry and Murder!

Executioners go to seize SELIM.

SELIM.

Off Slaves!—Or I will turn my Chains to Arms,
And dash you Piece-meal!—For I have heard a Sound
Which lifts my tow'ring Soul to ATLAS' Height,
That I cou'd prop the Skies!

ALADIN.

Where is the King?

The Foe pours in. The Palace Gates are burst:
The Centinels are murder'd! Save the King!
They seek him thro' the Palace!

OFFICER.

Death and Ruin!

Follow me, Slaves, and save him.

[*Ex. OFFICER and EXECUTIONER.*

SELIM.

Now, bloody Tyrant! Now, thy Hour is come!

IRENE.

What means yon mad'ning Tumult?—O my Fears!—

SELIM.

Vengeance at length hath pierc'd these guilty Walls,
And walks her deadly Round!

IRENE.

Whom dost thou mean! my Father?

SELIM.

Yes: Thy Father;

Who murder'd mine!

IRENE.

Is there no room for Mercy?

O SELIM! by our Love!---

SELIM.

SELIM.

Thy Tears are vain!
Vain were thy Eloquence, tho' thou didst plead
With an Archangel's Tongue!

IRENE,

Spare but his Life!
Heav'n knows I pity thee. But he must bleed;
Tho' my own Life-Blood, nay, tho' thine, more dear,
Shou'd issue at the Wound!

IRENE.

Must he then die?
Let me but see my Father, ere he perish!
Let me but pay my parting Duty to him!—

[Clash of Swords.

Hark!—'twas the Clash of Swords! Heav'n save my Father?
O cruel, cruel SELIM!

Exit IRENE.

SELIM.

Curse on this servile Chain, that binds me fast,
In pow'rless Ignominy; while my Sword
Shou'd haunt its Prey, and cleave the Tyrant down!

OTHMAN.

[Without.

Where is the Prince!

SELIM.

Here, OTHMAN, bound to Earth!—
Set me but free!—O cursed, cursed Chain!

Enter OTHMAN and Party, who free SELIM.

OTHMAN.

O my brave Prince!—Heav'n favours our Design.

[Embraces him.

Take that:—I need not bid thee use it nobly.

[Giving him a Sword.

SELIM.

Now, BARBAROSSA, let my Arm meet thine:
'Tis all I ask of Heav'n!

[Exit SELIM.

OTHMAN.

Guard ye the Prince.— *[Part go out.*
Pursue his Steps.—Now this Way let us turn,
And seek the Tyrant.

[Exit OTHMAN, &c.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the open Palace.*

Enter BARBAROSSA

BARBAROSSA.

Empire is lost, and Life: Yet brave Revenge
Shall close my Life in Glory.

Enter OTHMAN.

Have I found thee,
Dissembling Traitor?—Die!—

OTHMAN.

Long hath my Wish,
Pent in my struggling Breast, been robb'd of Utterance.
Now Valour scorns the Mask.—I dare thee, Tyrant!
And arm'd with Justice, thus wou'd meet thy Rage,
Tho' thy red right Hand grasp'd the pointed Thunder!
Now, Heav'n decide between us! *[They fight.*

BARBAROSSA.

Coward!

OTHMAN.

Tyrant!

BARBAROSSA.

Traitor!

OTHMAN.

Infernal Fiend, thy Words are fraught with Falshood:

To combat Crimes like Thine, by Force or Wiles,
Is equal Glory. *[BARBAROSSA falls.*

BARBAROSSA.

I faint! I die!--O Horror!

Enter SELIM and SADI.

SELIM.

The Foe gives Way: Sure this Way went the Storm.
Where is the Tyger fled!--What do I see!

SADI.

ALGIERS is free!

OTHMAN.

This Sabre did the Deed!

SELIM.

SELIM.

I envy thee the Blow!--Yet Valour scorns
To wound the fallen.--But if Life remain,
I will speak Daggers to his guilty Soul!--
Ho! BARBAROSSA! Tyrant! Murderer!
'Tis SELIM, SELIM calls thee!

BARBAROSSA.

Off, ye Fiends!

Torment me not!--O, SELIM, art thou there!--
Swallow me Earth! Bury me deep, ye Mountains!
Accursed be the Day that gave me Birth!
Oh, that I ne'er had wrong'd thee!

SELIM.

Dost thou then

Repent thee of thy Crimes!--He does! He does!
He grasps my Hand! See the repentant Tear.
Starts from his Eye!--Dost thou indeed repent!--
Why then I do forgive thee: From my Soul
I freely do forgive thee!--And if Crimes
Abhor'd as thine, dare plead to Heav'n for Mercy,--
May Heav'n have Mercy on thee!

BARBAROSSA.

Gen'rous SELIM!

Too good,--I have a Daughter! Oh, protect her!
Let not my Crimes!--

[Dies.]

OTHMAN.

There fled the guilty Soul!

SELIM.

Haste to the City,--stop the Rage of Slaughter.
Tell my brave People, that ALGIERS is free;
And Tyranny no more.

[Exeunt SLAVES.]

SADI.

And, to confirm

The glorious Tydings, soon as Morning shines,
Be his dead Carcase dragg'd throughout the City,
A Spectacle of Horror!

SELIM.

Curb thy Zeal.

Let us be Brave, not Cruel : Nor disgrace
Valour, by barb'rous and inhuman Deeds.
Black was his Guilt : and he hath paid his Life,
The Forfeit of his Crimes. Then sheath the Sword :
Let Vengeance die,—Justice is satisfy'd !

Enter ZAPHIRA.

ZAPHIRA.

What mean these Horrors !—wheresoe'er I turn
My trembling Steps, I find some dying Wretch,
Welt'ring in Gore!—And dost thou live, my SELIM.

SELIM.

Lo, there he lies !

ZAPHIRA.

The bloody Tyrant slain !

O righteous Heav'n !

SELIM.

Behold thy valiant Friends,
Whose Faith and Courage have o'erwhelm'd the Pow'r
Of BARBAROSSA. Here, once more, thy Virtues
Shall dignify the Throne and bless thy People.

ZAPHIRA.

Just are thy Ways, O Heav'n !—Vain Terrors hence ;
Once more ZAPHIRA's blest !—My virtuous Son,
How shall I e'er requite thy boundless Love !
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing Arms,
And on thy Bosom weep my Griefs away !

SELIM.

O happy Hour !—happy, beyond the Flight
Ev'n of my ardent Hope !—Look down, blest Shade,
From the Bright Realms of Blifs !—Behold thy Queen
Unspotted, uneduc'd, unmov'd in Virtue.
Behold the Tyrant prostrate at my Feet !
And to the Mem'ry of thy bleeding Wrongs,
Accept this Sacrifice !

ZAPHIRA.

My generous SELIM.

SELIM.

S E L I M.

Where is IRENE ?

S A D I.

With Looks of Wildness, and distracted Mien,
 She sought her Father where the Tumult rag'd;
 She pass'd me, while the Coward ALADIN
 Fled from my Sword: and as I cleft him down,
 She fainted at the Sight.

O T H M A N.

But straight recover'd;

ZAMOR, our trusty Friend, at my Command,
 Convey'd the weeping Fair-one to her Chamber.

S E L I M.

Thanks to thy generous Care:--Come, let us seek
 Th' afflicted Maid.

Z A P H I R A.

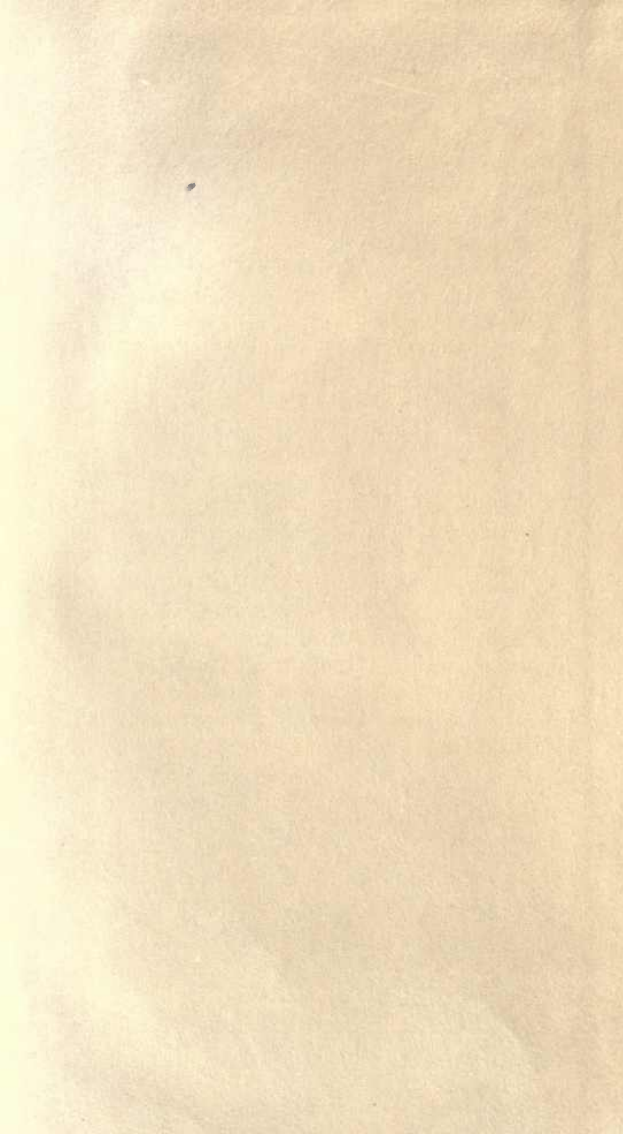
Her Virtues might atone

For all her Father's Guilt!--Thy Throne be hers:
 She merits all thy Love.

S E L I M.

Then haste, and find her.--O'er her Father's Crimes
 Pity shall draw her Veil; nay, half absolve them,
 When she beholds the Virtues of his Child!—
 Now let us thank th' eternal Pow'r: convinc'd,
 That Heav'n but tries our Virtue by Affliction:
 That oft' the Cloud which wraps the present Hour,
 Serves but to brighten all our future Days!

F I N I S.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LIB-INT
OCT 07 1991
AUG 02 1991

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 000 821 9

